



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

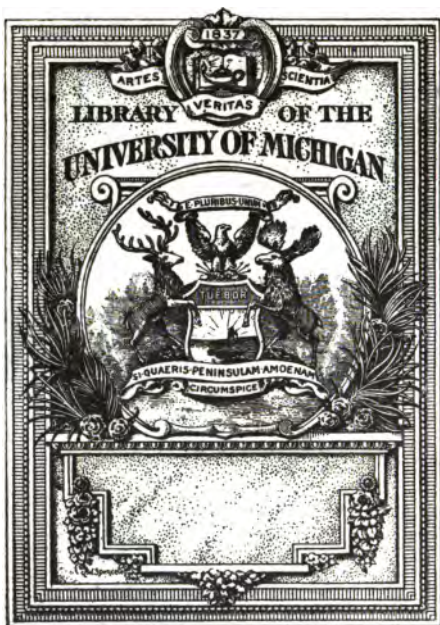
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A

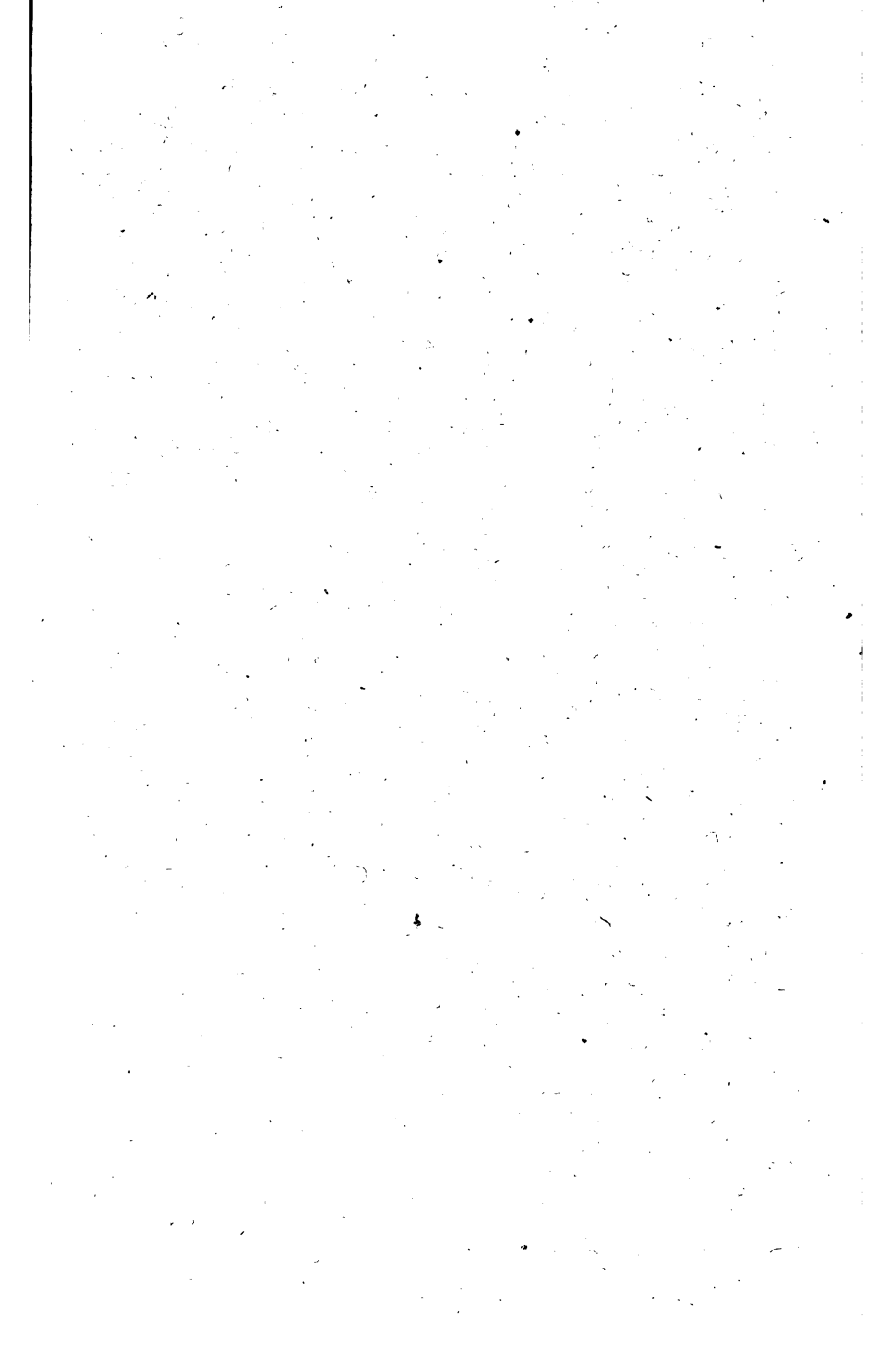
714,040



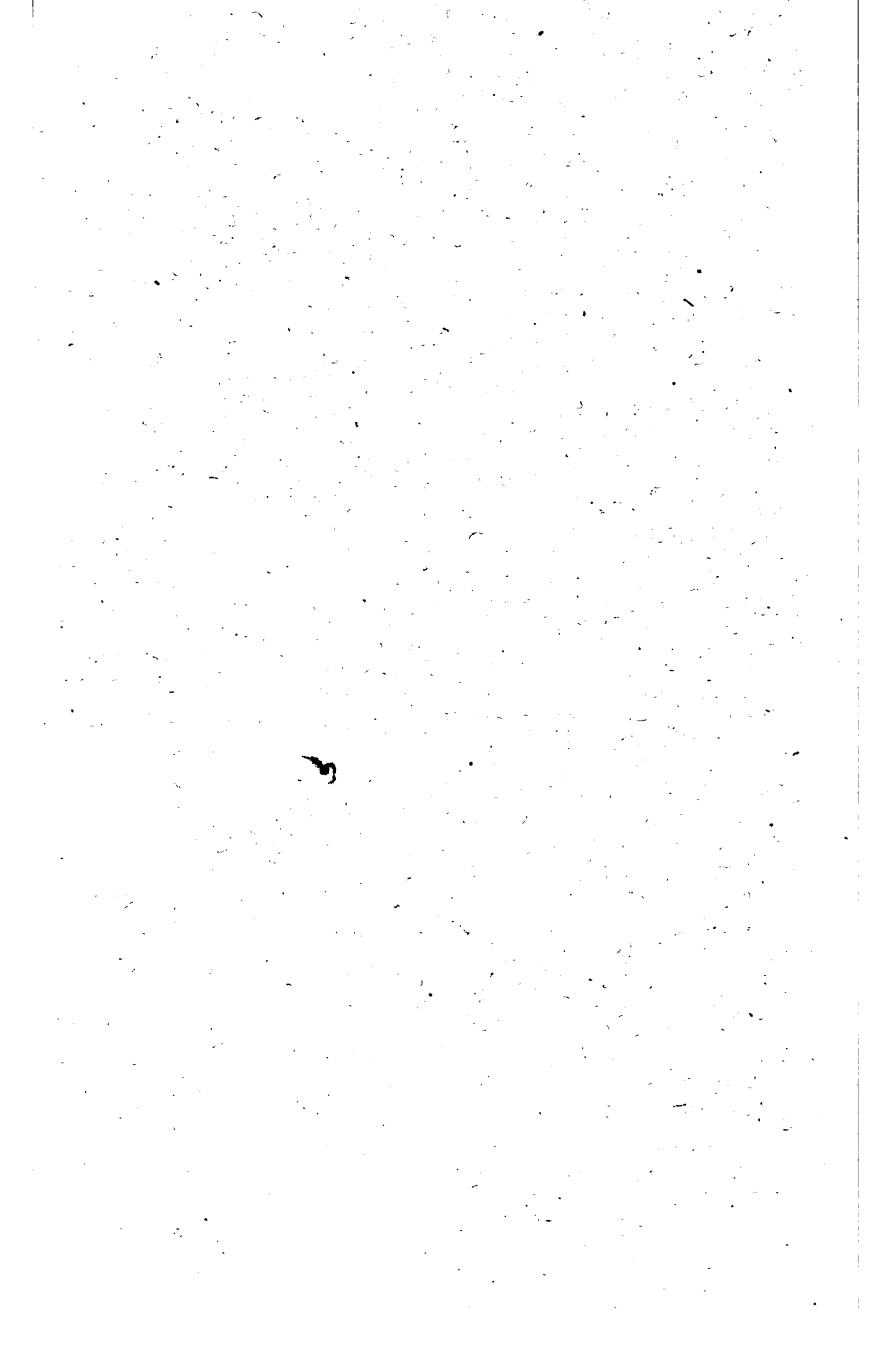
878

J7

ts







JUVENAL,  
PERSIUS, MARTIAL,  
AND  
CATULLUS.

*AN EXPERIMENT IN TRANSLATION,*

BY  
W. F. SHAW, M.A.,  
BARRISTER AT LAW,  
*Late Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.*

QUIS LEGET HÆC?  
—Persius 1.2.

LONDON:  
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.  
1882.





## P R E F A C E .

---

THE object of this little volume is to render these four Poets more familiar than they are at present to the general reader ; while fully acknowledging the excellencies of existing translations, both in prose and verse, I cannot help thinking that they all fail more or less in rendering these writers attractive in English ; the prose translator is too apt to sacrifice the pleasure of the reader to fidelity to the text ; for instance, Mr. Lewis translates '*tacitâ sudant præcordia culpâ*' (Juvenal 1.167) 'his innermost parts are clammy with concealed guilt ; again (Juvenal 3.252) '*quot recto vertice portat servulus infelix*, he renders 'as the unfortunate little slave carries with upright summit' ; in both cases the praiseworthy effort to be literal results in a most unpleasant expression in English, if it can be called English at all. If the object is to give pleasure to the reader, servile adherence to the text is as fatal in a translation as a servile imitation of every detail in nature is fatal in painting a landscape ; a translation, like the painting of a tree, may be too good ; to borrow an expression of Constable, 'it may be made so good, that it becomes good for nothing.'

On the other hand, in verse translations the exact meaning often has to be sacrificed to the exigencies of rhyme ; in his rendering of Catullus, Ode 100, Sir Theodore Martin gratuitously introduces the line 'a day will come when we shall meet once more.' It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no such thought in the original ; in fact it is one of those

‘poetical common-places which are wholly foreign to the genius of antiquity,’ against which he himself protests in his introduction. The verses of Dr. Johnson, again, are masterpieces, but they are imitations rather than translations of Juvenal, who knew nothing of Charles XII. or Cardinal Wolsey. To quote Mr. Walford (Juvenal, in *Ancient Classics for English Readers*) ‘to translate Porticus by the Mall and Seres by France is to hurry the reader over twenty centuries of time from the Rome of Domitian to the London of the Restoration.’

Having come, then, to the conclusion that no possible pleasure can be derived from reading a literal prose translation however excellent and useful, and that a metrical version of some sort, untrammelled by rhyme (of which there is none in the original), is the best medium for translating these particular Poets, I have chosen a trochaic octosyllabic metre suggested by the hendecasyllabic lines of Martial.

In the introduction to his work (a second edition of which is announced) Mr. Lewis well says that of all ancient authors Juvenal is the most *modern*; he compares him to Hogarth, and declares the various scenes of Roman life are brought before us with the vivid touches of a Defoe or a Swift. From Juvenal, Persius, and Martial is derived almost all that is known of ancient Roman private life, and they continually illustrate each other; I have therefore brought them together in as small a compass as possible for the express purpose of showing how much of their satire remains unexpended; how well the ‘cap fits’ still in many particulars too numerous to mention; the whole of Persius is translated; of Juvenal, the 2nd and 9th Satires are omitted because it is not possible, as it is in the case of the 6th Satire, to eliminate what is obnoxious; the whole of them is contaminated; the 12th and 15th are omitted as utterly uninteresting, even if

genuine, and the 16th as being a mere fragment ; all the most important Epigrams of Martial appear ; the number is small, but it will be remembered that hundreds of them consist of two lines only and hundreds more are too impure to be reproduced ; Catullus is represented by the best of his Odes as distinguished from his Epic poems.

‘*Quis leget hæc?*’ I reply with Persius, ‘*Nemo, Hercule*’ ; and almost every person to whom I have mentioned this little venture has endorsed the answer ; I nevertheless believe that there are many occasions of enforced leisure, railway travelling, for instance, when those who have no knowledge of Latin would be glad of the opportunity of making the acquaintance of these amusing writers, and those who are already familiar with them would be glad to refresh their memory, out of a pocket volume such as the present ; I also humbly solicit for it the patronage of visitors to Rome.

Apart from the metre, several other experiments have been made ; with a view to brevity and to save interruption of the main thread, I have used throughout English denominations of money ; I have omitted all purely mythological passages except where there was some good reason for retaining them as in the case of the humorous passage, Juvenal 13.39—52 ; and I have abbreviated freely, wherever it was possible to do so without injury to the general sense, as in Juvenal 8.221—2, where Galba, Vindex, and Verginius are all three mentioned as having been instrumental in Nero’s downfall, I have mentioned Vindex only. Much, too, of the local colouring, of necessity disappears. In such passages as Martial 4.46, ‘*Et Lucanica ventre cum Falisco,*’ I believe an English version loses little, if anything, by suppressing the facts that the sausages came from Lucania and the sow’s womb from

Falerii; of course in some cases the interest of such details survives and ought to be reproduced, but more often than not the literal reproduction of *every word* destroys the effect of the whole by diverting the reader's attention to unimportant particulars.

The following extract from *The Globe* of Saturday, November 9th, 1881, is so completely in the vein of Martial that I cannot refrain from inserting it:—

“ Mr. Blowitz has found out to what breed his dog belongs: he is, as might be expected, asked the question every day, but has never been able satisfactorily to answer it; the formation of M. Gambetta's cabinet has extricated him from his difficulty; the cabinet is called ‘homogeneous,’ not because it belongs to one shade, but because it represents none; now, when Mr. Blowitz is asked what breed his dog is, he answers ‘it is homogeneous.’ ”

The Notes have been reduced to a minimum, the object being to incorporate as far as possible the *net* sense of the author in the text itself; certain passages, however, of course required explanation and illustration; and attention, too, has been called to all the most difficult passages; with regard to proper names, notes have been dispensed with (1) where the context is sufficient explanation; *e.g.* Juvenal l. 12. ‘Frontonis platani,’ here, of course, Fronto is some person well known at the time, in whose house recitations were often given; again, in Juvenal 8.264-5, the names Clelia, Mutius, and Cocles require no note; the context shows they each did some noble action, of which full particulars can be found in the Biographical Dict.; and (2) in the case of such well-known names as Cæsar, Pompey, Demosthenes, &c. I should add that I have throughout made the second syllable of Cybele long on the authority of Catullus 63.

In conclusion, I have to record my deep obligations to the late Professor Conington, Mr. Paley, and Mr. J. D. Lewis.

EDGEWORTH RECTORY,  
OCT., 1882.

W. F. S.

# CONTENTS.

---

## JUVENAL.

(B. about 50 A.D., d. about 120 A.D.)

SATIRE	PAGE
1. Introductory ... ..	1
3. The horrors of life in Rome ... ..	9
4. The tale of a Turbot ... ..	23
5. Virro's dinner party ... ..	30
6. Women ... ..	38
7. Patronage of the learned Professions ...	61
8. True Nobility ... ..	71
10. The Vanity of Human Wishes ... ..	82
11. Frugality ... ..	97
13. Conscience ... ..	105
14. Bad example and Avarice ... ..	114

## PERSIUS.

---

(B. 34 A.D., d. 62 A.D.)

Introduction ... ..	127
1. The Poetry of the day ... ..	128
2. Prayer ... ..	135
3. The proper use of Life ... ..	139
4. The qualifications of a Prince ... ..	144
5. Freedom ... ..	147
6. The proper use of Riches ... ..	157

## MARTIAL.

(B. 43 A.D., d. about 104 A.D.)

EPIGRAM	PAGE
1.42. On Cæcilius, who fancied himself a wit ...	161
1.77. He exhorts Flaccus to give up poetry for business ... ..	162
1.110. On Issa, a lap-dog ... ..	162
1.118. On LuperCUS, a stingy fellow ... ..	163
2.29. On a wealthy rascal ... ..	164
2.43. On Candidus, a screw who took credit for generosity ... ..	165
2.86. On his own style of writing ... ..	166
3.7. On the Sportula ... ..	166
3.12. On Fabullus, a stingy host ... ..	167
3.44. On Ligurinus, a bore ... ..	167
3.46. On Candidus, who was fonder of receiving than acknowledging favours ... ..	168
3.58. He contrasts the country house of Faustinus with the suburban villa of Bassus ...	168
3.65. On a beautiful boy ... ..	170
4.46. On the presents given to Sabellus, a lawyer ...	171
4.64. On the tiny park of Martialis ... ..	172
5.37. On the death of Erotion, a little slave-girl ...	173
5.78. He invites Toranius to a homely dinner ...	175
7.20. On Santra, a gluttonous miser ... ..	176
7.72. He bids Paullus defend his Epigrams from the charge of malice ... ..	177
8.6. On Euctus, who had fine plate, but gave bad dinners ... ..	177
8.33. On a drinking cup presented to him by Paullus	178

EPIGRAM	PAGE
8.51. On another cup presented to him by Instantius Rufus ... ..	179
8.56. He reminds Flaccus that generous patrons are needed to make good poets ... ..	181
9.60. On Mamurra who frequented shops without buying ... ..	182
9.62. On a plane tree planted by Domitian in Spain	183
10.4. He explains Mamurra's taste for mythological stories ... ..	184
10.19. He sends a book of Epigrams to Pliny ...	184
10.30. On a villa of Apollinaris at Formiæ ...	185
10.35. On Sulpicia's poetry ... ..	187
10.37. He exhorts Maternus, a lawyer, to accompany him to Spain ... ..	187
10.47. On the conditions of a happy life ... ..	188
10.48. He invites seven friends to dinner ...	189
11.1. Address to his book ... ..	190
11.18. On a piece of land given to him by Lupus	191
11.50. On the extortion of Phyllis ... ..	192
11.52. He invites Cerealis to dinner ... ..	193
11.84. On Antiochus, a bad barber ... ..	194
11.91. Epitaph on Canace ... ..	195
11.98. On the practice of greeting by kisses ...	195
12.18. He describes to Juvenal his life at Bilbilis in Spain ... ..	196
12.26. On Lætorius, a stingy patron... ..	197
12.29. On Hermogenes, a kleptomaniac... ..	198
12.57. On the noises of Rome ... ..	199



---

 CATULLUS.
 

---

(B. B.C. 87, d. about B.C. 47.)

ODE	PAGE
3. On the death of Lesbia's sparrow ... ..	202
4. To his superannuated yacht ... ..	203
5. To Lesbia... ..	204
6. He complains of Flavius' reticence on the subject of his mistress... ..	204
8. Quarrel with Lesbia ... ..	205
10. On Varus' mistress ... ..	206
13. He invites Fabullus to dinner ... ..	207
17. He expresses a wish to play a practical joke on an inhabitant of Colonia ... ..	208
22. On Suffenus, a clever man, but a bad poet ...	209
31. To Sirmio ... ..	210
35. He invites Cæcilius to Verona ... ..	210
44. He explains how he caught a cold from hearing Sestius read a dull speech ... ..	211
45. On the lovers, Acme and Septimius ... ..	212
55. He complains of the strange seclusion of Camerius	213
63. The story of Atys ... ..	214
66. Berenice's lock ... ..	218
75. Lesbia's inconstancy ... ..	222
76. Lesbia's ingratitude ... ..	222
100. At his brother's grave ... ..	223
Notes ... ..	227



## ERRATA.

- J. 4.76.—*For 'keep' read 'keeps.'*  
 J. 5.169.—*For 'income' read 'fortune.'*  
 J. 7.118.—*For 'paycourt' read 'pay court.'*  
 J. 10.399.—*For 'abandonned' read 'abandoned.'*  
 J. 11.117.—*For 'their' read 'his.'*  
 P. 2.23.—*For 'this' read 'his.'*  
 P. 5.181.—*For 'is it' read 'it is.'*  
 C. 17.29.—*For 'night' read 'might.'*  
 Page 179.—*For '8.31' read '8.51.'*  
 „ 251, Note 322.—*For 'femeral' read 'funeral.'*  
 „ 270, Note 35.—*For 'extravagently' read*  
     *'extravagantly.'*  
 „ 271, Note 76.—*For 'et' read 'i.e.'*

# JUVENAL.

---

## SATIRE 1.

- Shall I ever listen only  
And have no retaliation ?  
Is there no redress for being  
Bored to death with the 'Theseis,'  
5 Of hoarse Codrus, elegies, comedies,  
And th' 'Orestes,' still unfinished,  
Though it's overflowed the margins,  
And filled both sides of the paper ?  
How I know the old stock subjects,  
10 Mars' Grove, Vulcan's Cave, et cætera !  
-Fronto's plane-trees are quite deafened,  
Split his statues and his columns  
With th' eternal recitations ;  
Why should I not too turn writer ?  
15 I have dodged the cane at school, and  
Given good advice to Sulla,  
To change public life for sound sleep ;  
Since I'm ever meeting poets,  
It's sheer nonsense to grudge paper,  
20 For they'll spoil it if I do not ;  
Still, my friends, with your permission
- ▲

- I must tell you why I've left the  
Ordinary track, to follow  
Great Lucilius of Aurunca ;
- 25 When I see smooth eunuchs marrying,  
When I hear of Mævia with bare  
Bosom hunting Tuscan wild boars,  
When I find the wretch, who cut my  
Beard when I was quite a youngster,
- 30 Richer than our greatest nobles,  
When I see Crispinus, vile slave  
From the Nile, his cloak adjusting  
And his summer ring removing  
From his hand (he could not bear the
- 35 Great gem that he wears in winter)  
Can I well abstain from Satire ?  
Who's so steeled as to be able  
To survey life in our City  
And contain his indignation ?
- 40 When he sees fat lawyer Matho  
Packed into his brand-new litter,  
Followed by the wretch who killed one  
Patron by his information,  
And is likely soon to eat up
- 45 All the rest of our nobility ;  
One whom Massa fears ; and Carus  
Has to bribe ; to whose embraces  
Thymele yields to save her husband's  
Life ; how like you to be elbowed
- 50 Off the path by those who pander  
To the lust of rich old women,  
(Shortest way to wealth in these days)  
And inherit thus their fortunes,

Each according to his service ?  
 55 Proculeius gets but one twelfth,  
 All the rest is left to Gillo :  
 Let them sell for all that I care  
 — Their life-blood, and be as pale as  
 One who's trodden on a snake, or  
 60 One about to speak at Lyons :

How can I control my fury,  
 When a wretch who's robbed his ward and  
 Driven him to prostitution,  
 Comes by with a train of clients ?  
 65 When I hear of Marius living  
 At his ease in exile laughing  
 At his sentence ? (what's dishonour,  
 If you still retain your plunder ?)  
 Yes, from two he drinks, and mocks the  
 70 Wrath of heaven ; while his Province  
 Is left weeping, though successful  
 — In the trial ; do not these things  
 Cry out for the pen of Horace ?  
 And am I not to expose them ?  
 75 Why choose mythological subjects,  
 When I hear of the complacent  
 Husband looking at the ceiling,  
 Or pretending to be napping,  
 While his wife enjoys her lover,  
 80 That the latter may bequeath him  
 Money which the guilty woman's  
 Not allowed to take directly ?  
 When I hear of him who lately  
 Lost a fortune by his vices

- 85 And his passion for fine stables,  
Yet aspiring to a cohort ?  
What's he done ? why, like Automedon,  
When a boy he drove the chariot  
Of the great man when the latter  
90 Went out with his cloaked boy-mistress ;

- Is one not at each street corner  
Tempted to fill endless tablets,  
When one sees the forger passing  
Shameless in his open litter,  
95 And with six slaves to support him,  
(Like luxurious Mæcenæus  
In the face) who's made his fortune  
With a wetted seal and false wills ?  
When again one meets the matron  
100 Who will give her husband poison,  
And improving on Locusta  
Teaches all her simple neighbours  
How to get rid of their husbands,  
Braving popular execration ?  
105 If you aim at notoriety,  
You must do some criminal action ;  
Virtue's fine, but means starvation ;  
To their crimes your villains owe their  
Gardens, tables, and old silver,  
110 And their cups with goats carved on them :  
Who can sleep who sees a father  
Bribe his son's wife to seduce her,  
Or the sins of married women ?  
Surely such things must be branded ;  
115 Wrath supplies the place of genius

In myself and Cluvienus :

- Mankind's actions, fears, and wishes,  
 Pleasures, quarrels, and vagaries,  
 From the first flood down to our times,  
 120 Are the medley of my verses ;  
 When, pray, was the crop of vice more  
 Rich ? were avarice and gambling  
 E'er so rife as now ? for men don't  
 Nowadays frequent the tables  
 125 Purse in hand, but stake whole chests full ;  
 And their stewards behind them bear the  
 Weapons for these furious battles :  
 Is it nothing more than madness  
 To lose some eight hundred sterling,  
 130 And yet grudge your slave a tunic ?  
 Who before now ever built so  
 Many villas or ate seven  
 Courses by himself ? Look yonder !  
 A dole-basket's on the doorstep,  
 135 Whose contents a crowd of clients  
 Will be snatching in a moment ;  
 But the steward will scan their features  
 Pretty closely first, for fear he  
 Should be duped by some sham claimant ;  
 140 Recognition is the first thing :  
 See ! he's ordering the crier  
 To collect the noble clients,  
 Who are quite as keen as we are ;  
 Both the Prætor and the Tribune  
 145 Beg a share, but there's a freedman  
 Standing in the front, who cries out



- "I was here first ; first come first served ;  
"It's true I was born in Asia,  
"That my bored ears show ; for all that  
150 "I've an income from my business  
"Of three thousand odd pounds sterling ;  
"What good is your stripe of purple  
"If you tend sheep like Corvinus  
"At Laurentum ? I'm a richer .  
155 "Man than Pallas or the Licini :"  
It may be the Tribune's office  
Is held sacred, but this freedman  
Has more wealth and should be served first,  
Though he did land with his feet chalked ;  
160 In these days we worship money ;  
All she wants now is a Temple, .  
Like Faith, Victory, and Concord,  
In whose eaves the stork finds refuge ;  
Now that Consuls at the year's end  
165 Count up what they've made by begging,  
What becomes of their poor brethren,  
Who depended on the dole for  
Clothing shoes and bread and fuel ?  
Where are they among the rich crowd  
170 Going in sedans to get their  
Dozen coppers ? yonder rascal  
Brings his wife, though sick or pregnant :  
Why should that prevent his getting  
Her share ? aye, sometimes he gets it  
175 By a trick, though she is absent :  
Pointing to the closed sedan he  
Says, " Poor Galla's ill ; dont keep her  
"Waiting ; do you doubt me ? Galla,

“ Put your head out : What ! no answer ?  
180 “ She’s asleep ; pray don’t disturb her.”

What an ordering of the day, too !  
First alms-begging and then business  
In the Forum, Courts, and Porticoes,  
Where some thief who’s plundered Egypt  
185 Has the face to place his statue,  
Which deserves the worst of insults :  
Tired of waiting for some dinner,  
And for that men wait a long time,  
These poor clients saunter off to  
190 Buy some sticks to boil their cabbage :  
How fares all this while their patron ?  
By himself he’s eating (not a  
Guest is there) the rarest dainties ;  
Priceless are the tables round him ;  
195 At one meal he eat’s a fortune :  
Parasites now are out of fashion ;  
Who besides could stand a wretch who  
Dines alone off board, a creature  
Plainly meant for hospitality ?  
200 Let him but undress and carry  
All that undigested peacock  
To the bath, and he’ll repent it ;  
Fits, intestacies lie this way ;  
What’s the news ? “ He’s dead ; ” but there’s no  
205 Sorrow, and his disappointed  
Friends make merry o’er his coffin.

Sin is at its height ; posterity’s  
Been forestalled in all the vices ;

- They will try, but won't surpass us,  
210 I will therefore hoist all canvas ;  
    " But pray, are your talents equal  
    " To the task ? have you th' outspoken  
    " Bluntness (which I'm rash to mention  
    " Now) in which your predecessors  
215 " Could indulge ? what cared Lucilius  
    " Whether Mutius was angry ?  
    " If you show up Tigellinus  
    " You'll be dragged across th' arena  
    " In the company of those who,  
220 " Bound to stakes and wrapped in faggots,  
    " Serve as torches in the night-time."  
Shall a scoundrel who has poisoned  
Three of his uncles ride on softest  
Cushions, looking down with scorn on  
225 Honest men ? " Take my advice, and  
    " When he passes hold your tongue, or  
    " 'Twill be said that you've accused him ;  
    " No, pit Turnus 'gainst Æneas ;  
    " Stick to Hercules and Hylas ;  
230 " When Lucilius lays about him,  
    " The most hardened villain winces ;  
    " To the quick he probes his conscience :  
    " Thence the danger : pray reflect on  
    " What I've said ere it be too late,  
235 " Ere you're helmeted for battle : "  
Well, my friend, I'll see how freely  
I may handle those whose ashes  
Lie beneath the ground along the  
Latin and Flaminian highways.

### SATIRE 3.

- I am loth to lose an old friend ;  
But he's wise to go to Cumæ ;  
It's a sort of gate to Baiæ,  
And most pleasant : even Prochyta  
5 I'd prefer to the Saburra ;  
Any place would seem delightful  
After Rome with all its horrors,  
Houses falling and the fires  
And the August recitations :
- 10 Whilst my friend his goods was packing  
In the wagon, we were standing  
At the old triumphal arches,  
(Near the Capuan gate where Numa  
Used by night to meet his fair friend)  
15 Now let out to Jews whose goods are  
But a wisp of hay and basket ;  
Every tree now pays its rent and  
The Camænæ being evicted  
The whole place is full of beggars ;  
20 We went into Egeria's grotto ;  
Oh ! how unlike what it had been,  
It had been more solemn if the  
Greensward had been left and marble  
Had not spoiled the native tufa ;  
25 Here Umbritius spake as follows :

- There's no room for honest labour  
Here in Rome ; to-day one's means are  
Little ; they'll be less to-morrow ;  
I am off, while still I'm upright,  
30 And, though grey, can walk without stick ;  
I bequeath my native country  
To Arturius and Catullus,  
Rascals who will stick at nothing ;  
Who contract for temples, harbours,  
35 Dredging rivers, anything, down to  
Funerals, cess pools, and slave auctions ;  
Rascals, who went round the country  
With the shows as mere horn-blowers,  
Laughing-stocks of every village,  
40 Now give public games and order  
Death to any gladiator  
If the populace hold the thumb up ;  
This done they return to bargain  
For the cleansing out of privies :  
45 Why not all to them surrender,  
Since such scum, when Fortune wants a  
Joke, can rise to such high places ?  
What should I do here ? I cannot  
Lie or puff with praise and buy a  
50 Book I know to be a bad one ;  
I know nothing of stars, and cannot,  
If I would, predict an old man's  
Death to please his heir ; toads' entrails  
I have never studied ; I won't  
55 Be a pimp and carry letters ;  
I'm no thief, or thieves' abettor ;  
Therefore I don't get promoted

- To the Prætor's staff ; I'm like a  
 Useless cripple with one arm off ;  
 60 To get on you must be privy  
 To some undiscovered crime, for  
 If there's nothing to be hushed up,  
 Why reward you for your silence ?  
 Verres loves him who can Verres  
 65 Ruin. Don't let all the gold-dust  
 Of the shady Tagus keep you  
 Wide awake at night, or tempt you  
 To take compromising bribes and  
 Presents from a powerful patron ;  
 70 Never give him cause to fear you.

- Now without reserve I'll tell you  
 Who just now are most in favour  
 - With the rich ; Rome's full of Greeks and  
 All the dregs of the Orontes  
 75 With their Syrian manners, language,  
 Pipers, tambourines, and harlots ;  
 Those who like the latter's gaudy  
 Caps will find them at the Circus ;  
 Oh ! to think your sons, Quirinus,  
 80 Should be using slippers, unguents,  
 And neck-ornaments with Greek names ;  
 All the scum of Asia Minor  
 On our hills are building villas :  
 Very soon they'll be our masters ;  
 85 Most quick-witted is your Greek with  
 Fluent tongue and brass unbounded ;  
 In his person he combines the  
 Rhetoric and grammar teacher,

- Painter, augur, tight-rope dancer,  
90 Quack, magician, and anointer ;  
He has universal knowledge ;  
Only bid your hungry Greekling  
Go to Heaven and he'll go there.  
Can I stand such rogues in purple ? ,  
95 Shall a wretch who's been imported  
With a load of figs and damsons,  
Sit or sign his name above me ?  
Is it nothing I was born here  
And brought up on Sabine olives ?  
100 What adepts they are in flattery !  
If they see a puny fellow  
They allude to Hercules' shoulders ;  
If one sings worse than cock-crowing,  
" What delightful music : " we could  
105 Flatter too, but none believe us.

- Look, too, at their gift for acting :  
When a Greek performs the wife's part  
In a comedy, or plays " Thais,"  
Or a nymph, could it be better ?  
110 'Tis the woman herself speaking :  
They think nothing of great actors,  
For they're every one born players :  
If you smile, he shakes with laughter ;  
He weeps with his friend, but cares not :  
115 If you say you're hot, he's hotter :  
It's not fair ; he's bound to get the  
Best of it who's ever ready  
With his made-up face and manner  
And abject congratulations.

- 120 They are villains too ; seducers,  
 Pryers into family secrets,  
 To be used to their advantage ;  
 Underneath the gown you'll find crime  
 In their schools ; the aged Stoic
- 125 Who informed against and murdered  
 Bareas, his friend and pupil,  
 Was a Greek and bred at Tarsus ;  
 There's no place where an Erimarchos  
 Sits enthroned for any Roman ;
- 130 Of my wealthy friends he robs me ;  
 In their ears he just instils one  
 Drop of venom, and I'm told to  
 Leave the door-step, all my service .  
 Thrown away : here nothing's thought of
- 135 Throwing overboard old clients ;  
 Not that I can compliment the  
 Latter on their service : they've to  
 Don their best clothes ere its day-break,  
 And run off to join the Prætor,
- 140 Who is calling on the widow  
 Modia, and is busy bidding  
 All his friends make haste, for fear his  
 Colleague should be there before him !  
 Here the noble gives the wall to
- 145 Some slave's son, who gives Calvina  
 For one visit what a Tribune  
 In the army gets per annum ;  
 All the while you're calculating  
 Whether you can quite afford to
- 150 Hand from her sedan yon harlot.

Once again, yourself imagine



- In the witness box and speaking  
Out the truth like old Metellus ;  
What your means are is the question :  
155 Truth's the very last thing thought of :  
How many slaves, how many acres  
Has he, and what sort of dinners ?  
Cash's the measure of your credit ;  
Swear by all the Gods you've heard of,  
160 'Twill be said, " the rascal don't fear  
" Thunderbolts ; but he's a poor man,  
" And the Gods have overlooked him."  
And to think that you'll be laughed at  
If your cloak is torn and dirty,  
165 If your toga's soiled, and one shoe  
Is in holes, coarse stitches showing  
Where the wound's been sewn together ;  
Ridicule's by far the worst thing  
That a poor man has to suffer ;  
170 " If his means are insufficient, .  
" And he's any shame left in him,  
" Let him quit at once the Knights' seats :"  
Who sit there ? the sons of panders  
Auctioneers and gladiators ;  
175 Such the fancy of vain Otho  
Who invented these distinctions :  
What chance has in Rome a suitor  
If the lady's got the money ?  
When's a poor man made an Ædile  
180 Or an heir ? the true-born Romans  
Long ago should have departed :  
Men of honour with light purses  
Find life anywhere up-hill work,

But in Rome its worst, what with the  
 185 High rent of their wretched lodgings,  
 And the cost of filling their slaves'  
 And their own most frugal bellies :  
 Earthenware in Rome's disgraceful,  
 But it's right among the Sabines ;  
 190 There a coarse blue cloak's the fashion.

Still it's true that in most places  
 Only dead men wear the toga ;  
 When a solemn feast's held in some  
 Open air provincial theatre,  
 195 And some old play's represented,  
 And the children at the big mouths  
 Of the actors' masks are trembling  
 In their mothers' arms, you'll notice  
 There all folk alike attired  
 200 In the front seats and the back rows ;  
 And the Ædile will be proud of  
 The white tunic of his office ;  
 Here the struggle to be well dressed  
 Is extreme and universal ;  
 205 Money's borrowed or embezzled :  
 We're a pack of pushing beggars ;  
 Everything's a matter of money ;  
 What will you give Cossus' footman  
 That you may call on his master ?  
 210 For a mere nod of Veiento ?  
 Bad enough to give your Patron  
 Cakes (which he will sell) when some slave's  
 Head is shaved : O wretched clients !  
 Don't it make your blood boil over

215 That you have besides to pay a  
Tribute to his pampered menials ?

Who has ever feared the downfall  
Of his house at cool Præpeste  
On the heights of sloping Tibur

220 At Volsinii or Gabii ?  
Most part of our city's shored up  
With weak props ; old gaping cracks are  
Plastered over, the surveyor  
Kindly giving an assurance

225 That you can now sleep in safety ;  
Let me live where in the night time  
There are no alarms of fire ;  
See ! Ucalegon is shouting  
'Water' and his chattels packing ;

230 The third floor's on fire, but you're the  
Last to know it in the attics  
Where the tiles keep out the rain and  
Soft doves lay their eggs ; poor Codrus  
Owned a bed too short for Procula

235 His wife, six cups and a flagon  
Served to ornament his sideboard,  
With a sleeping Chiron ; he'd a  
Chest full of books of Greek poetry  
Which the barbarous mice were eating ;

240 He had naught to lose ; however  
In the fire he lost that nothing ;  
And what's worse, he had to beg his  
Bread and clothing for his bare back  
And a bed, but none would help him ;

245 If he'd been Asturicus, matrons,

- Nobles would be all in mourning ;  
 Prisoners would stand remanded  
 In the Prætor's Court ; we find out  
 Then a fire's a great disaster ;  
 250 Ere the ground is cool, one brings a  
 Present of fine marbles as a  
 Contribution towards rebuilding ;  
 Others bring gems by Euphranor  
 Or from Asiatic Temples,  
 255 Books, a statue of Minerva  
 Half length, or a lot of silver  
 Plate ; behold this prince of beggars  
 Is far better off than ever ;  
 And it's more than half suspected  
 260 That he burned his house on purpose.

- Tear yourself but from th' attractions  
 Of the Circus, there's a first-rate  
 House at Frusino or Sora  
 To be had for what you're hiring  
 265 Here in Rome a dingy lodging ;  
 There you'll have a bit of orchard,  
 And a shallow stream from which to  
 Water all your plants without the  
 Bother of a rope and bucket ;  
 270 Go live there and love your pitch-fork,  
 Go and sup Pythagoreans  
 By the hundred from your garden ;  
 What's it matter, where the single  
 Lizard is, if you're it's owner ?  
 275 Here to many a sick man (doubtless  
 Overeating has brought on the

- Illness) want of sleep is fatal ;  
Sleep's allowed to rich men only ;  
It's impossible in lodgings,  
280 For the traffic in the narrow  
Winding streets, the constant stoppings,  
And the curses of the drivers  
Would arouse, well, even Drusus ;  
Mark the rich man on the shoulders  
285 Of his tall Liburnian porters,  
As he goes his round of visits,  
Parting the dense crowd asunder  
In his litter with closed windows ;  
He can well beguile his journey  
290 With a nap a book or tablets,  
And arrive first ; we poor devils,  
Though we hurry, make no progress,  
Crowds in front and crowds behind us ;  
First I'm jostled by an elbow,  
295 Then I'm struck by a sedan-pole,  
Damn that beam ! O damn that wine jar !  
Both legs are a mass of mud ; louts  
Trample on my corns ; O curse the  
Hobnails of that clumsy soldier !  
  
300 What a smoke yon dole is making ;  
What a number entertained, each  
Followed by his portable kitchen ;  
What a lot of pots and saucepans  
Have yon little slaves to carry  
305 On their heads ; see ! how their patched-up  
Rags get torn, and how the wind blows  
Up the charcoal in the ovens ;

- By and by great creaking wagons  
With a freight of fir and pine logs .
- 310 Come along, the swaying timbers  
Threatening death to all by-standers ;  
Now and then an axle-tree breaks,  
And a wagon-load of granite  
Is shot o'er the passers by ; what's
- 315 Of the latter left suppose you ?  
Ground to powder, like so many  
Ghosts, they've vanished ; in the meantime,  
At their homes the busy domestics  
Little dream of what has happened ;
- 320 There they wash the plates for dinner,  
Blow the stove up in the bathroom,  
Clean the strigils, fill the oil-flask,  
And arrange the towels, each his  
Own work doing ; their poor master's
- 325 Sitting a disconsolate stranger  
By the muddy Styx, and trembling  
At the grim aspect of Charon ;  
He's no chance of crossing ; in his  
Mouth he's got no fare to offer.
- 330 But I have not yet exhausted  
All the perils of the night time ;  
Pray look out for broken basins  
Thrown out of the upper windows,  
And which even dint the flag-stones ;
- 335 When invited out to dinner,  
Make your will first ; just so many  
Risks you run as there are windows  
Lighted up the night you're passing ;

- Pray that you may be let off with  
340 The contents of these same basins ;  
Then you'll meet some drunken ruffian,  
Suffering from the accidental  
Circumstance of having murdered  
No one that night ; he can get no  
345 Sleep unless he's had a quarrel ;  
But though in the prime of mischief  
And the worse for drink, he'll take care  
Not to meddle with the rich man  
In his purple robe returning,  
350 And whose long train of attendants  
Lead the way with lamps and torches ;  
'Tis the like of me, who'm lighted  
By the moon or a bit of candle,  
Whose wick now and then wants snuffing,  
355 That he pays the most attention ;  
What's the ground on which we quarrel,  
If a quarrel you can call it  
Where you beat and I get beaten ?  
Halt you must when he commands you,  
360 For he's very much the strongest ;  
" Where have you been filling your belly  
" With sour wine and pulse, you rascal ?  
" Who's the cobbler that's been with you  
" Stuffed with onions and boiled sheep's head ?  
365 " Out with it, or take a kicking ;  
" On what bridge do you stand, you beggar ?  
" What's your synagogue, you Jew-dog ? "  
Whether or not you try to answer,  
It's the same, you get a thrashing ;  
370 But he swears you were the aggressor,

- And proceeds to get a summons ;  
Noble freedom of the poor man !  
Isn't he free to get well cudgelled ?  
Isn't he free to beg permission  
375 To get home to bed, before his  
Few remaining teeth are knocked out ?  
Worse than all remain the burglar  
Who will rob you when work's over,  
And the shop-door is chain-bolted,  
380 And to cut your throat, the foot-pad ;  
Him beware when the police are  
Gone to scour the Pontine Marshes  
And the Gallinarian forest ;  
Then it is these fish discover  
385 That the best bait's in the City ;  
What a trade in chains and fetters !  
If this goes on we shall have to  
Leave off using spades and plough-shares ;  
Iron will be quite exhausted ;  
390 Happy Rome ! when she could keep her  
Scoundrels in a single prison.

- < I've done ; not for want of matter,  
But my mules are getting impatient  
To start, and the sun is setting ;  
395 Long ago my driver cracked his  
Whip, and hinted time was flying ; >  
Good bye then, and pray remember  
When you seek your own Aquinum,  
That I'm not far off at Cumæ,  
400 And will gladly pay a visit  
To your Ceres and Diana ;



I shall like your cooler climate ;  
And will help you with your satires,  
If they won't be shocked at hob-nails.

SATIRE 4.

- Lo ! Crispinus in a new part ;  
 This unmitigated scoundrel,  
 Great alone in sensuality,  
 Does not care for courting widows ;  
 5 What he wants is sin, not money ;  
 Let him buy ground near the Forum,  
 It don't matter how many splendid  
 Colonnades he has to drive in,  
 No bad man can e'er be happy,  
 10 Least of all one who seduced a  
 Vestal Virgin doomed to instant  
 Burial alive ; but now to  
 Lighter matters, grave enough if  
 Done by others, in Crispinus  
 15 Merely trifles ; there's no language  
 Can do justice to this odious  
 Monster ; well, for a fine mullet  
 He paid fifty sovereigns, and 'twas  
 Said to weigh as many pounds by  
 20 By those who like exaggeration ;  
 Very clever, if he managed  
 By this gift to get the chief place  
 In some rich testator's favour,  
 Or perhaps it was intended

- 25 For some rich notorious mistress ;  
Nothing of the kind ; he bought it  
For himself, outdoing Apicius ;  
When, Crispinus, you were girt with  
Flag-leaves, lived you thus ? was this the  
30 Price at which you sold your herrings ?  
You yourself perhaps would not have  
Fetched the price this mullet cost you,  
And for which no end of acres  
Might be purchased in Apulia ;  
35 What like then must have been Cæsar's  
Banquets, if an upstart rascal  
Clad in purple by Court favour,  
Now a Knight of the first water,  
But who once his native shad fish  
40 Hawked about the streets, can give this  
Great price for a common side-dish ?  
Come, Calliope, and be seated,  
For we deal with real facts, not with  
Fiction ; come, Pierian maids, and  
45 Don't forget you've been called maidens :

- When the last Prince of the Flavian  
Line was tearing the half senseless  
World to pieces, and our City  
Was enslaved by bald Domitian,  
50 It so happened that a fisherman  
Caught a splendid turbot near the  
Shrine of Venus at Ancona,  
Fat as those which find their way from  
Lake Mæotis to the Euxine  
55 When the ice is thawed in summer ;

- The poor man at once determined  
 To present it to the Prince, for  
 Who would dare to sell or buy it  
 With the beach full of informers ?  
 60 These inspectors of the sea-weed,  
 Had he tried to sell it, straightway  
 Would have sworn they recognised it  
 As a stray from Cæsar's fishponds,  
 And it ought to go back thither ;  
 65 If you credit Armillatus,  
 All the best fish are Crown property  
 Wheresoever caught ; don't lose it  
 Therefore, to the Prince present it ;
- Winter had succeeded deadly  
 70 Autumn, and the sick were hoping  
 That their fever might be quartan ;  
 Splendid weather to keep fish in ;  
 Still the owner of the treasure  
 Hurried off, as though 'twere summer,  
 75 To the royal seat at Alba,  
 Which though ruined still keep up the  
 Trojan fire and Vesta's worship ;  
 There he could not gain admittance  
 For the crowd ; at last he entered  
 80 With the fish, while all the Senators  
 Had the door shut in their faces ;  
 Quoth the poor man of Picenum  
 " Sire, be pleased to accept a fish too  
 " Great for ordinary kitchens ;  
 85 " 'Tis a day for making merry ;  
 " Clear your stomach to enjoy him ;

- “ He awaited your accession,  
“ And was anxious you should eat him.”  
Abject flattery ! yet the Prince’s  
90 Crest rose at it ; nothing’s too gross  
For a God-like mind to swallow ;  
But alas ! what dish could hold it ?  
So the nobles, whom he hated  
And whose looks betrayed the terror  
95 Which so great a friend inspired,  
Were all summoned to a Council ;  
Hearing the Liburnian slave cry  
“ Quick, the Prince is seated,” Pegasus  
Snatched his cloak up and arrived first ;  
100 He was bailiff of the City  
(All the Præfects were no better  
In those days), an upright judge too  
Though not firm enough for such times ;  
Next came dear old Crispus, whose speech  
105 Was as gentle as his character ;  
He’d have made a useful Minister,  
Had his vile and cruel master  
Listened to his honest counsel ;  
But this tyrant’s wild caprices  
110 Made it dangerous to mention  
E’en the weather ; e’en a word might  
Misinterpreted be fatal ;  
Crispus then was not the man to  
Swim against the current, or to  
115 Jeopardise his head for truth’s sake ;  
Thus by prudence e’en in that Court  
He contrived to live to eighty ;  
Next Acilius, also eighty,

- With his young son who deserved a  
 120 Better fate than to be murdered ;  
 To behold a long-lived noble  
 Has long been a wonder ; better  
 Far be earth-born like the Giants ;  
 Little gained this youth by feigning  
 125 Madness and transfixing wild bears  
 Naked in the shows at Alba ;  
 Such devices are now seen through,  
 Whereas Brutus only had to  
 Dupe an old-world bearded monarch ;  
 130 Next came Rubrius with the same sad  
 Downcast look though a plebeian ;  
 As to whose vice it was whispered  
 That he had surpassed e'en Nero ;  
 Next Montanus with unwieldly  
 135 Paunch came, and Crispinus reeking  
 With as much scent in the morning  
 As would serve t' anoint two corpses ;  
 Next Pompeius, quite his equal  
 In the art of getting throats cut  
 140 By a whisper ; Then came Fuscus,  
 Destined for the Dacian vultures,  
 One who first thought out his battles  
 In his marble villa ; next came  
 Sly Veiento and Catullus,  
 145 Who though blind e'en now is deemed a  
 Wonder both for lust and cruelty ;  
 What a flatterer too ! he should have  
 Been a tiresome beggar, blowing  
 Kisses to the people driving  
 150 Down the steep hill at Aricia ;

- He had never seen a finer  
Turbot ; to the left he pointed,  
Whilst the fish was on his right hand !  
In this fashion he was wont to
- 155 Criticise the gladiators,  
And the stage-trap and the boys tossed  
To the awning ; Then Veiento,  
Not to be outdone, as if stung  
By the gad-fly, takes to prophecy ;
- 160 " Sire, you've there a mighty omen  
" Of a great and glorious triumph ;  
" Judging by his sharp fins he's a  
" Foreign fish ; some foreign King then  
" Will be taken, or Arviragus
- 165 " Will fall from his British chariot."  
All he left out in his long speech  
Was the turbot's age and country ;  
Then the Prince, " What's your opinion ?  
" Shall he be cut up ?" " Nay, that would
- 170 " Be an outrage," cries Montanus,  
" Have a big dish made on purpose ;  
" We have need now of Prometheus ;  
" Ply the wheel and clay ; from henceforth,  
" Cæsar, let a staff of potters
- 175 " Follow you." The advice was taken ;  
Yes, the man who gave it had been  
Versed in Nero's midnight orgies ;  
He knew how to rouse the jaded  
Appetite after heavy drinking ;
- 180 He was the best judge of cooking  
And of oysters or sea-urchins  
In my time ; he knew from whence they

Came by merely looking at them.

Lo ! they rise ; the Council's over

185 Which the Prince had called together

With as much parade and hurry

As though letters of importance

Had arrived about the Catti ;

Or bad news of the Sicambri

190 Had to be communicated.

Better had he spent his time on

Such mere trifles than in murdering

Lofty spirits with impunity ;

At last cobblers came to fear him ;

195 For this reason, not because he

Killed the Lamiaë, he perished.



## SATIRE 5.

- Trebius, if you still retain that  
Shameless notion that true bliss is  
Eating crumbs from other men's tables,  
If you'll tolerate what Sarmentus  
5 Or vile Galba has resented  
Even at Cæsar's banquets, where all  
Fared according to their station,  
Then on oath I'd not believe you ;  
Little satisfies our bellies ;  
10 Even if this little's wanting,  
Can't you beg upon the foot-path,  
Or display your tattered blanket  
On a bridge ? 'twould be far better  
There to munch crusts or dog-biscuit,  
15 Than dine out on such conditions ;  
For what are they ? In the first place,  
That you're asked at all's considered  
Ample pay for all your service ;  
Your King has an eye to business ;  
20 He don't ask you often ; when he  
Does, he puts it to your debit ;  
Months elapse ; when some day finding  
That he'll have an empty cushion,  
He says, " Come and dine ; " O rapture !

- 25 Now at last you are rewarded  
 For your sleepless nights ; for having  
 Without time to tie your shoe-string,  
 Hurried off ere it is daybreak,  
 Sometimes while the stars are twinkling,
- 30 Fearing lest your fellow clients  
 Should complete their rounds before you ;  
 Well, what kind of dinner is it ?  
 A wool-scourer would discard the  
 Wine that's set before you ; shortly
- 35 You'll be all like Corybantes ;  
 There must be a row between you  
 Clients and the host of freedmen ;  
 A pitched battle fought with wine jugs,  
 And no lack of bloody cox-combs ;
- 40 All this while your patron Virro  
 At the other end sits drinking  
 Wine old as the social wars and  
 Made when Consuls wore the hair long ;  
 You'd not get this were you dying ;
- 45 Next day he'll drink Setine, so old  
 That the smoke it's undergone has  
 From the jar effaced the label,  
 Splendid stuff such as Helvidius  
 Crowned with roses might have swallowed
- 50 At his feasts on Brutus' birthday ;  
 Virro's cups are large, of amber  
 Or of gold bedecked with beryls ;  
 These wont come nigh you, or if so  
 At your elbow there's a slave to
- 55 Watch your nails and count the jewels ;  
 " That's a very famous jasper ;

“Be so good as not to touch it ;”  
For the fashion has been followed  
Of transferring to the goblets  
60 Gems intended for the finger,  
Splendid stones such as *Æneas*  
Might have had set in his scabbard ;  
You drink out of cracked *Vatinian*  
Cups with four snouts, only fit to  
65 Be exchanged for sulphur matches.

Virro heated calls for water,  
Which has been boiled and then cooled with  
Snow ; same wine indeed ! you wont have  
The same water ; your cup-bearer  
70 Too’s a bony-handed black, some  
Running footman, whom you’d gladly  
Miss when driving past the tombs on  
The steep *Latin* road at midnight ;  
But the slave who waits on *Virro*  
75 Is a splendid flower of *Asia*,  
With whose price you might have bought up  
*Servius* and the warlike *Ancus*  
Or in short the goods of all the  
Kings of *Rome* ; a boy so precious  
80 Stands not there to mix for paupers ;  
And his beauty justifies the  
Proud disdain with which he treats you ;  
You must call to your *Gætulian*  
When you want hot or cold water ;  
85 You may call, but will he answer ?  
In truth he’s in no good humour  
At the thought of taking orders

- On his legs from you reclining ;  
 Every big house has a crowd of  
 90 Supercilious servants ; once more,  
 Take the bread ; you're sulkily offered  
 Mouldy stuff that you can hardly  
 Break, but which will surely break your  
 Jaw-tooth if you try to bite it ;  
 95 New white bread of finest flower  
 Virro has ; mind, don't you touch this ;  
 There's respect due to the baker ;  
 Should you thus offend, a slave will  
 Make you put back what you've taken,  
 100 " Your bread's in its usual basket,  
 " You might know it by its colour ;"  
 This is all you get for having  
 Left your wife and scaled the Esquiline  
 In the middle of the hailstorm.
- 105 Now for the food ; a splendid lobster  
 Garnished with asparagus is  
 Borne in triumph to the master ;  
 It nigh bursts the dish ; its great tail  
 Seems to scorn you as it passes ;  
 110 Your fare is a crab with sliced egg  
 Crammed into a little platter,  
 Such as you see placed on grave stones ;  
 Virro pours the best Venafran  
 Oil upon his fish ; your sickly  
 115 Cabbage smells of lamp oil, such as  
 Sharp-prowed skiffs of the Micipsæ  
 Bring us ; such as makes us Romans  
 Shy of bathing with King Bocchar,

- And out there keeps even snakes off ;  
120 Virro next has a Sicilian  
Or a Corsican mullet ; our coasts  
Are exhausted ; all the big fish  
In our seas have long been eaten ;  
So we have to net our neighbours'  
125 Waters for the fish which fortune-  
Hunting Lænas sends Aurelia,  
And she sells again ! Then Virro  
Eats a most magnificent lamprey  
Caught by some fool-hardy fisher  
130 Who has watched the wind abating  
In the whirl-pool of Charybdis ;  
You're regaled with a coarse Tiber  
Pike, first cousin to a serpent,  
Spotted with the frost and fattened  
135 In his native sewers, who's often  
Made his way up the Cloaca  
To the heart of the Saburra ;

- Virro, just a word I beg you ;  
None expects from you the gifts which  
140 Piso Cotta gave their clients ;  
Generosity in those days  
Was more thought of than the fasces ;  
All we ask is common courtesy  
At your table ; many show it ;  
145 When alone, be prince ; when we come,  
Condescend to our position ;  
—

To return, next Virro partakes  
Of goose liver, huge fat capon,

- And hot roast boar, and to follow,  
 150 Mushrooms, if they are in season,  
 ("Libya keep your corn," Allidius  
 Cries out, "so you send us mushrooms;")  
 To complete the aggravation,  
 Meanwhile dances in the carver  
 155 Flourishing his knife and doing  
 All the tricks of his profession;  
 No small matter is the carving  
 With correct gesticulations  
 Of a fowl; and don't imagine  
 160 You're a grandee and entitled  
 All this while to yawn; or you'll be  
 Put out by the heels like Cacus;  
 Do you fancy Virro ever  
 Will drink after you or to you?  
 165 Which of you dare say, "Shall we drink, Sir?"  
 This is one of the many things a  
 Tattered cloak may not indulge in;  
 Only get from Heaven or elsewhere  
 A Knight's income, and from nothing  
 170 All at once you're one of Virro's.  
 Dearest friends; "Hand this to Trebius;  
 "Here's a nice piece, brother Trebius;"  
 It's your money he calls brother;  
 If you would yourself be courted,  
 175 Take good care no little children  
 Be seen playing in your court-yard;  
 Barren wives procure the best friends;  
 Still with but the means I've given you,  
 Your wife Migale may present you  
 180 At a birth with three fine children

Without alienating Virro ;  
He'll be charmed, have the green doublet  
And the nuts out, and rejoice to  
See the parasite child at table  
185 Begging for the penny-pieces.

Once more to return, a dish of  
Doubtful funguses awaits you ;  
Virro eats the finest mushrooms,  
Such as Claudius ate before he  
190 Ate those of his wife which killed him ;  
Virro then will call for apples  
Whose perfume alone's a banquet ;  
You will have to make the best of  
Wretched scabby things such as the  
195 Showman's monkey munches, ere he  
Does his tricks upon the rampart,  
Where you see him, decked with shield and  
Helmet, learning from his master,  
Who stands whip in hand, to hurl his  
200 Javelin from his shaggy goat's back.

Do you think economy's Virro's  
Object ? no, it's done on purpose ;  
What farce in the world comes up to  
Seeing a glutton disappointed ?  
205 He enjoys your keen vexation ;  
You pose as a great man's free guest ;  
He knows better ; you're attracted  
By the savour of his kitchen ;  
Were you really free, no matter  
210 What your station, whether you wore

- The gold bulla of the noble  
 Or the leather of the freedman,  
 Could you twice endure such treatment ?  
 No, the love of eating traps you ;  
 215 "Look, he's sending round the leveret ;"  
 "When he's served, I'll get some capon ;"  
 Silent and with bread cut ready  
 You await the treat expected ;  
 Wait you may ; this Virro's no fool ;  
 220 All you get you richly merit ;  
 Some day you'll be found presenting  
 As "the parasite" your shorn pate  
 For the clown to beat ; fit exit  
 For a man who could put up with  
 225 Such a friend and such a banquet !



## SATIRE 6.

- I can well imagine Chastity  
Dwelt on earth in the reign of Saturn,  
When men lived in caves and had leaves  
And wild-beasts' skins for their pallets ;  
5 When the women, very unlike the  
Cynthias and Lesbias of our times,  
With huge dugs were more repulsive  
Than their acorn-belching husbands ;  
When the world was new and mankind  
10 Made of mud were born of oak-trees ;  
Pr'aps there were some traces of her  
E'en when Jove was yet a youngster,  
Ere the Greeks their oaths invented,  
Or one's garden had to be fenced in ;  
15 But she very soon thereafter  
Left us with her sister Justice ;  
In the silver age the first act  
Of adultery was committed ;  
Ever since all sorts of wickedness  
20 Have gone on uninterrupted ;  
And yet, Postumus, you're thinking  
Of being married ; what has changed you  
From a sane man to a lunatic ?  
Sooner get yourself a halter ;

- 25 Is there not th' Æmilian bridge or  
Any window left to jump from ?  
It's the Julian law has turned your  
Head ; you want an heir, forgetting  
That you'll get no more fine mullets
- 30 From the fortune hunter ; what next,  
When the like of you, notorious  
For adulteries, wish to marry,  
And expect the lady shall be a  
Pattern of old-world morality ?
- 35 Oh ! you should be bled, my good sir ;  
Very few girls now are fitted  
To be priestesses of Ceres ;  
Well, get married, have your doorposts  
Gay with garlands, but don't expect
- 40 Too much of poor Hiberina ;  
One eye rather than one husband  
Would she be content with ; " Oh ! but  
" She's been brought up most correctly  
" By her father in the country ; "
- 45 Only take her to such towns as  
Gabii or dull Fidenæ,  
If she lives there thus correctly,  
I'll give in to your country training ;  
Are no pranks still played in caverns
- 50 Or on mountains ? are the tricks of  
Jove and Mars so out of fashion ?  
All the Porticoes examine ;  
Scan the seats throughout the Circus ;  
Can you show me one such woman
- 55 As you want ? when soft Bathyllus  
In the pantomime plays ' Leda '

- Just watch Appula's behaviour ;  
 Tuccia's indecent gestures ;  
 Close by Thymele is seated,  
 60 She's been bred i' the country, but the  
 Lesson is not lost upon her ;  
 How do other noble ladies  
 Pass their time, when all the theatres  
 Being shut the Courts are busy,  
 65 From November when the Plebeian  
 Games are over till recur the  
 Megalesian in April ?  
 Why, they wear the mask of Accius,  
 Don his drawers and wield his thyrsus ;  
 70 But the actors still are busy ;  
 Urbicus who caused such laughter  
 In the burlesque of ' Autonoë '  
 Has his fibula removed by  
 Ælia for a heap of money ;  
 75 So Chrysogonus ; fat Hispulla  
 Keeps her pet tragedian ; Do you  
 Think Quintilian will be courted ?  
 No, the flute-player Echion's  
 More the man ; Come, deck the doorway,  
 80 Rear the platform on the pavement ;  
 On her tortoise-shell inlaid bed  
 Soon will Lentulus' wife present him  
 With a noble child, resembling  
 Whom ? Euryalus the famous  
 85 Mirmillo !

And what did Hippia ?

She was married to a Senator,  
 But she left her home, her sister,

- Native land, and weeping children,  
And what's more she left the Circus,
- 90 To go with the gladiator  
Sergius to the land of Egypt ;  
Even Egypt was shocked at them ;  
Gaily fringed had been her cradle,  
Rich her father was, but little
- 95 Cared she for her reputation,  
What is it to these fine ladies ?  
She that loathed, now likes salt-water ;  
Had the voyage been one of duty,  
Heart and feet would then have failed her ;
- 100 When a woman's bad, she's boldest ;  
Had her husband bade her join him,  
Then the sky seems swimming round her  
And the bilge-water's disgusting ;  
But with Sergius how different !
- 105 Now her appetite's recovered,  
She's at home amongst the sailors,  
And delights to handle hard ropes ;  
Is it youth or is it beauty  
Has induced her to be known as
- 110 Common gladiator's woman ?  
No, dear Sergius shaves ; is even  
Looking forward to retiring ;  
And his face is most repulsive,  
Eyes and nose alike disgusting ;
- 115 It's his sword that makes him handsome ;  
This same Sergius had he taken  
His discharge and the foil accepted,  
Would have been a mere Veiento ;
- Change the scene now to a palace ;

- 120 See what Claudius had to suffer ;  
Fast asleep her husband leaving  
Messalina, royal harlot,  
Left her bed and sought the brothel,  
O'er her head a hood was drawn, and  
125 One maid was her sole companion ;  
There she took her cell as usual,  
Donned her whig behind the curtain,  
And assumed the name ' Lycisca ' ;  
There Britannicus for money,  
130 Naked and with golden nipples,  
Did your mother sell her favours ;  
When the pander closed his house, and  
All the other girls had gone home,  
Wearied but not satiated  
135 She reluctantly departed,  
And all reeking with the foul smoke  
Of the lamp composed her dirty  
Cheek upon the royal pillow.

- This is bad enough, but nothing  
140 To the other crimes of women,  
Magic potions and slow poisons ;  
Why's Cæsennia best of women  
If you would believe her husband ?  
Why, he got eight thousand sterling  
145 With her ; but there's little love lost ;  
All the shafts of his affection  
Come from this one source, the dowry ;  
She has bought the right to do just  
As she pleases, write love letters,  
150 Wink, do anything in his presence ;

- Woman married to a miser  
 Is as free as any spinster ;  
 What in Bibula charms Sertorius ?  
 Why, her face ; 'tis not the woman ;
- 155 Let her get a little wrinkled,  
 Grow her teeth or eyes defective,  
 "Pack your box up," cries the freedman,  
 "You're a nuisance ; always sniveling ;  
 "Out you go ; another's coming
- 160 "With a better-mannered nose piece ;"  
 In the mean time she's been master  
 And a most expensive treasure,  
 Dress and wine ? oh ! that's a trifle,  
 Prisons full of slaves, contents of
- 165 Neighbour's houses must be purchased ;  
 In the winter when the time comes  
 For the festive Sigillaria,  
 When the white booths hide the fresco  
 On the Portico of the Argonauts,
- 170 All the most expensive bits of  
 Glass and agate she requires,  
 And the splendid diamond ring which  
 Once adorned Bernice's finger ;  
 'Twas a present from Agrippa,
- 175 And came from the land of Egypt,  
 Where Kings dance bare-footed on the  
 Sabbaths and no pork is eaten.

- Sure there are enough to choose from ;  
 Well suppose a lady handsome
- 180 Wealthy well-bred and prolific,  
 Chaster than the Sabine matrons

- Who dishevelled stopped the fighting,  
 (If she's all this she's a rare bird)  
 Who could endure such a woman ?
- 185 Country wench from out Venusia  
 Give me rather than Cornelia  
 Mother of the Gracchi, if great  
 Pride is part of her great virtues ;  
 I should soon tire of her Carthage
- 190 Hannibal and Syphax conquered ;  
 " O Apollo ! O Diana !  
 " Mercy have," cried King Amphion,  
 " Let my bairns off ; they've done nothing ;  
 " Shoot their mother ;" but Apollo
- 195 The whole lot exterminated,  
 All because poor Niobe proudly  
 Boasted she had had more children  
 Than Latona or the white sow ;  
 Where's the good of these fine qualities
- 200 If your wife for ever crams them  
 Down your throat and is bad tempered ?  
 You may praise and try to love her  
 But the greater part of each day  
 You'll take good care to avoid her.
- 205 What again is more disgusting  
 (Trivial as it seems) to husbands  
 Than to hear their wives affecting  
 To be Greeks ? a girl from Sulmo  
 Straight becomes a true Athenian ;
- 210 To speak Latin is disgraceful ;  
 Greek in everything's the fashion,  
 Even in bed ; Ζωή καὶ Ψυχή

- In a girl's mouth may be pardoned,  
 But it's anything but decent
- 215 In a hag of six and eighty ;  
 It's a very lewd expression,  
 But it answers not her purpose,  
 Though she whisper soft as Hæmus,  
 For her wrinkles quite disarm it ;
- 220 Therefore if you are not likely  
 To care for your wife, why have one ?  
 Save your cake and wedding supper,  
 Thus you'll help your friends who always  
 Eat too much on those occasions
- 225 Of compulsory attendance,  
 And you'll save the plate of gold coins  
 With the Emperor's head upon them  
 Which are given for the first night ;  
 If you have a wife and love her,
- 230 Then your case is worse than ever ;  
 Woman never spares her lover,  
 Though she love, she'll vex and fleece you  
 And will serve you worse, the better  
 She is treated ; if you wish to
- 235 Buy or sell or make a present ,  
 You must first obtain permission ;  
 Should an old friend come to see you,  
 He will be refused admittance ;  
 Even pimps and gladiators
- 240 Are allowed to be testators ;  
 You'll be made to leave large sums to  
 Several men of whom you're jealous ;  
 "Crucify that Davus ?" what for ?



What's the evidence against him ?

- 245 Hear him first ; no pains are wasted  
When a man's life is in question ;  
" Call a slave a man, you stupid !  
" He's done nothing ; what's that matter ?  
" Die he shall ; it's my good pleasure."

- 250 Next she goes in for divorces ;  
Several bridal veils she wears out,  
Then comes back again to your bed ;  
Each she leaves before the wedding-  
Garlands have had time to wither ;  
255 In five years she has eight husbands ;  
For her tomb what an inscription !

Then just think of your wife's mother ;  
She assists her child to fleece you,  
She dictates encouraging answers

- 260 To the lover, and seduces  
Any spy you set to watch him ;  
Then she tells you her poor child is  
Dangerously ill of fever,  
That Archigenes has been sent for ;  
265 Meanwhile she lets in the gallant ;  
She can't make her child any better  
Than herself ; besides adulterous  
Daughters are a source of profit.

Are not women at the bottom

- 270 Of all law suits ? yes, Manilia  
Plaintiff is, if not defendant ;  
'Tis she draws the declaration

And explains the points to Celsus.

- Who again knows not the women  
 275 Who wear scarlet rugs, anoint their  
 Limbs with oil, and practice fencing ;  
 See them hacking at the post and  
 Armed with wooden sword and target  
 Go through all the exercises ;  
 280 Better at the feast of Flora  
 Take a part, unless they mean to  
 Engage in the real arena ;  
 Fi ! you helmeted viragos,  
 Apeing men you'd still be women,  
 285 Not to lose a woman's pleasures ;  
 Mighty pleasant, when your wife sells  
 All her properties by auction,  
 Belt and gauntlets, plume of feathers,  
 And the buskin for her left leg !  
 290 These are they whose dainty bodies  
 Scarce can bear a thin silk garment ;  
 Only watch them in their helmets,  
 Round their loins thick bands of linen,  
 Dealing parrying well known sword cuts ;  
 295 In your day, O blind Metellus,  
 Tell me did the very meanest  
 Gladiator's wives behave so ?

- In a wife's bed there is ever  
 Little sleep but endless nagging ;  
 300 What a hypocrite, when her guilty  
 Conscience pricks her ; what a monster,  
 When she raves against boy-slaves or

- Some imaginary rival ;  
Never are her sham tears wanting ;  
305 You complacently believe they're  
Real, and dry her eyes with kisses ;  
Just undo the desk of this same  
Jealous wife and read her letters ;  
Well suppose you one day catch her  
310 In some fellow's arms, then surely  
E'en Quintilian would be puzzled  
To make satisfactory answer ;  
But she's equal to th' occasion ;  
" 'Twas agreed, my dear, between us  
315 " We should each live as best pleased us ;  
" Rave away then ; I'm but human ;"  
They're most brazen when detected ;  
Guilt inflames their tempers only ;

- Whence come these abominations ?  
320 You must know the Latin women  
Were more chaste when they were poorer ;  
Once they little slept and worked hard  
Horny-handed at wool-carding ;  
Hannibal was nigh, and on the  
325 Colline tower stood their husbands ;  
Then they'd little time for mischief ;  
Now the curse of Peace is on us,  
Luxury fiercer far than armies  
Now the conquered world avenges ;  
330 Vice stepped in when poverty left us ;  
Wanton drunk effeminate Sybaris  
Rhodes Miletus and Tarentum  
Overcame us with their filthy

Riches and still filthier manners ;  
 335 Just watch yonder drunken woman  
 Swallowing oysters down at midnight,  
 Drinking out of the perfume-jar  
 Unguents mixed with neat Falernian,  
 Till the ceiling's topsy turvy  
 340 And the lamps seem burning double ;

Watch the moon-lit strumpets when they  
 Meet at Pudicitia's altar,  
 And alighting from their litters  
 Study how they may profane it ;  
 345 When you're going your round of visits  
 On the following day you'll haply  
 Pass the very spot where your wife  
 Took part in the entertainment ;  
 At the rites of Bona Dea  
 350 What obscenities are practised,  
 What unmentionable lewdness ;  
 Oh ! that the pure ancient forms of  
 Our religion were respected ;  
 All the world now knows the scandal,  
 355 How disguised as a musician  
 Clodius that shrine invaded  
 Where a male mouse might not enter,  
 Where man's likeness was forbidden ;  
 Who but he had then the courage  
 360 'Thus to laugh at Numa's ladle  
 And his earthen-ware utensils ?  
 All is changed now ; hear them shouting  
 " Let the men be now admitted ;"  
 Every altar has its Clodius ;

- 365 Our old fashioned friends would have said,  
Under lock and key restrain her ;  
Alas ! who's to keep the keepers ?  
She is sly and sure to bribe them ;  
She who rides in gorgeous litter  
370 Is as lewd as poor street-walker ;  
At the Circus it's Ogulnia's  
Aim to cut the greatest figure ;  
So she hires a fine robe and rides  
In a hired sedan surrounded  
375 With a troop of hired females  
To whom she may give her orders ;  
All the plate her father left her  
Finds it's way to some smooth athlete ;  
Thus she soon becomes a beggar ;  
380 " What of that ? " well, men do sometimes  
Make, as doth the ant, provision  
For the future ; women never  
Reckon what their pleasures cost them,  
Thinking their strong-box possesses  
385 Inexhaustible resources ;

- Here's another fond of music ;  
When she fancies any singer,  
His infibulation's useless ;  
She adorns his lyre with jewels,  
390 Day and night plays tunes upon it  
With his own particular plectrum,  
Which she covers with her kisses ;  
There was once a noble lady  
Went to Janus and besought him  
395 Whether ever her dear Pollio'd

- Win the Capitolian oak-crown ;  
 If her husband had been dying  
 Or her son, what could she do more ?  
 For a full religious service  
 400 Was gone through for this same harper ;  
 Prithee tell me, father Janus,  
 Do you answer prayers of this sort ?  
 Sure you can't be very busy  
 If you can find time to notice  
 405 Prayers made on behalf of actors ;  
 See ! the poor soothsayer's getting  
 Varicose veins from so much standing ;

- Even the musical female's better  
 Than the jade who lost to all shame  
 410 In the presence of her husband,  
 Head erect and bosom unsheathed,  
 Cross-examines the commander  
 Starting on an expedition ;  
 She knows all the city gossip,  
 415 Foreign news, domestic scandals,  
 Full particulars of intrigues ;  
 She's the first to see a comet ;  
 And she'll manufacture rumours,  
 Such a place has been demolished  
 420 By the floods on the Niphates ;  
 With such trash at each street corner  
 Every passer by is favoured ;  
 Worse still is the cruel monster  
 Who has her poor neighbour beaten  
 425 If his dog's bark has aroused her ;  
 "Thrash both soundly, dog and master ;"

- 'Tis a terrible sight to see her  
Going to the bath at nightfall  
With her camp-like apparatus ;  
430 There she practices her dumb-bells  
Till she's utterly exhausted,  
All the while her sleepy famished  
Guests are waiting for their dinner ;  
In she comes and drains two bumpers  
435 From a jug that's placed beside her ;  
When she's swallowed this, she vomits,  
So to make her appetite keener,  
While her husband shuts his eyes and  
Turns away his head disgusted.
- 440 There's another still more odious  
Who the poets patronises ;  
Dido pitying, and putting  
Virgil in the scales with Homer ;  
Neither lawyer nor professor  
445 Neither public-crier nor woman,  
Not a soul can get a word in ;  
Like a peal of bells her voice is ;  
Her tongue only without trumpet  
Would relieve the moon in labour ;  
450 Deprecate a style of speaking  
In your wife, curt enthymemes and  
History ; let there just be something  
That she does not know ; I loathe her  
When she bores one with quotations ;  
455 And the least defect exposes  
In her friend's speech and her husband's  
Ungrammatical expressions ;

Too much of a good thing's possible ;  
She's too wise for us : she should be  
460 Tucking up her tunic rather  
And be bathing for a farthing ;

Once more, what a horrid creature  
Is a woman who has riches  
And bedecks herself with jewels ;  
465 When she puts a great bread poultice  
Or the paste known as Poppæan,  
For the sake of her complexion,  
On her face, and as with bird-lime  
Glues her husband's lips ; her lovers  
470 Only see her with a clean skin ;  
'Tis for them alone that Indian  
Nard-oil is procured ; for them the  
Paste is torn off, reappears her  
Skin made soft with milk ; aye, were she  
475 Exiled to the farthest regions,  
In her suite she'd take she-asses ;  
Under all these filthy plasters  
And cosmetics one may well ask  
Lurks there beauty or an ulcer ?  
480 If at night she's disappointed,  
'Tis the house-keeper, Liburnian  
Porters, and poor maids that suffer  
For her husband's inattention ;  
Some by the year contract for flogging ;  
485 While the cruel lash is busy,  
She's anointing or consulting  
With her friends about the border  
Of broad gold upon her new dress,



- Or perchance she's going through the  
490 Entries of her large account book ;  
When the flogger's arms are tired,  
"That's enough," she cries, "for one day,  
"Matters now are straight between us ;"  
Mild appear Sicilian tyrants,  
495 If she's made an assignation,  
If she's late, yet would be got up  
More becomingly than usual,  
Though she keeps her lover waiting  
At the shrine of lecherous Isis ;  
500 Mean-while Psecas with bare shoulders  
(Her own hair revealing traces  
Of her mistress' angry fingers)  
Is arranging curls and ringlets ;  
"What's that curl up there for, baggage ?"  
505 Cries the brute ; the lash makes answer,  
And the misplaced look avenges ;  
Is it Psecas' fault, you monster,  
If your ugly nose don't please you ?  
On her left are other maidens  
510 Plying combs and curling-irons,  
And a council's held presided  
Over by an old domestic  
(Now promoted from the hairpins)  
Who speaks first, the others follow ;  
515 For this building of the head-dress  
With its rows and tiers of ringlets  
Is a far more serious question  
Than one merely life affecting ;  
When all's done how looks the lady ?  
520 From the front she's a tall woman,

From behind she's so much shorter  
 That you'd hardly recognise her ;  
 But remember she's a Pigmy,  
 Has no buskin to assist her,  
 525 And has to be kissed on tiptoe ;  
 All this while how fares her husband ?  
 He's not mentioned nor his losses ;  
 You might take her for his neighbour,  
 Were it not she does more mischief  
 530 With his friends and slaves, and is a  
 Frightful drag upon his income.

Watch the superstitious woman  
 When the priests of wild Bellona  
 And the chorus of Cybele  
 535 Pass her way ; around, the hoarse troop  
 Clashing cymbals ; in the midst a  
 Eunuch with a Phrygian cap on ;  
 What says he ? " Beware September,  
 " You must purify yourself with  
 540 " Quite a hundred eggs and give me  
 " Your old murrey-coloured dresses ;  
 " Into which for the next twelve months  
 " I'll divert all coming dangers ;"  
 If white Io gives the order,  
 545 She'll do every kind of penance,  
 Plunge thrice in the ice-bound Tiber,  
 Creep thence o'er the Campus Martius  
 On bare knees, or fetch from Egypt  
 Sacred water for the Temple  
 550 Which stands next the ancient sheep-fold ;  
 For she thinks she's heard the very

Voice of Isis ; what a worship !  
Yonder comes dog-faced Anubis  
With his bald and linen-girt crew  
555 Mocking at the prostrate people ;  
To the priest, see ! she's confessing  
For being lewd upon the fast day ;  
'Twas a heinous sin ; the silver  
Serpent shook its head in anger,  
560 But his tears and his entreaties  
Have at last moved great Osiris ;  
If she offers just a few cakes  
And a fat goose, she'll have pardon !

Next she meets a shivering Jewess  
565 With her wisp of hay and basket,  
Who the sacred tree tends and is  
Heaven's confidential agent ;  
She gets off on this occasion  
With the payment of a small coin ;  
570 Even a copper goes a long way  
With a Jew ; she next consults a  
Commagenan fortune-teller ;  
He inspects all sorts of entrails,  
(Those of a boy occasionally)  
575 And assures her rare good fortune,  
But she has to tell him all her  
Secrets, which he'll make good use of ;

Then she goes to the Chaldæans  
Whose repute stands even higher ;  
580 Delphi has given place to Hammon ;  
Of these he's in greatest credit

Who has been in prison longest  
 Or in exile for his villainies,  
 Like Seleucus, who imposing  
 585 Upon Otho with his tablets  
 Was the cause of Galba's murder ;  
 Such as these will be consulted  
 By your wife as to the chances  
 That her mother and you'll be long-lived.

590 And beware her who herself is  
 An astrologer and acquainted  
 With the planets and their seasons,  
 In whose hands, instead of amber,  
 Calendars are seen, who won't take  
 595 Any journey that conflicts with  
 Calculations of Thrasyllus ;  
 From her books the hour's selected  
 For a drive to the first milestone ;  
 Horoscopes of any ointment  
 600 Have precedence, if her eye's sore ;  
 If she's ill, the time for taking  
 Food depends on Petosiris ;

If the superstitious woman  
 Happens to be rich, a Phrygian  
 605 Augur is consulted or the  
 Priest who cleanses public buildings  
 After they've been struck by lightning ;  
 If she's poor, her fortune's told her  
 At the Circus or the rampart ;  
 610 In the former you may see her  
 Busily consulting gipsies

Near the goals, beside the towers, or  
By the dolphin-bearing columns,  
Holding out her palm for kisses,  
615 Drawing lots and asking questions,  
Shall she leave the tavern-keeper  
And be wedded to the tailor?

Poor women again must suffer  
All the miseries of child-birth,  
620 But the rich procure abortion ;  
It's become a regular business ;  
Well for you perhaps it is so,  
Otherwise you'd be the father  
Of a black child, most ill-omened  
625 Thing to meet first in the morning ;  
To say nothing of the frauds they  
Perpetrate upon their husbands  
Introducing outcast infants,  
Who surviving their exposure  
630 In the fetid marshes, blossom  
Into priests of Mars and nobles ;  
'Tis a favourite freak of Fortune  
To befriend these little urchins  
And adopt them as her children ;  
635 Then they purchase magic potions  
To rob husbands of their reason,  
Who may be congratulated  
If they're spared the raving madness  
Which o'ermastered Nero's uncle  
640 When he drank Cæsonia's philtre  
Of a young colt's forehead ; all would  
Follow such a great example ;

Much less harm did Agrippina's  
 Mushroom, for that only killed an  
 645 Old and slobbering dotard and made  
 Easy his descent to Heaven ;  
 While the philtre led to bloodshed,  
 Knights and Senators foully murdered ;  
 Such disaster did a single  
 650 Sorceress achieve with colt's blood.

They will kill their husband's bastard  
 Or his son by former marriage,  
 And they'll poison their own sons too  
 If they're fatherless but wealthy ;  
 655 Such a youth had best be cautious  
 What he eats ; let some one taste first  
 Any dish his mother makes him ;  
 Let his tutor sip his wine-cup ;  
 Think you I am now inventing ?  
 660 That my verse has donned the buskin  
 Spurning all the laws of Satire ?  
 That from Sophocles I've borrowed  
 Some strange fable ? would it were so ;  
 What says Pontia ? " I have poisoned  
 665 " My two sons ; 'tis proved ; I own it ;  
 " Seven had perished if I'd had them ;"  
 After this we well may credit  
 All the stories the tragedians  
 Tell of Procne and Medea,  
 670 Truly they were terrible women,  
 But they sought not filthy lucre ;  
 Women prompted by blind passion  
 Wreak an indiscriminate vengeance,

- Like rocks severed from the hill side  
675 By the action of an earthquake ;  
I'm alluding to the women  
Whose crimes with premeditation  
In cold blood are perpetrated ;  
Oft they go to see Alcestis  
680 Give her life to save her husband ;  
If they had the chance, they'd rather  
Husbands kill to save their lap-dogs ;  
Everywhere are Danaus' daughters ;  
Each town has its Clytemnestra ;  
685 But the latter's clumsy hatchet  
Has given place to deadly venom  
Of the toad ; cold steel's used only  
If they find their victims have the  
Antidote of Mithridates.

SATIRE 7.

- In these bad times, Telesinus,  
 We poor poets have no friend but  
 Cæsar ; in him all our hopes are  
 Centred ; have not even famous
- 5 Poets had of late to open  
 Baths at Gabii and bake-houses  
 Here in Rome ? while some have put pride  
 In their pockets and turned criers,  
 Hungry Clio Aganippe
- 10 For the auction-rooms deserting ;  
 If you cannot get a farthing  
 For your verses, you had better  
 Try Machæra's business ; get your  
 Customers good bargains in the
- 15 Way of tripods jugs and cupboards,  
 Or a copy of " Alcithoë " by  
 Paccius, or the " Thebes " of Faustus ;  
 This is better than committing  
 Wholesale perjury in the law-courts,
- 20 The profession of our new Knights  
 Quondam slaves of Cappadocia ;  
 None however need submit to  
 Unbecoming toil in future  
 Who's a real good poet having



- 25 Chewed the laurel to some purpose ;  
Let this be your aim, my young friends,  
Cæsar keeps his eyes wide open,  
And is anxious to befriend you ;  
If you think you'll get a patron  
30 Elsewhere, and fill saffron-covered  
Parchments under that delusion,  
Better burn what you are writing  
Or else let the worms devour it ;  
If you think that in your garret  
35 You're to write heroics, and that  
Some day with a wreath around it  
Your lean image will adorn the  
Book-case of some wealthy patron,  
You had better break your pen, and  
40 Blot out all your laboured battles ;  
It is hopeless ; our rich misers  
Are content with admiration,  
Just as boys admire peacocks ;  
All the while you're getting older,  
45 More unfit for spade and helmet,  
And disgust ensues and old age  
Which cannot endure the Muses ;

- This is how your fancied patron  
Will avoid doing anything for you ;  
50 He will tell you he's no time left  
For your public recitations,  
As he's now himself a poet,  
Greater e'en than Homer but for  
Prejudice in antiquity's favour ;  
55 If you're still bent on reciting,

- Some old dirty house he lends you  
 Whose door looks as uninviting  
 As the gate of starved-out city ;  
 He will also post his freedmen
- 60 In the back rows, that the cheering  
 May seem loud and universal ;  
 But he won't pay for the gallery  
 With it's steps that you've erected,  
 Or the fine chairs which you've hired ;
- 65 Yet in spite of all these drawbacks  
 We pursue our barren labours ;  
 Would you stop, the noose of habit  
 Holds you fast ; the scribbling mania's  
 Past all curing ; take a poet
- 70 Who's above the common level,  
 Does not simply write to catch the  
 Approbation of the vulgar,  
 (I know none such, he's a creature  
 Of th' imagination only)
- 75 Is he vexed by anxious cares ? do  
 Petty troubles spoil his temper ?  
 No, in rural ease he quaffs the  
 Muses' spring ; whoso needs money  
 To keep body and soul together,
- 80 Cannot rightly wield the thyrsus ;  
 Horace has well dined when he cries  
 Evoe ; how can wit have free play  
 Unless Bacchus and Apollo  
 Have exclusive occupation
- 85 Of the mind ? could one have told how  
 Fell Alecto frightened Turnus  
 Or described the Gods' war-horses

- Had the price of blankets vexed him ?  
No, had Virgil been in want of a  
90 Lodging for the night, his Furies  
Would have had no snaky tresses,  
Very tame had been his trumpets ;  
How can Lappa write a tragedy  
Worthy of the ancient buskin,  
95 Seeing his 'Atreus' could not rescue  
Out of pawn his cloak and dishes ?  
Numitor's means will only let him  
Make fine presents to his mistress  
Or indulge in a tame lion  
100 Which consumes meat all the day long,  
How can he afford to fill the  
Stomach of a hungry poet ?  
Lucan rests upon his laurels  
And enjoys his splendid gardens ;  
105 Good, but something more than glory's  
Wanted to feed poor Saleius ;  
One day Statius recited  
His 'Thebais' ; all Rome flocked to  
Hear him ; his success was complete ;  
110 With the throng the very benches  
Gave way ; all the same the poet  
Would have starved if Paris had not  
Bought his last new piece 'Agave' ;  
Paris is our friend ; an actor,  
115 Not a nobleman, assists us ;  
From him some have got the gold ring  
Which means six months in the army ;  
Why paycourt to the nobility ?  
'Pelopea' makes the Præfects ;

- 120 'Philomela' makes the Tribunes ;  
Still the play-wright has a hard lot  
In these days ; he's no Mæcenas  
Cotta Lentulus to back him ;  
When these men lived brains meant money ;  
125 It paid then to keep the head cool  
In that merry month December.

- Still worse off is the historian,  
For he burns more oil ; his thousandth  
Page soon comes ; he's nearly ruined  
130 By the vast amount of paper  
That his work consumes ; what gets he  
For his deep investigation  
Of the past ? why, less than others  
Get for reading out to-day's news ;  
135 " Oh ! but he's a lazy rascal ;"  
Let us turn then to the lawyer  
With a pile of briefs beside him ;  
What's the profit he makes out of  
Pleading other people's causes ?  
140 What tall talking when he knows his  
Client the defendant's listening,  
Or the plaintiff with a bad case  
Nudges in alarm his elbow ;  
What's the fee for all these falsehoods ?  
145 All this spittle ? well, the earnings  
Of a hundred put together  
Don't come up to what Iacerna  
Of the red troop makes per annum ;  
Lo ! the trial is commencing,  
150 What is yonder judge ? a neat-herd !

- It's a question as to franchise ;  
Pale as Ajax you proceed to  
Burst yourself to help your client,  
That the staircase of your lodging  
155 May be honoured with a garland ;  
And your fee ? a bit of bacon,  
Jar of tunny fish or onions  
Or some wretched wine ; you might get  
Five jugs if you've made four speeches ;  
160 Should you chance to get a gold piece,  
Mind you have agreed to share it  
With the juniors who sat by you ;  
How is it Æmilius gets just  
What he likes for far worse pleading ?  
165 He cuts a much better figure ;  
In his court-yard mark the chariot  
Made of bronze with its four horses ;  
And he's there himself in marble  
Brandishing a spear on horseback ;  
170 What's one eye shut for ? to take aim !  
'Twas this made Tongilius bankrupt ;  
To the baths he used to carry  
A most valuable oil-flask  
Of rhinoceros horn, (oh ! what a  
175 Dirty crew were his attendants)  
Thence he'd make his porters bear him  
Through the Forum to buy agates,  
Silver goblets, slaves, and villas ;  
His fine clothes procured him credit,  
180 And they also got him clients ;  
It's the purple puffs the lawyer ;  
He must make parade of riches ;

- It's the fashion ; talk of eloquence,  
Cicero would not earn a guinea
- 185 Nowadays without a fine ring  
On his finger ; it's the first thing  
That a litigant looks out for ;  
After this you want your eight slaves,  
Ten friends to applaud, a litter
- 190 Following, and a lot of clients  
On in front ; poor Basilus got no  
Fees ; he couldn't afford the hire  
Of a ring ; how could this beggar  
Make a fine speech introducing
- 195 The poor weeping mother? the Court  
Would not hear him for an instant ;  
No, be off to Gaul or Africa,  
Nursery ground of lawyers, if you  
Mean to stick to the profession.
- 200 Next how fares the rhetorician ?  
Oh ! what must poor Vettius suffer  
When his class kill off their tyrants ?  
First they read the essay sitting,  
Then recite it standing, lastly
- 205 Sing it ; sure this everlasting  
Cabbage is enough to kill him ;  
“ Under which class comes it, please, Sir ?  
“ What's the colour ? what's the issue ?  
“ What line will the other side take ? ”
- 210 All would be proficient in this  
Branch of learning ; all is pleasant  
Save the fee for being taught it ;  
“ Fee indeed ! why, what do I know ? ”

- 215 As if you're to blame, because this  
Youth whose dreadful 'Hannibal' essay  
(With advice to that commander  
How he should have wheeled his army  
In the tempest after Cannæ)  
Every week has well nigh killed you,  
220 Was born absolutely brainless ;  
" I'll take anything, so his father  
" Hear instead of me this nonsense "  
Many in sheer desperation  
Have cried out, and brought real actions  
225 For the wretched pittance, quitting  
Pelias Medea Jason  
Paris and all such stock-subjects ;  
Take your discharge altogether  
I advise you ; else your law costs  
230 Will deprive you of the ticket  
And the means to get your corn cheap ;  
This is more than you were earning ;

What does Pollio get for teaching  
Music to the sons of nobles ?

- 235 He indeed flouts your profession ;  
His baths cost five thousand sterling,  
And his covered drive a larger  
Sum ; must he wait for fine weather ?  
Shall he be with mud be-spattered ?  
240 No, he'd rather see the glitter  
Of his mules' hoofs under cover ;  
Then his dining-room's supported  
By the finest marble pillars,  
And the winter sunshine catches ;

- 245 And no matter what his house cost,  
He will have the very best cooks ;  
Meanwhile he will pay Quintilian  
Sixteen pounds and think it too much ;  
Nothing costs a father less than
- 250 His son's education ; whence then  
Gets Quintilian his broad acres ?  
It's his singular good fortune ;  
Now as ever lucky fellows  
Carry everything before them ;
- 255 On their boots they wear the crescent,  
'Though they're hoarse, they sing divinely ;  
If your birthday star was lucky,  
You may rise to be a Consul ;  
If unlucky, from being Consul
- 260 You'll become a rhetorician ;  
Lucky men are rare however ;  
Many of our rhetoricians  
Have died broken-hearted ; Athens  
Saw old Socrates in want, and
- 265 Gave him what ? a cup of hemlock !  
May the earth lie light, may scented  
Buds of an eternal spring-time  
Blossom o'er the bones of those who  
Looked on teachers as their parents ;
- 270 When old Chiron gave Achilles  
Singing lessons in the mountains,  
'Twas the rod the latter most feared,  
At his master's tail he laughed not ;  
Now the pupils beat their tutors ;
- 275 Thus fared Rufus who gave Cicero  
The nickname of ' th' Allobrogian ' ;



- Yet the grammar-teachers fare worse ;  
At your fees, renowned Palæmon,  
First the lad's attendant nibbles,  
280 Then the steward who makes the payment  
Has his own slice ; These abatements  
You must bear just as the merchant  
Comes down in the price of blankets ;  
Else you've wasted all your nightlong  
285 Labours, such as no wool-stapler  
Teaching his apprentice carding  
Would submit to ; else in vain you've  
Borne the horrors of the night class,  
Little boys with stinking lanterns  
290 Poring over grimy Virgils ;  
Yet you have to go to law for  
Even this, though you're expected  
To have at your fingers' ends all  
Authors, histories, and syntax ;  
295 Even when, school over, you're off  
To the baths, you must be ready  
To reply to childish questions,  
Such as this, who nursed Anchises ?  
You must watch your pupils' morals,  
300 As a sculptor moulds his plaster,  
As a father guards his children ;  
All this is no easy matter ;  
After all what says the parent ?  
" Thank you for the pains you've taken  
305 " With my boy, and when the year's out  
" You shall have what the spectators  
At the games award the winner."

SATIRE 8.

- Tell me, Ponticus, what's the use of  
 Having rows of battered statues,  
 Famous ancestors in marble  
 Blackened with the dust of ages,  
 5 And a tree with endless branches  
 To proclaim your ancient lineage,  
 If disgraceful is the life you  
 Lead beneath their very noses ?  
 What's the use of boasting that your  
 10 Ancestors were famous soldiers,  
 If the hero of Numantia  
 Sees you gaming up to day-break ?  
 If you go to bed about the  
 Hour he cleared his camp for action ?  
 15 By what right does Fabius claim from  
 Hercules to be descended,  
 If he's but a covetous shallow-  
 Pated and effeminate creature ?  
 Shall a wretch who rubs his legs with  
 20 Pumice-stone and deals in poison  
 Point to waxen busts of heroes ?  
 Rather let his own be broken ;  
 Virtue is the true nobility,  
 Noble qualities make the hero ;

- 25 Let these rather than your fasces  
Be the adornment of your office  
When you're Consul ; let me see you  
An undoubted man of honour,  
And I recognise the noble ;
- 30 Then at last I'll cry " I've found him "  
Like Osiris' priests, and bid my  
Country hail with pride a man by  
Character not blood distinguished ;  
What's a name ? a dwarf's called Atlas,
- 35 Black men swans, and is not every  
Hungry cur that licks up lamp oil  
As a joke styled Panther, Lion,  
Or whatever more ferocious  
Name we think of ? Then be careful
- 40 Lest you're nick-named in this fashion.

- Whom am I addressing, say you ?  
You, to be sure, Rubellius Plautus ;  
Whence this pride of yours ? how came it  
That you had a princess, not a
- 45 Common drab who darns her stocking  
Underneath the windy rampart,  
For your mother ? we forsooth are  
Mere dregs ; you're the true Athenian ;  
May you this exclusive birth-right
- 50 Long enjoy ; yet some amongst us  
Poor plebeians are good speakers,  
And have knowledge which you'd only  
Be too glad to pay for, if you  
Got entangled in a law-suit ;
- 55 Some of us have done good service

- In the field ; the most that can be  
 Said of you is that you're well-born ;  
 Useful as a bust of Hermes  
 At street corner ; what's the difference ?
- 60 This,—your face is flesh, his marble ;  
 Pray, are animals called noble  
 Otherwise than for their merits ?  
 Take a horse that has been cheered for  
 Brilliant victories in the Circus,
- 65 He is noble, not because he  
 Came from some particular stable,  
 But because he was the winner ;  
 If the foals got by Hirpinus  
 Out of Corytha win but seldom,
- 70 They'll soon come down to the hammer,  
 Notwithstanding all their pure blood ;  
 They will quickly change their owners  
 For a song, and end their days as  
 Neck-wrung cart jades, and fit only
- 75 For the mill of Nepos ; therefore  
 If you stand upon your merits,  
 You must have some other title  
 Than your mere inherited honours ;  
 So much for the youth who thought so
- 80 Much of being Nero's kinsman ;  
 In that rank of life it's seldom  
 Others find consideration.

- Ponticus, I should be sorry  
 If I thought that to yourself left
- 85 You'd achieve no future glory ;  
 Don't support yourself on others,

- If the column falls, where are you ?  
How without it's elm to cling to  
Fares the vine ? No, do your duty  
90 Fearlessly whate'er it may be ;  
If you're summoned as a witness  
And the issue's doubtful, let not  
All the terrors of the brazen  
Bull shake your determination  
95 'To die rather than be perjured ;  
Why live when life's not worth having ?  
Who deserves death's dead already,  
Though he eat a hundred Lucrine  
Oysters for his dinner, and has  
100 In his bath the finest perfumes ;  
When in time you're made a Prætor,  
Don't be tempted to be cruel  
For the sake of plunder, but have  
Mercy on the poor provincials ;  
105 Think how they've been fleeced already ;  
See you keep within the limits  
Of the law and your instructions ;  
Don't forget what rich rewards the  
Senate gives its upright servants,  
110 But how Capito Numitor suffered,  
These two princes among pirates ;  
What avails their condemnation  
If you seize the little they've left ?  
If you're to be ruled, Chærippus,  
115 In this fashion, I'd advise you  
Hold your tongue but call the crier,  
Sell your chattels, and be off to  
Rome while you can pay your passage ;

- Otherwise you're sure to lose it ;  
120 'Twas not always so ; our allies  
Prospered once in spite of conquest ;  
They had money in abundance,  
They wore cloaks of finest purple,  
They owned pictures by Parrhasius,  
125 Marble statuettes of Myron,  
Drinking cups by Polycletus,  
Then came Antony, Dolabella,  
Verres, who packed all these treasures  
Off to Rome, successful trophies  
130 Of their *peace* administration !  
Now the few beasts left these wretched  
People will be plundered shortly ;  
Household gods, a little image  
In a shrine will not be spared, for  
135 These are now the highest prizes ;  
Doubtless men of Rhodes and Corinth  
Are the most effeminate creatures,  
And most just is your contempt for  
Such debauched and resined rascals ;  
140 But beware Spain, Gaul, Illyria,  
And avoid those African farmers  
Who supply with corn our lazy  
Circus-loving Rome ; besides your  
Rapine here would not repay you,  
145 Marius having lately stripped them  
To their very shirts ; be careful  
To exempt from gross oppression  
Men who're brave as well as helpless ;  
When you've taken all their silver  
150 You will find they've still got weapons ;

- This is not my own opinion  
Merely, but a leaf from out the  
Sibyl's book ; if men of honour  
Form your staff, if no boy favourite  
155 Sells your judgments, if your wife is  
Incorruptible and goes not  
Round your district like a Harpy  
Seeking gold with greedy talons,  
Then you may be sprung from Picus,  
160 And claim kindred with Prometheus ;  
But if cruel lusts enslave you,  
If your whips are ever bloody,  
If the axes of your lictors  
Blunted are by executions,  
165 Then your noble birth will only  
Paint your crimes in stronger colours,  
And in judgment rise against you ;  
Why point out to me yon temple  
As erected by your grandsire,  
170 If I see you bearing witness  
To a forged will at the very  
Base of his triumphal statue,  
Or at midnight with a cowl on  
Prowling on adulterous errands ?  
  
175 Watch fat Lateranus driving  
At night past his family's ashes ;  
He is Consul, yet alighting  
On his wheels to put the drag chain ;  
Moon and stars look on indignant ;  
180 When his consulship's expired  
He'll be driving in broad daylight ;

- When he meets some staid acquaintance  
 With his whip he will salute him,  
 And a truss of hay untying,  
 185 Give it to his jaded horses !  
 When at home, he sacrifices,  
 Strict as Numa, sheep and oxen  
 On Jove's altar, but he worships  
 Epona, or some similar deity  
 190 Painted up above his stables ;  
 When he gets back to his favourite  
 Night house, what a grand reception !  
 First a balsam-reeking scoundrel  
 Comes up and does all the honours ;  
 195 While a slut with tucked-up apron  
 Hands the wine and bids them all drink  
 Welcome to their king and master ;  
 " Well, but we've been dissipated ;"  
 Yes, but we've not gone on sowing  
 200 Our wild oats ; there's been a limit ;  
 I make every just allowance  
 For mere youthful indiscretions ;  
 With the beard they should be shaved off ;  
 Lateranus should be leading  
 205 Armies all the while he's drinking  
 Lolling in the baths and laughing  
 At the pictures in the brothels ;  
 By such able men surrounded  
 Nero might be safe ; but should he  
 210 Wish to send this trusty servant  
 Off to Ostia on some mission,  
 He must fetch him from the 'cook-shop ;  
 There you'll find him quite at home with



- Run-away slaves, bargees, and cut-throats ;  
215 On his right an executioner,  
On his left a coffin-joiner,  
While a Phrygian priest lies close by  
Dead drunk with his drum beside him ;  
Here there are no vain distinctions,  
220 All the drinking cups and couches  
Are the same, no place of honour ;  
If a slave was caught frequenting  
Such a den, he'd go to prison ;  
But it suits the noble Roman ;  
225 As to company, any cobbler's  
More particular than Brutus ;

- Nor is this all ; Damasippus  
Having squandered all his money  
Sings in public, and ' the ghost ' played  
230 In the burlesque of Catullus ;  
Lentulus played a crucifixion,  
And he did it well ; I only  
Wish that it had been a real cross ;  
Who's to blame for this ? the public,  
235 Who encourage our patricians  
In their folly, roar when Fabii  
Dance with bare feet, or Mamerci  
Slap each other's faces ; who'd not  
Rather suffer death than play the  
240 Part of Thymeles ' jealous husband '   
With Corinthus as ' the lover ' ?  
Yet why should not nobles act when  
Princes play the harp in public ?  
Is there aught still more disgraceful ?

- 245 Yes, they fight as gladiators ;  
And to think they fight for profit  
Uncompelled by any Nero !  
Yonder watch that shameless creature  
Gracchus enter the arena ;
- 250 How equipped ? as a Mirmillo  
With a shield short sword and helmet ?  
No, he scorns and hates those weapons ;  
He comes as a Retiarius  
With a net and trident ; see ! he's
- 255 Made a bad throw with the former  
And is chased by his opponent ;  
His uncovered face he's raising  
That the mob may recognise him ;  
And there can be no mistaking
- 260 His smart gold-embroidered tunic  
Or his cap with streaming ribbons ;  
The Secutor must have felt it  
More than any wound to have to  
Fight with such an abject coward.
- 265 Had there been free voting, Seneca  
Would have been preferred to Nero ;  
Many apes and sacks and serpents  
Such a matricide required ;  
True, Orestes killed his mother,
- 270 But there was a different motive,  
And Orestes did not murder  
His relations, did not act, and  
Wrote no rubbish like the ' Troica ' ;  
Richly was the sword of Vindex
- 275 Merited by this dreary poem ;

What was Nero's great achievement?  
On a foreign stage a parsley  
Crown he won for singing badly;  
Deck the brows of your ancestors'  
280 Statues, Nero, with this trophy;  
Let them see the robe in which you  
Played 'Thyestes' and 'Antigone';  
Hang your harp on your Colossus;

Noble Catiline was a worse foe  
285 To his country than the trowsered  
Gauls, and should have had a pitch-coat;  
But the 'new man' of Arpinum,  
The 'provincial Knight' despatched him;  
Thus a mere civilian won more  
290 Glory than Octavius got by  
All the bloodshed of Philippi;  
Cicero was by uncorrupted  
Rome styled father of his country;  
And another from Arpinum  
295 Used to work for daily wages,  
After that, he'd many a knotty  
Vine stick broken o'er his head for  
Being lazy in the trenches;  
This man also saved his country;  
300 In the battle with the Cimbri  
Marius won the day; his *noble*  
Colleague took the second honours;  
All the Decii were plebeians  
Who laid down their lives (which Rome could  
305 Ill afford) to save their armies;  
Good King Servius was base-born;

From the sons of Consul Brutus  
 One might surely have expected  
 Something grand, heroic, worthy  
 310 Clelia Mutius and Cocles ;  
 Yet they plotted to deliver  
 Rome up to the exiled tyrants ;  
 'Twas a slave that saved the city ;  
 These men were the first to suffer  
 315 By the axe of the Republic ;

Better trace descent from than be  
 Like Thersites ; it don't matter  
 How far we go back, for what was  
 Our first ancestor ? a shepherd,  
 320 Or perhaps some utter rascal.

————:O:————

## SATIRE 10.

- East to West the wide world over,  
There are few who can distinguish  
What is real from what but seems so  
In their lives ; how little reason
- 5 Takes part in the calculation ;  
What do you plan without misgivings ?  
What is realised as you wish it ?  
Many in precisely getting  
What they asked, have gotten ruin ;
- 10 Eloquence, strong limbs, ambition  
Have alike ere now proved fatal ;  
Avarice, and wealth exceeding  
Ordinary fortunes as a  
Whale is bigger than a dolphin,
- 15 Have perhaps consumed most victims ;  
Therefore was it that a cohort,  
In the dangerous times of Nero,  
Seized upon rich Seneca's gardens,  
And surrounded Lateranus
- 20 In his princely palace ; rarely  
Troops invade a poor man's garret ;  
Carry but one cup of silver,  
And you'll go in fear of swords, and  
Start at shadows in the moonlight ;

- 25 Only those with empty purses  
Whistle when they meet the food-pad.

What do men most often pray for ?  
For increased wealth ; that their strong box  
Be the largest in the Forum ;

- 30 Quite forgetting that no poison  
Lurks in earthen ware, and only  
Need be dreaded when the Setine  
Sparkles in the jewelled goblet ;

- Don't you now feel admiration  
35 For the two Philosophers ? one shed  
Tears at what amused the other ;  
One can understand the latter's  
Long fits of contemptuous laughter ;  
But how was it that the tears of

- 40 Heracleitus weren't exhausted ?  
Be that as it may, the point is  
That Democritus should laugh so,  
Without ever having witnessed  
The absurdities of our day,

- 45 Purple robes and scarlet mantles,  
Judgment seats, sedans, and fasces ;  
Had he but beheld our Prætor  
Posing on his lofty chariot,  
When he's driven through the Circus,

- 50 Wearing on his back Jove's tunic,  
And half smothered in the folds of  
His great purple-broidered toga ;  
With a crown, too, so gigantic  
That he needs a slave to hold it,

- 55 Who sits by this glorious Consul

To remind him that he's mortal ;  
Mark the eagle on his sceptre,  
And his trumpeters behind him,  
And in front, a long procession  
60 Of his clients in white togas,  
Who attend for this one reason,  
That his alms may fill their coffers ;  
How this would have pleased Democritus,  
Who so long ago was merry  
65 Every time he met his fellows ;  
Therefore even in a land of  
Blockheads and of foggy climate,  
Great men may be born, ensamples  
For all time ; why laughed he at the  
70 Cares, joys, e'en the tears of mankind ?  
'Twas because he never courted  
Frowning Fortune, but would bid her  
Go and get herself a halter ;  
Yet we make the Gods' knees dirty  
75 With our wax, and go on asking  
What's not wanted, nay, what's harmful.

Some are ruined by ambition,  
Love of honours, and the envy  
They excite ; their prostrate statues  
80 Find their way into the Tiber ;  
Hacked to pieces are their chariots ;  
Even their unoffending horses  
Suffer death ; watch yonder forges,  
Bellows blowing, chimneys smoking ;  
85 They are melting down the bronze head  
Of their favourite ; great Sejanus

- Crackles in the flames ; anon, the  
 Face of him who in the whole world  
 Second stood, will be so many
- 90 Pots and frying-pans and basins !  
 " Let's put laurel on our door posts,  
 " Lead a white bull to the Capitol,  
 " 'Tis a holiday, see Sejanus  
 " On the hook is coming yonder ;
- 95 " What hard lips ! what an expression !  
 " On my life I never liked him ; "  
 " What's he done ? who was th' informer ?  
 " Who was witness ? what's the evidence ? "  
 " Nothing of the kind ; a letter
- 100 " Full of pompous declamation,  
 " Came from Capreæ to the Senate ; "  
 " That's enough ; that quite explains it ;  
 " Pray how did the populace take it ? "  
 " Much as usual ; Fortune's favourites
- 105 " They caress, but hate her victims ;  
 " These same rascals, had th' Etruscan  
 " Goddess backed her child, and had his  
 " Plot against the throne succeeded,  
 " Would have hailed him as Augustus ;
- 110 " For affairs of state what care they  
 " Now their votes command no money ?  
 " High commands and legions once were  
 " In their gift ; now they're engrossed in  
 " But two things, bread and the Circus ; "
- 115 " I am told that many others  
 " Are to perish too ; " " Most likely,  
 " There's no lack of smelting power ;  
 " Looking ashy pale Brutidius



- "Met me just now at Mars' altar ;  
 120 "I'm afraid, says he, that *some one*  
 "Thinks us but lukewarm supporters,  
 "And will seek revenge, like Ajax  
 "On the sheep ; let's down to the Tiber  
 "And there trample on the body  
 125 "Ere it's flung into the water ; ~~///~~  
 "Mind, too, that our slaves go with us,  
 "Otherwise some treacherous rascal  
 "Might inform against his master."  
 Such the conversations which were  
 130 Held with bated breath in those days.

- Would you care then with Sejanus  
 To change places, have his clients,  
 His vast patronage and riches,  
 Be the guardian of the sovereign  
 135 Who at Capreæ sate idling  
 In the midst of his Chaldæans ?  
 Doubtless you would like a cohort  
 Or a troop with city quarters,  
 "Why not ? what I like's the power,  
 140 Should I wish, to kill another ;"  
 But, I answer, all success has  
 Its reverse side of disaster ;  
 Better be a ragged Ædile  
 Sitting at forlorn Ulubræ  
 145 To condemn short weights and measures,  
 Than be clothed in fatal purple ; ~~///~~  
 You'll admit Sejanus missed the  
 Road to peace ; by never curbing  
 His inordinate lust of power,

150 He but went on adding stories  
To the tower of his ambition  
And ensuring that his downfall,  
When it did come, should be great and  
Terrible in its completeness.

155 It was this insane ambition  
To be master of the world that  
Ruined Crassus, Pompey, Cæsar ;  
Proud Rome kissed the rod of Cæsar,  
But he prayed for greater power ;  
160 It was granted and he perished ;  
But few Kings descend to Pluto  
Without wounds upon their bodies.

There is scarce a boy whose schooling  
Has so far but cost a penny,

165 (Ever such a little fellow  
Whose small satchel's carried for him  
By a little slave) who does not  
All through his five days' vacation  
Long to be as great a speaker

170 As Demosthenes or Cicero ;  
~~Yet to both this gift was fatal ;~~  
Head and hand of one atoned for  
Genius ; blood of feeble pleader  
Never yet imbued the Rostra ;

175 " O fortunatam natam me  
Consule Romam," had his speeches  
All been on a par with this line,  
Well might Cicero have scorned the  
Swords of Antony's assassins ;

- 180 I would rather write bad verses  
Than immortal second Philippics ;  
He too had a cruel end who  
Was the admiration of Athens,  
And could curb the close-packed theatre ;  
185 At his birth the Gods must have been  
Angry ; 'twas a day of evil  
Omen when his blear-eyed father  
Bade him leave the anvil, pincers,  
And the sword he was a-hammering,  
190 And in rhetoric take lessons.

- Spoils of war, some dinted breastplates,  
Chin-straps of old broken helmets  
Stuck on a pole, a damaged chariot,  
Painted stern of vanquished trireme,  
195 And a lot of mournful captives  
Posted on an arch are thought to  
Confer more than mortal happiness ;  
Generals of every nation  
Have ere now for such mere useless  
200 Trifles gone through fire and water ;  
There's more thirst for fame than virtue ;  
Who seeks virtue for her own sake ?  
Some of late years have brought ruin  
On their country for mere selfish  
205 Glory and a grand inscription  
On their tombs, forgetting that these  
Very tombs must one day crumble,  
And be rent asunder by the  
Stubborn roots of the wild fig-tree.  
210 Weigh out Hannibal ; see how many

- Pounds there'll be in that great Captain ;  
 Is this he for whom all Africa,  
 From the Mauritanian Ocean  
 To the sultry Nile, sufficed not ?
- 215 He must needs annex to Carthage  
 Elephant-producing Libya and  
 Spain ; the Pyrenees o'erleaps he ;  
 In the Alps had Nature surely  
 Planted a sufficient barrier ;
- 220 No, his vinegar split the mountains ;  
 He's in Italy, still advancing ;  
 " Naught is done till Rome is entered,  
 " And I see my ensign planted  
 " In the heart of the Saburra ; "
- 225 What a subject for the brush, the  
 One-eyed hero on his elephant !  
 What then was his end ? O Glory !  
 This same conqueror is conquered,  
 Flying headlong into exile ;
- 230 See him at the Court of Prusias,  
 Suppliant sitting on the threshold,  
 Till the King be pleased to see him  
 Having finished his siesta ;  
 He who had the world confounded,
- 235 Perished not by rocks and sword-cuts ;  
 'Twas a little ring avenged the  
 Blood of those who fell at Cannæ ;  
 Who'd not cross the Alps to be the  
 Subject of a school-boy's essay !
- 240 Like a captive at Seriphos  
 Alexander felt that one world

- Was too small for his achievements,  
But in brick-defended Babylon  
Found out that a tomb could hold him ;  
245 Death alone takes our true measure ;  
Lying Greek historians tell us  
Xerxes cut his way through Athos,  
Made the sea dry land, and o'er a  
Bridge of boats his host transported ;  
250 Drunken Sostratus will have it  
That whole rivers were exhausted  
When these Persians had their supper ;  
Xerxes used to have the winds flogged  
(Treatment they were spared in Æolus'  
255 Cave) and mighty Neptune fettered ;  
It was most considerate of him  
Not to have him branded also ;  
What God would not serve such master ?  
Well, how fared this mighty monarch  
260 When he left the bay of Salamis ?  
One small boat by corpses jostled  
Stole across the blood-stained waters ;  
Thus his dreams of glory ended !
- Long life is perhaps the next thing  
265 Prayed for both in health and sickness ;  
Yet what miseries attend it ;  
Features altered, hideous leather  
In the place of skin, and wrinkles  
Worthy of an old she-monkey ;  
270 Different types are found in youth, but  
All old men are like each other ;  
Dripping nose and tottering limbs are

- Common to them all ; their gums are  
Toothless ; they're a simple nuisance  
275 To themselves and all about them ;  
Even fortune-hunting Cossus  
Gets disgusted ; there's no joy left  
In the palate or the passions ;  
They are deaf ; the best musicians,  
280 Smart in gold-embroidered mantles,  
Give them no enjoyment ; put them  
In the best seats at the theatre,  
They can scarcely hear the trumpets ;  
When a visitor is announced or  
285 Time of day, there's need of shouting ;  
Nothing but a fever warms their  
Bloodless veins, and they're a prey to  
Maladies beyond all counting ;  
I could easier supply you  
290 With a list of Hippia's lovers,  
Themison's patients killed last autumn,  
Basilus' frauds upon his partners,  
Hirrus' victims, or the various  
Villas of my quondam barber.
- 295 Then again, they lose the use of  
Various limbs, and lose their eyesight ;  
Other people's fingers feed them,  
Watch them open-mouthed at table,  
Like a brood of un-fledged swallows  
300 Who descry their thoughtful mother  
Bringing them untasted morsels ;  
Worse than all they lose their wits, and  
Fail to recognise their servants,

- Friends they met last night at dinner,  
305 And their very children ; these are  
Disinherited ; all is left to  
Phiale ; such the skill of one who  
As a common whore began life ;  
Though their mind retains its vigour,  
310 They must suffer sad bereavements,  
Wife and children, brothers, sisters,  
Leaving them behind ; their losses  
Follow quick ; continual mourning  
Is the lot of all long-livers.
- 315 Next the crow in point of age came  
Nestor if you credit Homer ;  
Happy you think in being able  
To hold death so long at arm's length,  
Count his years upon his right hand,  
320 And to drink new wine so often ;  
What did he himself think of it,  
When he saw Antilochus burning ?  
Did he not ask all who stood by  
Wherein had he so offended  
325 That he should be thus condemned to  
Live to see sight so heart-rending ?  
Troy again had ne'er been taken ;  
Splendid had been Priam's funeral  
(All his fifty sons pall-bearers,  
330 In the front Cassandra chanting  
And Polyxena her clothes rending,  
In the rear all Troy in mourning)  
Had he died ere Paris sought to  
Execute his bold adventure ;

- 335 What lived he to see ? his throne and  
 Country on the verge of ruin ;  
 Then he flung off his tiara,  
 And fell fighting at Jove's altar,  
 Like an old ox who can offer
- 340 No resistance to the butcher,  
 And ungenerously's slaughtered  
 When he's found no longer useful ;  
 Let us seek an illustration  
 Nearer home ; take Caius Marius ;
- 345 For the marshes of Minturnæ,  
 For imprisonment and exile,  
 For the bread he begged in Carthage,  
 What had he to thank but long life ?  
 Could there have been found in any
- 350 Annals a career more glorious  
 Had he breathed his last the moment  
 He alighted from his chariot  
 In his triumph o'er the Teutons,  
 In the utmost pomp and grandeur,
- 355 With his myriad captives round him ?  
 Pompey should have thanked Campania  
 For the fever which he caught there ;  
 But the public prayers of many  
 Towns prevailed and he recovered ;
- 360 'Twas his fate and Rome's misfortune  
 That he lived to fight with Cæsar,  
 And by Ptolemy be beheaded ;  
 Lentulus, Catiline, and Cethegus  
 Perished it is true, but all were
- 365 Spared the shame of mutilation.

“ Handsome sons, but lovelier daughters



- “ Give me,” cries the anxious mother  
At the shrine of Venus ; “ why not ?  
“ Dian’s beauty pleased her mother ; ”
- 370 Is Lucretia not a warning ?  
Would Virginia not change faces  
With poor hump-backed Rutila ? are not  
Handsome sons a curse to parents ?  
Do you ever find great beauty
- 375 And good morals go together ?  
Though a boy be brought up strictly  
As amongst the ancient Sabines,  
Though he blush when sin is talked of,  
And this innocence of nature
- 380 Is the strongest shield, for all that  
Let him not reach grown man’s estate,  
For he’s sure to be corrupted ;  
Money will his parents silence ;  
Ugly boys are not made eunuchs ;
- 385 Sure the noble youth that Nero  
Ravished was not lame or hunch-backed ;  
Joy I wish you with your handsome  
Son, for dangers worse await him ;  
He’ll become a ladies’ favourite,
- 390 And incur the wrath of husbands ;  
Is he likely to escape the  
Trap that Mars fell into ? nay, he’ll  
Suffer worse than aught inflicted  
By the law ; stabs, bloody beatings
- 395 And unmentionable tortures ;  
Your Endymion loves a married  
Woman, but Servilia bribes him,  
Strips her very back to keep him,

(High and low abandonned women  
 400 Gratify their lusts at all cost)  
 And his old love is forgotten ;  
 " But he may be chaste ; " I ask you  
 Did this virtue save Hippolytus ?  
 Did Bellerophon gain by it ?  
 405 Did not Phædra and Sthenobœa,  
 So contemptuously slighted,  
 Thirst for vengeance ? woman's ever  
 Fiercest when shame's mixed with anger.

What advice pray would you offer  
 410 Him to whom the wife of Cæsar  
 Is determined to be married ?  
 Messalina's eye has blasted  
 Handsome noble Silius ; mark her  
 Sitting yonder all impatience  
 . 415 In her bridal veil ; and mark the  
 Marriage bed with purple hangings  
 Set up in the sight of all men  
 In the grounds ; she'll give her husband  
 Eighty thousand pounds as dowry  
 420 Following the ancient custom ;  
 Yonder comes the augur ; notaries  
 Will be there to sign the contract ;  
 Did you think it was a secret ?  
 Oh ! no she'll be legally married  
 425 If at all ; what's he to answer ?  
 If he shrinks, he dies ere lamplight ;  
 If he yields, there'll be a respite  
 Till the scandal, known already  
 In the City, reaches Claudius ;

- 430 He will be the last to hear it ;  
Well consent, poor boy, if you'd your  
Life enjoy a few days longer ;  
Any course you take can't rescue  
Your white neck from swift destruction.
- 435 " Are we then to pray for nothing ? "  
I say let the Gods decide what's  
To our several needs best suited ;  
What is good, not merely pleasant,  
They will give us ; they're our best friends ;
- 440 In blind passion we get married  
And have children ; heaven only  
Knows how marriages will turn out ;  
If you must have some return for  
All your offerings of mincemeat
- 445 And pigs' entrails, let your prayer be  
For a sane mind and sound body ;  
That you may meet death without fear,  
And esteem it not the least of  
Nature's gifts ; that you be patient
- 450 Under trials, and sweet tempered  
And unselfish, willing t' endure  
All the toils of Hercules rather  
Than sink into a Sardanapalus ;  
Here is naught beyond our power ;
- 455 Peace of mind is reached through virtue ;  
Were we wise, O Fortune, you would  
Cease to be a Goddess ; 'tis we  
Who've translated you to Heaven.

SATIRE 11.

- Dinners which make Atticus famous  
 Are in Rutilus sheer madness ;  
 Gluttons, beggared by their bellies,  
 Give the public great amusement ;
- 5 Every one in Rome is just now  
 Talking of the latter ; he who  
 Would have made a splendid soldier  
 In the prime of life and vigour,  
 (And the Tribune don't compel him ;
- 10 Why alas don't he prevent it ?)  
 Is reduced to copying rules out  
 For the gladiator's trainer ;  
 There are many other gluttons  
 Who live simply for their palate,
- 15 Whom the creditor looks out for  
 At the entrance to the market ;  
 And he feeds the best whose coming  
 Ruin is the most apparent ;  
 Heaven and the earth are ransacked
- 20 For the most expensive dainties ;  
 In his heart he likes the dish best  
 Which has cost the most ; provided  
 He can raise the wind by pawning  
 Plate or cracked bust of his mother,

- 25 He thinks nothing of investing  
Three pounds on a dish he'll have to  
Eat upon an earthen platter,  
Till he winds up with the broken  
Victuals of the gladiator ;
- 30 Herein is the point ; *who* lives thus ?  
Rutilus is a reckless spendthrift ;  
In Ventidius it's praiseworthy  
And in keeping with his fortune ;  
He who knows the height of Atlas
- 35 Above other hills, but knows not  
If his purse be full or empty  
Is a fool indeed ; the saying  
' Know thyself ' came down from Heaven ;  
First find out for what you're fitted ;
- 40 Will a public or domestic  
Life best suit you ? were you born to  
Speak well, or be a mere wind-bag ?  
(E'en Ulysses did not look well  
In the armour of Achilles,
- 45 And Thersites showed the most sense ;)  
E'en in small things, such as buying  
Fish, don't hanker after mullet  
If your purse holds but a gudgeon ;  
Bear in mind the end, your belly
- 50 Still your God, your pockets empty,  
And your fortune clean devoured ;  
Last of all your ring of knighthood  
Goes ; you have no right to keep it  
Being a beggar ; what these gluttons
- 55 Have to fear most is not early  
Death, but a long life ; what happens

- Generally's this ; they borrow  
 Money here in Rome and spend it  
 Underneath their creditor's noses ;  
 60 Ere it's quite gone and the lender  
 Smells a rat, they break new ground and  
 Go to Baïæ for the oysters ;  
 From the Forum to abscond thus  
 Is thought no more of than moving  
 65 Up the hill from the Saburra ;  
 All the grief these rascals feel is  
 That they'll miss the games for one year ;  
 No shame's felt ; nay, she's fast quitting  
 Rome and there are few to stop her.
- 70 Well, to day will show you, Persicus,  
 Whether as I preach I practice,  
 Or at bottom am a glutton  
 Calling out aloud for porridge  
 While I whisper in the slave's ear  
 75 'Cheesecakes' ; you'll be my Æneas  
 And you'll find in me Evander  
 And receive as good a welcome ;  
 Listen to your fare ; no market  
 Yields it ; from my farm at Tibur  
 80 Comes a kid, a little fellow  
 Innocent of grass or willow,  
 Fattest of the lot, with more milk  
 In his veins than blood ; asparagus  
 Gathered fresh upon the mountains  
 85 By the wife of my farm bailiff,  
 Who to fetch it left her spinning ;  
 And a dish of fine eggs snugly

- Wrapped in wisps of hay, and in their  
Midst the very hens that laid them ;  
90 For dessert you shall have dried grapes,  
Sygnian and Syrian pears and  
Apples like those of Picenum,  
Redolent as if just gathered,  
Yet not sour, for I've had them  
95 Left to mellow all the autumn ;  
Such a dinner for a Senator  
One time had been thought luxurious ;  
Curius at his humble fire-side  
Used himself to cook his pot-herbs ;  
100 At which now a dirty convict  
Fettered by the leg would turn his  
Nose up, having not forgotten  
How deliciously the sow's womb  
Tasted in the reeking cook-shop ;  
105 In those days the chine of bacon  
Hanging on the rack was kept for  
Public festivals and birth-days ;  
And there would be fresh meat only  
If a victim has been slaughtered ;  
110 At such homely feasts you'd find a  
Man who had commanded armies,  
Been Dictator and thrice Consul ;  
He'd stop digging and come early  
With his spade across his shoulder ;  
115 Then the names of Scaurus, Cato  
And the Censor's stern authority  
Even terrified their colleagues ;  
No thought then about the tortoise,  
As to whether his shell would make fine

- 120 Bed posts for the noble Romans ;  
No, they used the very plainest  
Bed with open sides, and all the  
Ornament it boasted was the  
Head of a jack-ass with a wreath on ;  
125 This was made of bronze and yielded  
Great fun to the saucy rustics ;  
Plain their houses as their diet ;

- In those days what did the soldier  
Know or care about the fine arts ?  
130 When a town was sacked and plundered,  
If a gold cup fell to his share,  
Though the work of some great master,  
He would melt it down thereby to  
Make his bridle or his helmet  
135 Finer, for 'twas his ambition  
That the foe should see engraven  
On his crest the Roman legend  
(Underneath the rocks the twin-boys  
Suckled by the wolf according  
140 To the will of Fate, and great Mars  
Shielding them with spear and buckler) ;  
On their arms shone all their silver ;  
While the commonest Tuscan platters  
Held their porridge ; were we not so  
145 Spoiled in these days, we should envy  
Such a simple style of living ;

In those days again religion  
And the Gods' prophetic warnings  
Were more felt ; with what intense awe



- 150 Did they hear that voice at midnight  
Telling that the Gauls were coming?  
Yet the Jupiter who took such  
Good care of us and our City  
Of mere clay was made, by gold leaf
- 155 Unprofaned ; again in those days  
Wood of home-grown timber was thought  
Good enough for dining-tables ;  
If a walnut tree was blown down,  
It was put aside on purpose ;
- 160 Nowadays the rich man thinks that  
Turbot, venison have no flavour,  
That sweet perfumes stink, and roses,  
If his table has not massive  
Ivory legs, on which a panther,
- 165 Open-mouthed and rampant, has been  
Exquisitely carved, for which the  
Indian forests have been ransacked  
And the Mauritanian jungles ;  
It's the ivory makes him hungry ;
- 170 He'd as soon have ring of iron  
On his finger as a table  
With a silver foot ; whoever  
Turns his nose up at my furniture  
May go elsewhere for his dinner ;
- 175 Ivory I have none ; my very  
Draughtsmen, counters, and knife handles  
Are of bone ; my fowls for all that  
Will taste just as well ; you will not  
Find here the professional carver,
- 180 Pupil of the great Professor  
Trypherus, and the admiration

- Of his own large carving-class, which  
Ever hacking at their elm-blocks  
Representing fine sow's udder,  
185 Hares, boars, pheasants, and all sorts of  
Game, prevent one getting a wink of  
Sleep throughout the whole Saburra ;  
In his life my little tiro  
Never purloined leg of turkey ;  
190 At the most he may have taken  
On the sly a tiny cutlet ;  
If you want him, speak in Latin ;  
I've no costly Phrygian boy-slaves ;  
Plain but ample is his tunic  
195 Like the rest ; they've all their hair cut  
Short and straight and in your honour  
Combed to-day ; one is a hardy  
Shepherd's son, and one, a neatherd's  
Boy, has not got over parting  
200 From his mother ; he recalls his  
Old home and the kids he played with ;  
And his face is most engaging,  
And he's modest as a noble's  
Child could be ; the wine he'll hand you,  
205 (In a cup that cost a few pence)  
Was grown on his native mountains,  
On whose slopes he used to gambol ;  
You will witness no lewd dances  
Which don't suit a modest dwelling ;  
210 Only the rich man who spits out  
Wine upon his marble pavement,  
Can indulge in vice with credit ;  
Seek we different amusement ;

- Homer we'll recite and Virgil  
215 And discuss which is the greater ;  
Such majestic verse will pardon  
Any vocal imperfections ;
- You've a holiday before you,  
Therefore think no more of business ;  
220 Though of late your wife's behaviour  
Has awakened just suspicion,  
Though your slaves break all your porcelain,  
Though a friend has proved inconstant,  
Brood not now on all these troubles ;
- 225 'Tis the great feast of Cybele ;  
See ! the Prætor seated yonder  
Drops his napkin as the signal  
To begin ; it's my opinion  
All Rome's packed in yonder Circus ;
- 230 By the shouts too I can gather  
That green-jacket is the winner ;  
Should he fail it would be counted  
A disaster worse than Cannæ ;  
Let us leave the show to youngsters ;
- 235 Let them shout and lay their wagers  
Seated next to their smart sweethearts ;  
We'll escape the crowd, and warm us  
In this charming April sunshine ;  
You may bathe though it's not noon yet ;
- 240 'Twould be too much five days running,  
But the moderate use of pleasure  
Constitutes its chief enjoyment.

SATIRE 13.

- All ill deeds torment the doer ;  
 He first suffers in the court of  
 Conscience, where the worst of Prætors  
 Cannot tamper with the voting ;
- 5 What do you suppose, Calvinus,  
 Is the world's opinion of this  
 Fraud of which you are the victim ?  
 You've not lost so much ; you're not so  
 Badly off that it will sink you ;
- 10 It is quite a common occurrence,  
 And is taken from the middle  
 Of the heap of human troubles ;  
 Not so many tears ; a man's grief  
 To his wound should be proportioned,
- 15 While you're mad about a trifle,  
 That your friend has not repaid the  
 Money entrusted to his honour ;  
 After all does this surprise you ?  
 Has th' experience of the sixty
- 20 Years you've lived not taught you better ?  
 Powerful as Philosophy may be  
 To befriend us in misfortune,  
 Life itself should teach us how to  
 Bear its ills with resignation ;

- 25 Has not every festal day its  
Tale of money sought and got by  
'Theft and fraud, by steel and poison ?  
You'll not find as many good men  
As the gates of Thebes in number ;
- 30 This age's worse than that of iron,  
And no metal's been discovered  
Base enough to call it after ;  
Yet Fæsidius' hungry clients  
Make less fuss about his speeches,
- 35 Than we do when oaths are talked of ;  
My good sir, you should be wearing  
Still your bulla, not to know the  
Charms of other people's money ;  
You'll cause much diversion if you
- 40 Think you'll find among the vulgar  
Any objection to be perjured  
Or a trace of real religion ;  
Once upon a time men did live  
Innocently ; 'twas ere Saturn
- 45 Changed his crown for rustic sickle ;  
Juno was a maid then ; and Jove  
Lived an unknown youth at Ida ;  
Ere upon the Gods at supper  
Ganymede and Hebe waited ;
- 50 In his island forge ere Vulcan  
Gave his sooty arms a scrubbing,  
Having drunk up all the nectar ;  
Then the Gods were few ; poor Atlas  
Had less weight upon his shoulders ;
- 55 Hades was not yet assigned to  
Pluto and his wife ; Ixion's

- Wheel, the rock of Sisyphus, Furies,  
And the vulture of Prometheus  
Were unheard of yet ; the poor ghosts  
60 Had no Kings yet to torment them ;  
Crime was then indeed a wonder ;  
'Twas a fatal thing in those days  
For a young man to be seated  
Or a boy, whene'er their elders  
65 By a few years only entered,  
Though the younger in his home had  
Much the largest plate of acorns ;  
Down of manhood and old age had  
Each its proper honour paid it ;  
70 Nowadays 'twould be a miracle  
If a man his trust acknowledged ;  
" Here's your purse ; observe the dust is  
" On it just as when I took it ; "  
Act of honesty worth recording  
75 In th' Etruscan books of portents  
And by sacrifice ! men of honour  
Should be classed with other monsters,  
The pig-headed boy and such like ;  
If I met one, he'd appal me  
80 Just as if it had rained stones or  
Bees had swarmed upon a temple ;  
Only eighty pounds ? that's nothing ;  
Many others have lost twenty  
Times as much the very same way ;  
85 Many even more ; 'tis easy  
For a thief to ignore Heaven  
If no fellow-man was witness ;  
Mark the rascal's flat denial,

- And his look of injured innocence,  
90 And his oaths ; what don't they include ?  
The sun's rays, Apollo's arrows,  
Dian's quiver, Neptune's trident,  
Hercules' bow, Minerva's javelin,  
The whole stock of heavenly weapons ;  
95 If he be a father, he'll add  
" If I lie, I'll eat my poor child's  
Head stewed in Egyptian vinegar ;"  
This one having no belief in  
Anything but chance, of course will  
100 Without fear touch any altar ;

- But there is another sort who  
Have an inkling of Divine wrath ;  
When these therefore have resolved to  
Swear what is not true, they argue  
105 Out the matter in this fashion ;  
" Let me be struck blind by Isis,  
" Only let me keep the money ;  
" Is consumption or a broken  
" Leg so very dreadful ? let not  
110 " Ladas, if he's in his senses,  
" Hesitate between his poverty  
" And the gout with lots of money ;  
" Does his splendid reputation  
" As a runner feed and clothe him ?  
115 " After all the wrath of Heaven  
" May be great, its slow most clearly ;  
" If they mean to punish all the  
" Guilty, they won't hurt me just yet ;  
" And perhaps I'll find them easy ;

- 120 "They must overlook things sometimes ;  
 "What caprice they show ; the same sin's  
 "Very differently punished ;  
 "A cross sometimes, sometimes a crown."  
 In this way the timid-hearted
- 125 Are braced up ; again suppose him  
 Summoned to the sacred altar,  
 You can't get there fast enough for him ;  
 He would like to drag you thither ;  
 For a rascal's impudence often
- 130 Makes men think the right's on his side ;  
 It's a part that he is playing ;  
 You poor wretch the while are roaring  
 Like Gradivus, "Jove, do you hear this,  
 "And keep silence ? bronze or marble,
- 135 "Much you should have had to say to 't ;  
 "What do we unwrap our spice for,  
 "And put entrails on your altar ?  
 "There appears to be no difference  
 "Twixt your image and Vagellius ?"
- 140 I'm no student of the Cynic  
 Or the Stoic schools, (which differ  
 Only in their cloaks,) nor pupil  
 Of herb-loving Epicurus,  
 But I think I can console you ;
- 145 Leave great doctors to bad cases ;  
 You need only seek Philippus ;  
 If you can convince me no man  
 Ever was so badly treated,  
 I say nothing and will let you
- 150 Tear your hair ; for blinds are pulled down



- Nowadays and mourning's greater  
For cash than for lost relations ;  
There's real grief in purse-affliction ;  
No feigned tears are shed for money ;
- 155 But if all the Courts are hearing  
Similar cases (the defendant  
Swearing that the bond's waste paper,  
Though made with deliberation ;  
Swearing that th' handwriting's not his,
- 160 Though the seal, a fine sardonyx  
In a case, is dead against him), .  
Are you never to be troubled ?  
How comes it that you're white hen's egg  
While the rest of us are addled ?
- 165 Cast your eyes on graver matters ;  
On the hired assassin, houses  
Set on fire by stealth and malice,  
And the rogues who plunder temples  
Of their precious votive offerings,
- 170 Crowns of Kings and gifts from nations ;  
And the lesser thief who scrapes the  
Gold leaf from the thigh of Hercules  
And off Neptune's nose ; aye, he'd not  
Scruple to melt down Jove entire ;
- 175 Think of those who make and purchase  
Poisons, and of parricides packed  
In a sack and drowned together  
With an unoffending monkey ;  
Think of all the crimes which all day
- 180 The poor Præfect has to deal with ;  
If you would know how the world lives,

- Spend one day in any law court,  
 And I warrant you'll have reason  
 To congratulate your own self ;  
 185 In the Alps the goître's common ;  
 In the German blue eyes, fair hair,  
 And his horn-shaped curls astonish  
 No one, for they're universal ;  
 If you saw in Rome a battle  
 190 Fought between the Cranes and Pigmies,  
 And the latter borne off prisoners  
 In the talons of the fierce birds,  
 You would roar with laughter ; out there,  
 Where the soldiers measure scarce twelve  
 195 Inches, it's no laughing matter ;

- “ Shall this wretch then go unpunished ? ”  
 Well suppose one word could kill him,  
 (More you could not do) your loss would  
 Be the same, and your repayment  
 200 As far off as ever ; his blood  
 Would be little consolation ;  
 “ Nay, revenge would be delightful ; ”  
 This is worthy of the vulgar,  
 Who for naught or next to nothing  
 205 Lose their temper ; not the lesson  
 Taught by Thales or Chrysippus ;  
 Socrates would not share the hemlock  
 Even with his false accuser ;  
 Kind Philosophy, thanks to whom we're  
 210 Rid of our most vicious errors,  
 Tells us vengeance is the pleasure  
 Of a narrow stunted spirit,

- Worthy of a woman only ;  
Why conclude the wretch whose soul is  
215 Whipped and tortured goes unpunished ?  
Nothing Rhadamanthus knows of  
Can be worse than day and night to  
Have to carry in the breast that  
Fearful thing, a guilty conscience ;  
220 Once the Delphic priestess told a  
Spartan that one day he'd suffer  
For that he had doubted whether  
He should lie and keep the money ;  
He was hoping that he might find  
225 An accomplice in Apollo ;  
Prompted then by fear, not honour,  
He repaid the money, but the  
Oracle came true ; he and all his  
Most remote belongings perished ;  
230 It's the intention makes the sinner ;  
" What then if the sin's committed ? "  
Why, his life is spent in misery ;  
Even at table he's tormented,  
Parched his throat as in a fever,  
235 Food on his cloyed tongue's disgusting,  
He spits out fine old Albanian,  
Give him better still, he makes a  
Face as though you'd given him vinegar ;  
After weary hours of tossing  
240 On his bed, to sleep he drops off ;  
Straightway in his dreams he sees the  
Altar where he told the falsehood ;  
Worst of all he sees you standing u.  
Larger than in life before him,

- 245 And is scared into confession ;  
 Every thunderstorm appals him,  
 To his mind the lightning's not a  
 Mere result of natural causes,  
 But avenging fire from Heaven ;  
 250 This flash struck him not ; the next one  
 Therefore's to be apprehended ;  
 Ominous is the lull betwixt them ;  
 In his pleurisy he sees the  
 Hand of Heaven, the Gods employing  
 255 Fever as their stones and arrows ;  
 He daren't offer to his household  
 Gods a lambkin or a cock's comb ;  
 Can a guilty wretch like him hope  
 For renewed life, who deserves death  
 260 Far more than the meanest victim ?

- Rad men show great resolution  
 To begin with ; when the deed's done,  
 Evil conscience dawns upon them,  
 But their nature cannot alter  
 265 And remains corrupt for ever ;  
 Shame once driven from the hardened  
 Brow can never be recovered ;  
 No man ever lived who could say,  
 Thus far will I sin, no farther ;  
 270 No, be sure the rogue who robbed you  
 Will be caught at last, and end his  
 Days in prison or in exile ;  
 Then you can rejoice at leisure,  
 And acknowlege that the Gods are  
 275 Not so deaf as you supposed them,  
 Nor as blind as old Tiresias.

## SATIRE 14.

- Many vices, my Fuscinus,  
Parents pass on to their children  
Both by precept and example ;  
If a father's fond of gambling,  
5 His son, still the bulla wearing,  
Will have too his miniature dice-box ;  
What again can be expected  
Of a boy whose gluttonous parent  
Has well trained him in the art of  
10 Truffle-cutting and of stewing  
Fig-peckers in mushroom gravy ?  
Let this child but grow to seven,  
Let him have a host of tutors,  
You'll find, though he's not yet cut his  
15 Second teeth, he'll turn his nose up  
At whatever is beneath the  
Standard of his father's kitchen ;
- Rutilus thinks the sound of whip-cord  
Sweeter far than any Siren,  
20 And will have a poor slave branded  
If he steals a pair of napkins ;  
What a lesson must this lover  
Of the clank of chains, this terror

- Of his household, teach a young man ?
- 25 He don't tell him slaves are fashioned  
Like ourselves, have similar feelings,  
Should be mercifully dealt with  
When their faults are light, but rather  
Proves how man may be a monster ;
- 30 Is it likely Larga's daughter  
Will be chaste, who has to take breath  
Thirty times ere she completes the  
List of all her mother's lovers ?  
She who knew her mother's secrets
- 35 Now has secrets of her own, and  
One pimp is employed between them ;  
It is nature ; all the sooner  
Vice besets us when there's in our  
Very homes a gross example ;
- 40 One or two, who, thanks to the Titan,  
Are of better clay, resist it,  
But the rest can never leave the  
Evil foot-prints of their parents ;  
For your children's sake abandon
- 45 Vice ; at learning which we all are  
Adepts ; Catilines are too common ;  
Brutus, Cato, these are rarer ;  
If you have a little son, let  
No impurity come nigh him ;
- 50 Let him not see prostitutes or  
Hear the parasite's midnight ditties ;  
If you're tempted, don't despise his  
Tender years, but let his innocent  
Face reproach you for your weakness ;

- 55 Some day he'll get into mischief  
(What more likely, since he's your son  
Not in face alone but morals ?  
Profiting by your example  
He'll improve on your achievements)
- 60 Then no doubt you'll soundly rate him,  
And take steps your will to alter ;  
Pray, what right have you to pose thus  
As the virtuous outraged father ?  
You are still yourself a sinner,
- 65 And being older should know better,  
Oh ! your brainless head wants bleeding ;
- What a fuss there is whenever  
You have asked a friend to dinner ;  
Stick in hand you shout your orders,
- 70 " Let my pavement and my columns  
" Look bright ; down with all these cobwebs ;  
" Mind my plate is nicely polished  
" And my cups of frosted silver ;"  
It would never do to let your
- 75 Friend be shocked at sight of dog dirt  
Or of mud upon your door step,  
This would be at most a matter  
Of a very little saw-dust ;  
Yet it seems not to concern you
- 80 That no stain of vice or sin should  
Meet your son's eye when he enters ;  
You may well be proud to be the  
Father of a useful citizen,  
Whether soldier or civilian ;
- 85 All depends on moral training ;

Storks bring up their young on lizards ;  
 Vultures on dead crucified bodies,  
 Dogs and oxen ; noble eagles  
 On wild kid and hares ; the same prey  
 90 Seek their young, when independent  
 They're of age to get their own food.

One Centronius built himself a  
 Number of magnificent villas  
 At Caieta and Præneste ;  
 95 And he ransacked Greece for marbles,  
 Dwarfing Fortune's, Hercules' Temple,  
 As Posides dwarfed our Capitols ;  
 And he thus impaired his fortune,  
 But he died rich ; his insane son  
 100 Striving to outdo his father  
 With his marbles, died a beggar ;  
 If the father fears the Sabbath,  
 You will find the son adoring  
 No Gods but the clouds and planets ;  
 105 If his father ate no swine's flesh,  
 He will rather die than eat it ;  
 He goes in for circumcision ;  
 There's no law but that of Moses  
 Treasured in the mystic volume ;  
 110 He may only show the way to  
 Those who are of his persuasion ;  
 Who's to blame for't ? why, the father  
 Who thinks one day in the seven  
 Quite unfit for any business ;

115 Such the force of bad example



- On the young ; to one vice only,  
Avarice, they don't take kindly ;  
As it has the garb and semblance  
Of a virtue, it's repugnant ;
- 120 What are misers ? prudent persons  
Who protect their own possessions,  
Better than the golden fleece was  
By the Pontic dragon guarded ;  
And they're thought such clever fellows,
- 125 Such good workmen at amassing  
Riches, (how it's done, no matter)  
Never is their anvil idle ;  
Thus the avaritious father,  
Thinking there has been no instance
- 130 Of a poor man being happy,  
Bids his son turn miser likewise ;  
It's an art that can't be mastered  
All at once ; but when he's thoroughly  
Learned the pettiest acts of meanness,
- 135 Soon the love of hoarding follows ;  
To his slaves he gives short measure,  
And he stints himself ; however  
Mouldy are his crusts, he saves some ;  
In the very hottest weather
- 140 He keeps yesterday's stale mincemeat ;  
Beans and sprats and bits of onion  
(All the shreds first duly counted)  
Carefully sealed up in a bottle,  
Are kept for to-morrow's dinner ;
- 145 Not a beggar off the bridge would  
Eat such stuff ; what is the good of  
Riches, if you live a pauper

- For the sake of dying wealthy ?  
 Fast as money swells his pocket  
 150 Faster still he strives to get it,  
 Greedier than he who has none ;  
 " What ! put up with a single villa  
 " In the country ? buy another ;  
 " Why not buy yon fine adjoining  
 155 " Park belonging to your neighbour  
 " With its olives and plantations ?  
 " Won't he sell ? well, when work's over,  
 " Turn your lean and famished oxen  
 " In at night upon his green crops ;  
 160 " Let them stay there till the ground is  
 " Shorn down close as though with sickles ;  
 " You can't tell how well this answers  
 " To send land into the market ;  
 " 'Tis a dirty trick, I own it,  
 165 " But what matters it ? say boldly  
 " You would rather own a bean shell  
 " Than be thus congratulated,  
 " " With your *patch* of ground you've done well ; "
- Think you you will live the longer  
 170 And from grief and pain be freer  
 Could you only own so much land  
 As of old was cultivated  
 By th' entire Roman people ?  
 To the veterans of the Punic  
 175 Wars, to those who fought fierce Pyrrhus,  
 Scarce two acres each were given  
 In return for all their service ;  
 'Twas enough for them ; they never  
 Dreamed they had been ill-requited ;

- 180 And what families they had too !  
First came father, then the mother  
Big with yet another baby ;  
Next four little imps (three of them  
Born in wedlock, one a slave's child)  
185 Played together on the doorstep ;  
By and by their brawny brothers  
Home returning from the furrows  
Sat them down to smoking porridge ;  
Nowadays these same two acres  
190 Aren't sufficient for a garden ;  
To this fierce desire for riches  
Can be traced how many murders  
By cold steel and subtle poison ?  
Who'd be rich would be so quickly ;  
195 In the race for wealth respect for  
Law and shame are little thought of ;

- In the good old times a Marsian  
Would have thus addressed his children  
" All your life, boys, be contented  
200 " With our cot on yonder hill side ;  
" Let us get our bread by ploughing ;  
" So we'll please our rustic Gods to  
" Whom be thanks for giving mankind  
" Corn in lieu of nasty acorns ;  
205 " You'll not go far wrong, so long as  
" In the snow you stick to jack boots,  
" And wear sheepskins turned inside out  
" In the East wind ; all these purple  
" Robes you see, where'er they come from,  
210 " Lead to every kind of mischief ;"

- Nowadays a son is roused at  
 Midnight in the depth of winter,  
 And addressed thus by his father :
- “ Up, child ; shake yourself together ;
- 215 “ Take your tablets ; read your law-books ;  
 “ Work away ; I want to see you  
 “ Pleading causes, or petitioning  
 “ For the vine-rod in the army ;  
 “ If you mean to be a soldier,
- 220 “ Let the General note your uncombed  
 “ Shaggy hair and brawny muscles ;  
 “ Be the first in every onset,  
 “ And at sixty you’ll have got that  
 “ Lucrative command, the Eagle ;
- 225 “ If however sound of trumpets  
 “ Takes effect upon your stomach,  
 “ If a camp-life is distasteful,  
 “ Take to trade, and sell for thirty  
 “ What you buy for twenty shillings ;
- 230 “ Rather choose a trade that must be  
 “ Carried on across the Tiber ;  
 “ Stinking hides or perfumed unguents,  
 “ What is there to choose between them ?  
 “ All the sweet smell’s in the profit ;
- 235 “ Don’t forget what says the poet,  
 “ Noble words ; ‘ it matters little  
 “ ‘ How you get wealth, so you get it ; ’ ”  
 Boys learn ere they walk this lesson,  
 Girls before their Alpha Beta.
- 240 When I hear a parent talk so,  
 I would answer thus ; you idiot,

- You can save yourself this trouble ;  
Rest assured your son will be a  
Greater miser than his father ;  
245 Give him time ; his simple nature  
Is at present undeveloped ;  
Ere he cuts a beard with razor,  
I will warrant he'll be ready  
For most slight remuneration  
250 To become a perjured witness,  
With his hand on Ceres' altar ;  
Has he got a wife with money ?  
She's as good as buried already ;  
In her sleep he'll squeeze her windpipe ;  
255 All your plans are too laborious ;  
He knows the short cut to riches ;  
There's no great fatigue in murder ;  
" Oh ! but I have never suggested  
" Anything so bad ; " no matter,  
260 At your door will lie the murder ;  
His mind was by you corrupted ;  
For whoe'er enjoins his children  
To love money best, resembles  
One whose horses are beyond his  
265 Power to control ; he pulls hard,  
But they won't be stopped ; the chariot  
In despite of him flies onward ;  
Will your son sin just so far as  
You are kind enough to let him ?  
270 No, his own whims are consulted ;  
Call him once a fool for helping  
Some poor man or friend in trouble,  
And you've taught him from that moment

- Every kind of fraud, to get that  
 275 Idol of your own soul, money ;  
 You who kindled first the spark, must  
 Watch the furious conflagration ;  
 Think not it will spare your own head ;  
 This young lion you've been training  
 280 One day will devour his master ;  
 Astrologers perhaps have told you  
 How long you've to live ; remember,  
 Watching old men's lives is irksome ;  
 You'll die ere your thread is finished ;  
 285 As it is, you are obstructing .  
 The fulfilment of his wishes ;  
 Your longevity torments him ;  
 To the doctor, quick ; and get the  
 Antidote of Mithridates  
 290 (Kings alike and fathers need it)  
 If you'd pluck more figs and roses.

- Would you see show more amusing  
 Far than any at the theatre  
 Or the Prætor's games, come with me ;  
 295 Note the perils men encounter  
 That the box in Castor's Temple  
 (Mars was robbed and is no longer  
 To be trusted as a banker)  
 May be full ; forsake the feasts of  
 300 Flora, Ceres, and Cybele ;  
 Life's stage is the place for laughter ;  
 Who would care to see the acrobat  
 Thrown aloft from the petaurum,  
 Or one walking on the tight rope,

- 305 If he had the chance of watching  
Some mad merchant, tempest tost and  
Living battened down together  
With his hides, a stinking shipload !  
That he may return home freighted
- 310 With a lot of Cretan wine-jars ?  
On the dangerous rope the dancer  
Sets his foot to get his living  
And be kept warm in the winter ;  
What's the other risk his life for ?
- 315 Riches to be spent by others ;  
Villas he will never live in ;  
Watch our harbours full of vessels ;  
Half the world's afloat ; wherever  
There's a hope of profit, quite a
- 320 Fleet starts off, no matter whither ;  
For they'll pass the straits of Calpe  
And the sun watch as he sinks down  
Hissing in the wide Atlantic ;  
Does the merchant think his full purse
- 325 And the wondrous sights of ocean  
Have repaid him ? very likely ;  
There are divers forms of madness ;  
When Electra kissed Orestes  
He mistook her for a Fury ;
- 330 Ajax when he slew the oxen  
Thought he heard Ulysses roaring ;  
When one loads his ship so full that  
A mere rafter keeps the sea out,  
Runs this risk for bits of metal
- 335 Stamped with a head, with letters round it,  
Surely he should have a keeper,

- Though he don't yet tear his clothes off;  
 There's a storm coming up ; what says the  
 Wholesale corn and pepper merchant ?
- 340 " Never mind, my lads ; weigh anchor ;  
 " Yonder black cloud means no mischief ;  
 " It is only summer thunder ; "  
 Fool ! perchance that every evening  
 Will his ship be going to pieces,
- 345 And himself o'erwhelmed by billows  
 Holding his belt full of money  
 In his teeth, lest he should lose it ;  
 He who once thought all the gold dust  
 Of the Tagus and Pactolus
- 350 Insufficient for his wants, now  
 Finds a crust of bread and some rags  
 For his shivering limbs most welcome ;  
 He now begs and earns a trifle  
 By his picture of the ship-wreck ;
- 355 Bad enough to earn this money,  
 Worse to keep it ; it's a frightful  
 Business to safe-guard great riches ;  
 Wealthy Licinus for fear of  
 Damage to his amber goblets,
- 360 Ivory and tortoise-shell tables,  
 Statues and fine marble columns,  
 Has a host of slaves all night long  
 Keeping watch with water buckets ;  
 In his tub the naked Cynic
- 365 Feared no fire ; he could mend it,  
 If it broke, or get another ;  
 Alexander owned Diogenes



In his tub, with no ambition,  
Was more happy than himself who'd  
370 Conquered all the world, but found out  
That it was'nt worth the trouble ;  
Were we wise you'd be no goddess,  
Fortune ; what you are we've made you.

Do you ask what in my judgment  
375 Is a reasonable fortune ?  
I will tell you ; what will satisfy  
Hunger and thirst and keep the cold out ;  
What Epicurus' garden gave him ;  
What old Socrates had to live on ;  
380 Philosophy agrees with Nature ;  
Do I keep you in too closely ?  
Well then come down to our own times,  
I will give you a Knight's fortune  
As fixed by the law of Otho ;  
385 Not enough ? then take three times that,  
Which makes up a Senator's fortune ;  
If your lap is still held open,  
Not the enormous wealth of Cræsus  
Or Narcissus at whose orders  
390 Claudius had to kill the Empress,  
Not the kingdoms of the Persians  
Will suffice for your requirements.

---

## P E R S I U S .

---

### INTRODUCTION.

- I've not drunk at Pegasus' fountain,  
Nor upon two-forked Parnassus  
To have dreamed do I remember,  
That I should break out a poet ;  
5 I leave Helicon and Pirene  
To the gentlemen whose busts are  
Crowned with parasitic ivy ;  
I am but a poor outsider  
Trespassing upon the poet's  
10 Land ; yet who taught " How do you  
Do " to parrots, or made magpies  
Talk as we do, but the stomach,  
That great master who supplies the  
Wits that niggard nature grudges ?  
15 Let them hear the chink of money,  
All the crows and all the magpies  
Are the very best of poets.

## SATIRE 1.

- P. Oh ! the emptiness of this world !  
M. If this is your style, who'll read you ?  
P. Do you ask me ? probably no one ;  
M. Nay, you must have one or two readers ;  
5 It's disgraceful ; I feel for you ;  
P. You can save yourself that trouble ;  
What do I care if dull Labeo's  
" Iliad " is the favourite reading  
Of our noble lords and ladies ?  
10 If the muddle-headed public  
Choose to snub me, don't regard them  
As a balance for correcting  
What you find amiss in my scales ;  
Pray rely on your own judgment ;  
15 Who is there in Rome who does not — ?  
Ah ! if I might only speak out ;  
Pr'aps I may now that I've witnessed  
Our affected way of living ;  
Having left our nuts and playthings  
20 We adopt the tone of uncles,  
Though we're as great fools as ever ;  
Surely I may now write Satire ;  
M. You had better not, I tell you ;  
P. I must give my spleen vent somehow ;

- 25 M. Do as others ; shut yourself up  
And compose some lofty poem ;  
P. I know what you mean ; a poem  
That wants a good pair of bellows ;  
Something that you hope some day to  
30 Read in public ; I can see the  
Whole thing ; you're upon the high chair,  
Combed your hair and smart your toga,  
Birthday ring upon your finger ;  
Having then attuned your throttle  
35 By a sort of gargling process,  
And cast a lascivious look round,  
You begin ; the mighty Romans  
Are in ecstasies of pleasure,  
Tickled by your dirty verses ;  
40 Are you not ashamed, old rascal,  
To collect such filthy garbage,  
And affect to be most grateful  
For the warmth of your reception ?  
Op. Is my study of this class of  
45 Writing and my natural talents  
Never to come out ? the fig-tree  
Finds its way through hardest tomb-stone ;  
P. So much for your pale austere looks !  
Is then all your knowledge useless  
50 Unless all the world applauds it ?  
Op. Don't you like then to be noticed  
In the streets as a celebrity ?  
Is it nothing to provide a  
Hundred curly-pates with dictation ?  
55 P. Oh ! I see it all ; some wealthy  
Romans, having dined, would like an

- Epic poem with their dessert ;  
Up gets an affected fellow  
In a hyacinth-coloured mantle,  
60 Who first snuffles out some rankish  
Stuff by way of introduction,  
And proceeds to mince and lisp an  
Ode to Phyllis or Hypsipyle ;  
Every one's enchanted ; is not  
65 He a happy poet ? wont the  
Tombstone o'er his bones lie light and  
Violets spring from out his ashes ?  
Op. You're a little too satirical ;  
Can you find a man who'd disdain  
70 Popularity, could he get it ?  
Better see your book well rubbed with  
Cedar oil than spice and herrings  
Wrapped up in its dirty pages ;  
P. Well, Opponent, (for I don't know  
75 What your name is) I admit I  
Don't object to be commended  
For a good verse when I write one  
(It's not often that this happens),  
I have not grown quite so callous ;  
80 All I say is that your 'bravo' 's  
No criterion of good writing ;  
Sift it and see what's inside it ;  
Labeo's Iliad drunk with hellebore ;  
Silly sonnets writ by noble  
85 Authors ; in short, all th' effusions  
That proceed from citron couches ;

Knowing how a hot sow's udder

- Should be dressed, and where an old cloak  
Will be much appreciated,  
90 You say, "let me have the plain truth ;  
"Truth is what I want ;" how can you  
Be so naive as to expect it ?  
Do you press me ? well, then, you're a  
Drivelling bald-pate, with your belly  
95 Half way down your legs ; O Janus !  
Lucky to have eyes on both sides ;  
Finger pointed like stork pecking,  
Donkey's ears, or tongue protruded  
Like a mad dog, don't escape you ;  
100 Better turn round, noble authors,  
As you cannot see, and stop the  
Joking that goes on behind you ;
- "Do the public like my verses ?"  
Asks my friend again ; the answer  
105 Is of course : " Oh ! yes, immensely ;  
"Now at last we've got real poetry,  
"Where no critic's nail could find a  
"Flaw ; your measure is as straight as  
"Though you'd ruled it with one eye shut ;  
110 "You seem quite at home, no matter  
"What the style or what the subject."

- Wretched dabblers in Greek verses  
Now presume to write heroics,  
Though unable to do justice  
115 To the very commonest subject,  
To depict the feast of Pales  
With its baskets, pigs, and bonfires ;

- Yet they favour us with Remus,  
And describe how Cincinnatus  
120 In the fields was made Dictator,  
Aye, and how the lictor had to  
Drive the plough back ; bravo, poets !  
Others drag in obsolete and  
Antiquated words from Accius  
125 And th' " Antiope " of Pacuvius,  
She whose " dolorific heart was  
" On affliction propped " ; when parents  
Teach their children such expressions,  
Can you wonder at the mess our  
130 Language has got into or the  
Scandal of our recitations ?  
We've no shame ; though standing in the  
Dock, we think not of our skin but  
Of our speech, in hopes of hearing,  
135 " He's a very fair speaker " ; Pedius  
Had been charged with theft ; what says he ?  
All the different counts he poises  
In the smoothest of antitheses ;  
And his figures of speech and learning  
140 Are commended by the judges ;  
Should I feel compassion, should I  
Put my hand into my pocket,  
If I saw a ship-wrecked sailor  
Singing merrily, while begging  
145 With his picture representing  
People holding on to spars ; no,  
His grief must be real, not thought out  
Overnight, who'd move my pity ;  
M. Surely our verse shows great polish ;

- 150 Surely "Berecynthius Attys"  
Is a noble ending ; you must  
Feel the beauty of such lines as  
"Dolphins clave the sea-green Nereus ;"  
"The docked ribs of Apenninus ;"
- 155 P. Mighty Virgil ! rot, I call it ;  
Rotten frothy trash ; pray give me  
What you call a tender couplet ;  
M. "Amidst Mimallonean buzzings  
"Bassaritis, with the victim ready,
- 160 "Mænas, reining in her lynx, stood  
"Shouting 'Evoe' to the echo ;"  
P. Goodness ! could such stuff be written  
If a grain of taste were left us ?  
It's mere nerveless doggerel, floating
- 165 On the spittle, and implies no  
Bitten nail or desk belaboured ;  
M. Why so ready with the truth to  
Cause offence and irritation ?  
Take care or you'll find your patron's
- 170 Door shut next time ; there's a nasty  
Snarl about you ;  
P. Well, so be it ;  
I'll admire such effusions  
For the future ; think them wonders ;  
"Here you must commit no nuisance ;"
- 175 "Don't you see the snakes I've painted ?"  
We must go elsewhere, my friends, then ;  
Oh ! how I regret the days when  
Old Lucilius scourged the City,  
And on Mutius broke his jaw-tooth ;
- 180 And when Horace probed our vices,





## SATIRE 2.

- It's your birthday, dear Macrinus ;  
One more year of life has slipped by ;  
Still record it with white stone and  
To your genius make libation ;
- 5 You are not the man to bargain  
With the Gods for things that will not  
Bear the light of day, while most of  
Our rich men, when they make offering,  
Seem ashamed of what they're asking ;
- 10 It's not every one whose whispers  
In the shrines would bear repeating ;  
For sound mind and good report they  
Pray aloud, but what with bated  
Breath they ask is " Oh ! to see the
- 15 " Splendid hearse of my rich uncle ;"  
" Oh ! that Hercules would put some  
" Silver underneath my harrow ;"  
" Oh ! to get rid of the youngster  
" Who is named heir next before me ;
- 20 " It would really be a kindness  
" To remove him, he's so sickly ;"  
" How my wife does go on living !  
" Nerius has this third just married ;"  
And t' enforce these pious prayers they

- 25 Dip the head three times a morning  
In the night-mare-cleansing Tiber ;  
Let me ask you, Sir, one question ;  
What is your idea of Jupiter ?  
Do you place him, for example,  
30 Above Staius ? which do you call the  
Better judge or better guardian ?  
" Jupiter, of course ; " well, just ask of  
Staius what you ask of Jupiter ;  
He would say, " By Jove, how dreadful ! "  
35 May not Jove invoke himself so ?  
Do you think he is not angry  
Just because his lightning strikes the  
Oak instead of you ? because there's  
No spot railed off by Ergenna,  
40 After the usual sacrifices,  
Indicating where Jove smote you  
With his swift bolt, may you therefore  
Pluck his beard ? can he appeased be  
With a lot of greasy entrails ?  
45 See the superstitious grand-dam  
Lift the baby from his cradle,  
And with spittle on her middle  
Finger touch his brow t' avert the  
Evil eye ; then straight she packs him  
50 Off (so far as prayers can do it)  
To the splendid house of Crassus ;  
" May he catch my lady's daughter ;  
" May the girls all try to get him ;  
" May he ever tread on roses ; "  
55 Nurse of mine shall never pray so ;

- If she do, though dressed in white, may  
Jupiter decline to hear her ;  
One again devoutly prays for  
Strength when he is old, forgetting  
60 That rich dishes and thick gravies  
Bar a favourable answer ;  
While another, that his riches  
And his flocks and herds may increase,  
Bothers Mercury with offerings  
65 Of slain oxen ; cries the idiot,  
(All the while he's melting down the  
Fat of bullocks) " now it's coming ;  
" I can see my farm's began to  
" Thrive already ; " thus he goes on,  
70 Till at last within his cash box  
Sighs a solitary penny ;

- It's the pleasure men derive from  
Gifts of gold cups and fine silver  
That suggests to them the notion  
75 Of encasing the God's statues  
With the gold that has been taken  
From some enemy we've conquered ;  
" Let those who amongst the fifty  
" Brazen brethren send us best dreams,  
80 " Have their beards of gold ; " aye, gold has  
Driven brass and th' old Etruscan  
Pottery ware quite out of fashion ;  
Oh ! souls bowed to earth, and void of  
Heavenly things ; why soil the temples  
85 With your dross, and take for granted  
What you like, the Gods like also ?

- It was a mere carnal notion  
To spoil olive oil with cassia ;  
And to dye the finest fleeces,  
90 Of its pearl to rob the oyster,  
And to smelt down ore for gold dust ;  
Man gets profit out of these things,  
But the Gods, what pleasure get they  
Out of gold ? about as much as  
95 Venus gets from dolls of school-girls ;  
Let us rather give them what the  
Blar-eyed son of great Messalla  
Could not give with all his riches,  
A heart full of honest purpose  
100 Towards themselves and towards our fellows ;  
Let me take this to the temples,  
And but little meal is wanted.

## SATIRE 3.

- "Are we always to go on thus?"  
Says one student to another,  
"Daylight's glimmering through the shutters;  
"Yet we're snoring; one would think we'd  
5 "Had last night too much Falernian;  
" 'Tis eleven by the dial;  
"And the beasts are seeking shelter  
"From the fury of the Dog-star;"  
"Really? come, slaves, bring my tunic  
15 "Hither," says the other, braying  
Louder than Arcadian asses,  
"What! no answer? lazy rascals,  
"Would you have me burst with shouting?"
- Now they've set to work in earnest;  
15 Busy both with reed and parchment.  
"What a pen this is! What watery  
"Bad ink! Oh! what blots I'm making!"  
Stupid boy, why don't you rather,  
Like a spoilt prince or a young dove,  
20 Eat your pap at home and vent your  
Childish temper in the nursery?  
"It's the pen;" pooh! stuff and nonsense;  
Out upon such lame excuses;

- In yourself the fault is ; like an  
25 Ill-baked pot your ring is hollow ;  
Your material's good enough, but  
Sadly needs a skilful potter ;  
" But I've ample wealth ; " I know it ;  
Splendid is your silver service,  
30 You will ever have a good dish  
'To propitiate your Lares ;  
You may boast you are descended  
Through a hundred generations  
From the Tuscans, and claim kinship  
35 With the Censor as you pass him  
Clad in scarlet on review days ;  
But is this enough ? Such gewgaws  
Tickle but the mob ; but I see  
Underneath what you are made of ;  
40 Will you lead the life of Natta ?  
He at least has the excuse of  
Being a careless bloated spendthrift ;  
He has had no prick of conscience  
To foretell his coming downfall ;  
45 He is drowned dead in his vices,  
Not a bubble left behind him ;  
Great Jove, may it be thy pleasure  
Ever thus to punish tyrants ;  
Let them virtue see and blench to  
50 Think that they can ne'er regain her ;  
Better suffer in the brazen  
Bull of Phalaris, or above your  
Head behold the sword of Damocles  
Then cry, " Woe ! I'm lost for ever,"  
55 Conscious of some guilty secret

Which your wife must never know of ;

- Oh ! how well I can remember  
As a boy when I was loth to  
Make a dying speech for Cato,  
60 How I used to feign weak eyesight  
With a touch of oil, and how my  
Stupid master would before our  
Friends applaud me, and how anxious  
Was my father, and no wonder,  
65 For 'twas then my chief ambition  
To know what I'd gain by sixes,  
What I'd lose by throwing aces,  
Not to miss the narrow necked jar,  
And to be the best top-spinner ;  
70 Whereas you have had a training  
At the Porch, wherein the Medes are  
Represented in their trowsers,  
Where a pulse-fed and close-shaven  
Band of youths digest Philosophy,  
75 Where the forked Pythagorean  
Letter points the way to virtue ;  
Yet I find you snoring still, or  
Yawning yesterday's debauch off ;  
Have you any mark to aim at ?  
80 Are you not with mud and bits of  
Broken china crows pursuing,  
Careless where you go and only  
Living for the passing moment ?  
It's too late to ask for hellebore,  
85 When your skin's already bloated ;  
Meet disease in its first stages,



And you'll save the fee of Craterus ;

Yes, my young friends, pray consider  
Vital questions ; what your life is,

90 What you're brought into the world for,  
What is your position at starting,  
How the goal can best be rounded,  
What's enough, what should be wished for,  
What's the proper use of money,

95 How much should be spent in charity,  
What post in our social system  
Has by Heaven been assigned you ;  
These things learned you need not envy  
Any lawyer's well stocked larder,

100 Where sprats sent by grateful Umbrians  
Stink before they can be eaten,  
Ere the first jar has been emptied ;  
Where a stock of hams and pepper  
Call to mind his Marsian client ;

105 Here some goat of a Centurion  
Answers, " I would be no wiser ;  
" I'm none of your wretched Solons,  
" Who go stooping, muttering, gnawing  
" Words between their teeth like mad dogs,

110 " Putting out the lip and pondering  
" Dreary rubbish, such as, *Nothing*  
" *Comes from and can end in nothing ;*  
" For such utter stuff and nonsense  
" Who would go without his dinner ? "

115 At these words his brawny comrades  
Curl the nose and roar with laughter ;  
Well, a man goes to his doctor ;

- “I am troubled in my breathing  
“And I think my heart’s affected,  
120 “Pray examine ;” rest is ordered ;  
After three days he is better,  
So he sends to his rich neighbour  
For a draught of old Surrentine,  
Which he swallows before bathing ;  
125 “My good sir, how ill you’re looking ?”  
Says the doctor ; “Oh ! I’m all right ;”  
“Nay, I think you’d better look to’t ;”  
“Look to yourself ; one guardian’s buried,  
“And I don’t require another ;”  
130 “I will hold my tongue then ;” one day  
This same patient bathes as usual  
After dinner, and is seized with  
Apoplexy, as he’s drinking  
To promote his perspiration ;  
135 What next ? trumpets and wax tapers ;  
He’s embalmed and lies feet foremost  
Happy fellow ! on his tall bier,  
Borne by yesterday’s Quirites  
Wearing their new caps of freedom ;  
140 “All very well, but I’ve no fever ;  
“And my circulation’s perfect ;”  
Yes, but does the sight of money  
Or your neighbour’s pretty daughter  
Not set up an inflammation ?  
145 Can you eat coarse bread and cabbage  
Without injury to your palate ?  
No, you shiver like the wheat ears,  
You’re the slave of violent passion ;  
Mad Orestes would pronounce you  
150 Words and deeds those of a madman.

## S A T I R E 4 .

- Have the goodness, Alcibiades,  
To recount your qualifications  
As a prince ; (I'm now supposing  
Socrates to thus address him ;)
- 5 First of course you've a clear judgment  
And a most precocious genius ;  
You know when to speak and when to  
Hold your tongue ; you've only got to  
Wave your hand and you've allayed the
- 10 Discontent among the rabble ;  
You would thus address them, Citizens,  
This course is not just ; that's worse still ;  
This is better ; good, you've learned to  
See where justice in the balance
- 15 Lies ; distinguish law from equity ;  
And do right in criminal cases.
- No, you'd best be drinking hellebore ;  
Pray, your good looks notwithstanding  
Cease to fawn upon the populace
- 20 At your early age ; what think you  
Is the chief good ; is't to dine well  
And look after your complexion  
In the sun ? at that rate yonder

- Hag will give as good an answer ;  
25 You may rant about your noble  
Mother, and your handsome person,  
But remember wrinkled Baucis  
Is your match when she's a-crying  
To some slip-shod slave her pot-herbs.
- 30 How few look into themselves ; yet  
How we all find faults in others ;  
I presume you know Vettidius ;  
" Whom ? " the man who owns at Cures  
More land than a kite can fly o'er ;  
35 " Oh ! yes, that poor ill-starred miser,  
" Who when harvesting is over  
" And the plough adorns the cross roads,  
" Ere he scrapes the stopping off the  
" Wine jar, deprecates the wrath of  
40 " Heaven for such gross extravagance ;  
" While his plough-boys are delighting  
" In their pottage, he sits munching  
" Onions husks and all, and drinking  
" Up the lees of wine turned sour ; "  
45 Just so, but, my friend, remember  
When with greasy chin you're lolling  
In the sun, there's some one close by  
At your elbow, whom you know not,  
Making similar reflexions  
50 On your conduct ; don't imagine  
All your vile and loathsome habits  
Are unnoticed ; no, it seems our  
Life consists in kicking others'  
Shins, and letting them kick ours ;

- 55 You've been wounded in the groin but  
Seek to hide it with your broad belt ;  
Fight on if you choose ; ignore it  
If you can ; " But if my neighbours  
" Praise me, may I not believe them ? "
- 60 Cunning hypocrite, just listen ;  
If your life is spent in making  
Money by usurious bargains,  
And your vile lusts gratifying,  
Vainly do you ope your ears wide
- 65 To the praises of the vulgar ;  
They don't know you ; so return these  
Fulsome presents to the cobblers ;  
Live at home and see how barely  
Furnished is your upper story.
-

## SATIRE 5.

- P. Poets always want a hundred  
Tongues and mouths for their effusions,  
Whether it's a tragedy some poor  
Actor has to mouth, or Epic
- 5 Poem which describes the Parthian  
Drawing from his groin the sword blade ;  
C. What are these poetic mouthfuls  
That require such a monstrous  
Throat ? pray, leave the fogs of Helicon
- 10 To the writers of heroics  
Who derive their inspiration  
From poor Procne and Thyestes,  
Whose disgusting banquets stupid  
Glycon often has to sup off ;
- 15 The sublime is not in your line ;  
You don't heat your brain to work the  
Forge of your imagination ;  
You don't write pretentious nonsense,  
Muttering in low whisper like a
- 20 Hoarse crow ; you are not bombastic,  
Puffing out your cheeks to bursting ;  
No, you deal with human nature,  
Famous for your polished verses  
And a pleasing style ; your strength lies

- 25 In chastising vicious morals,  
Probing home with well-bred banter ;  
Stick to this ; let others sing the  
Cannibal orgies of Mycenæ ;  
P. You are right, my good Cornutus,  
30 I've no wish to swell my page with  
Empty trifles, bulky vapour ;  
No, I would unfold my inmost  
Heart to you, dear friend, and show you  
What community of spirit  
35 There's between us ; feel my heart's pulse  
And see whether I've the true ring,  
And my tongue's sincere ; this is why  
I should like to have a hundred  
Voices, that in truth unvarnish'd  
40 I might tell you how I love you,  
And unbosom all my secrets ;
- Yes, 'twas in my truant boyhood,  
When I'd just outgrown the purple,  
And my bulla had suspended  
45 As an offering to our household  
Gods ; when all my friends were ready  
With temptations ; when my toga  
Let me roam through the Saburra  
Casting looks just where I listed ;  
50 When the road of life perplexed me  
And its cross ways seemed to lure my  
Youth astray ; 'twas then I sought you,  
And you lent me the protection  
Of your wise Socratic mantle ;  
55 Then it was that to my twisted

- Morals you applied the rule and  
Made them straight, before I knew it,  
For my restless struggling spirit  
Was o'ermastered by the power  
60 Of your mind, and took for life the  
Stamp your skilful hand intended ;  
Oh ! how I recall the days we  
Spent together ; night devoted  
Not to eating but to study ;  
65 How our frugal meal refreshed us ;  
Yes, the sympathy between us  
Must be traced to our nativity ;  
We were born beneath the same star,  
Whether it was Libra weighed us,  
70 Or the Twins foretold our future  
Friendship ; this at least is certain  
Jove o'ercame malignant Saturn ;  
We were thrown together somehow,  
Though I can't explain the process.
- 75 Mankind has a thousand types ; men  
Have no common end, but each one  
Has his whims ; one journeys eastward  
For pale cumin-seed and pepper ;  
One prefers to fill his belly  
80 And then fall asleep ; another  
Is a sportsman or a gambler ;  
Others love foul dissipation,  
And it's only when the gout has  
Made their joints like rotten beech twigs,  
85 That the misspent past in judgment,  
Like some baleful vapour, rises,



- And too late they see their folly ;  
You are pale, too, my Cornutus,  
But it is from night long study ;  
90 You know how to deal with pupils,  
Like a husbandman, you plough first,  
And then sow the seed of wisdom ;  
Young and old, be sure Philosophy  
Is the best food for your old age ;
- 95 "I will do't to-morrow" ; but the  
Morrow finds you still unready ;  
"What ! is one day's grace so great a  
"Favour ?" no, but when to-day's gone  
We've spent yesterday's to-morrow ;  
100 Mark you, morrow after morrow  
Will consume your life, and yet Time's  
Still ahead ; it's like a wagon ;  
Time's the front and you're the hind wheel ;  
One pole joins you to the former,  
105 You are close, but do your utmost  
You will never overtake it ;
- Freedom's wanted, not the freedom  
Which enables any rascal  
Who has been emancipated  
110 To obtain on showing his tally  
Mouldy corn ; to think a scoundrel  
Once turned round before the Prætor  
Thereby's made a Roman citizen !  
Here's a groom not worth three farthings  
115 Blear-eyed good-for-nothing Dama,  
In a feed of corn he'd rob you,

- Like a top his master spins him,  
And behold he's Marcus Dama !  
" What ! refuse the loan when Marcus  
120 " Is my surety ? " " Marcus is judge,  
" What have you to fear ? " " It's all right,  
" Marcus said so ; " " Pray be witness,  
" Marcus, to my will ; " this is not  
Genuine, but mere cap-freedom ;  
125 " Is not he free who can live just  
" As he pleases ; I can so live ;  
" Am I not then free as Brutus ? "  
You are wrong, retorts our Stoic,  
Who most fallacies can see through,  
130 Where you're quite wrong is in stating  
That you either *can* or *do* live  
As you please ; " What ! when the Prætor  
" Touched me with his wand, was I not,  
" So I kept within the Statutes,  
135 " Free to act as my own master ? "  
Well, let's have no temper, while I  
Rid you of these childish notions ;  
It's not in the Prætor's power  
To impart to fools discretion,  
140 You'll get music from a groom first ;  
Reason whispers, let no man do  
That which he'll spoil in the doing ;  
All laws, both of man and nature,  
Indicate to fools a limit ;  
145 Would you mix a dose of hellebore  
Knowing nothing of the steel-yard ?  
No ; suppose a hob-nailed ploughman  
Undertook to steer a ship, not

- Knowing one star from another,  
150 Should we not say shame had vanished ?  
Have you learned to live uprightly ?  
Can you tell truth, like a good coin,  
By its ring ? know you the use of  
Chalk and charcoal to distinguish  
155 Good and evil ? are you temperate ?  
Is your house well-ordered and your  
Temper good ? in your alms-giving  
Do you show discrimination ?  
Does a coin stuck in the mud by  
160 Saucy boys make your mouth water ?  
When you can declare you're all this,  
Then, but not till then, you are free  
By both Heaven and the Prætor ;  
But if you retain your old skin,  
165 Only bettered in appearance,  
I pull in the rope I gave you ;  
Reason has done nothing for you ;  
Move your finger, 'tis a trifle,  
But you move it wrong ; all Heaven  
170 Can't implant a short half measure of  
Wisdom in a fool ; it won't mix ;  
If you're but a clown, you cannot  
Cut three capers like Bathyllus ;

" I insist, I'm free for all that ; "

- 175 Pray why take you this for granted  
Being still the slave of folly ?  
Know you of no other master  
Than the one of whom the Prætor  
Rid you ? " Here, boy, take my strigils

180 "To the baths ; what ! loitering rascal ?"

Is it true you can't be harrassed

In this fashion, you're free outside,

But your masters are within you ;

Are you more free than the poor boy

185 Who makes haste to save a thrashing ?

Day has dawned and you feel lazy,

Avarice cries, "get up" ; you lie still ;

Once more, "get you up" ; "why should I ?"

"Should indeed ! be off to Pontus,

190 "And bring back to Rome salt herrings,

"Ebony, beaver-skins, and spices ;

"Turn your capital over quickly ;

"Be the first to take your pepper

"Off the camels' backs ; and as to

195 "Truth, why, don't be too particular ;"

"Oh ! but Jupiter might be listening ;"

If the fear of Jove disturbs you

You will have to go on scraping

At the bottom of your salt box ;

200 Oh ! you think of starting, do you ?

Send on board your bag and wine-flask ;

To the ship, away ! what is it hinders ?

Why your old friend Luxury turns up ;

"Whither away so fast, you madman ?

205 "It will take a lot of hemlock

"To control this crazy outburst ;

"You of all men on a coiled rope

"Off a plank your supper eating !

"You reduced to flat Veientane

210 "In a squat and ill-pitched wine jar !

- “What’s your object? do you seek to  
“Make your capital sweat eleven,  
“Not, as here, mere five per centum?  
“Come, indulge your taste for pleasure;  
215 “It’s to me you owe th’ enjoyment  
“Of your life; you’ll soon be nothing  
“But a ghost, mere dust and ashes;  
“Time flies; while you may, be merry;  
“While I’m speaking, life grows shorter;”
- 220 You don’t know which hook to swallow;  
It’s your fate to have two masters,  
And be kicked from one to th’ other;  
If you’ve only once resisted,  
It’s too soon to cry, ‘My bonds I’ve  
225 ‘Broken’; no, you’re like the dog who’s  
Got loose truly, but still drags a  
Long chain dangling from his collar;
- “Davus,” cries Chærestratus, biting  
His nail to the quick, “come hither,  
230 “I can’t bear this any longer;  
“Why should I be ruined and a  
“Scandal to my prim relations,  
“For the sake of making tipsy  
“Midnight serenades to Chrysis?”  
235 “Well said, Master; to the Gods such  
“Good sense must be due;” “But, Davus,  
“Will she cry much when I leave her?”  
“Nay, she’ll smack you with her slipper;  
“What’s the use of your resistance,  
240 “If the moment she entreats you

"To return, you say 'I must go,  
 "'Twas so sweet of her to ask me' ?  
 "If you'd really meant to leave her,  
 "Nothing could have made you go back ;"  
 245 Here's the man we want, a man who's  
 Free by force of will, not by the  
 Rod the stupid lictor carries.

Is the oily-tongued place-hunter,  
 Who goes canvassing with white chalk  
 250 On his toga, his own master ?  
 "Look alive," says he, "Let's give the  
 "Boisterous crowd no end of vetches,  
 "That when old and in the sunshine  
 "Basking, they may well remember  
 255 "How we kept the feast of Flora ;"  
 What sounds finer ? but when Herod's  
 Birthday comes round and the lanterns  
 Decked with violets in the windows  
 Send their fat smoke curling upwards,  
 260 When the tunny-fish is swimming  
 In its sauce upon the platter,  
 And the wine froths in the white jar,  
 Watch his fear on this the awful  
 Sabbath of the circumcision ;  
 265 It may be he fears hob-goblins  
 And the danger of eggs broken ;  
 Or it may be the tall Phrygians,  
 Headed by their blinded priestess  
 With her timbrel, have alarmed him,  
 270 Preaching Gods who will inflict the  
 Dropsy if he does not thrice each

Morning eat a head of garlic.

Mention what I've said on freedom  
In the guard room, and Pulfenius,  
275 Hulking lout, will roar and tell you  
He'd not give a bad half-crown piece  
For a hundred Greek Philosophers.

## SATIRE 6.

Has the winter yet, my Bassus,  
Sent you to your Sabine fire-side ?  
Are you busy at your Lyrics ?  
You're a master at adapting

5 Music to good honest Latin ;  
In your hands our language has not  
Suffered, whether young or old men  
Are the readers of your innocent  
Fun ; the charming port of Luna,  
10 On the warm coast of Liguria  
Where the cliff affords us shelter  
And the bay runs far inland, is  
Now my home ; " the port of Luna  
" Citizens is worth your knowing "

15 Ennius tells us, having slept off  
His Pythagorean night-mare ;  
When he fancied he was Homer  
After having been a peacock ;

There I live in peace ; no mischief  
20 Of the wind can hurt my cattle ;  
And the richness of my neighbour's  
Plot of land don't make me jealous ;  
Nay, should every common fellow



- Come to wealth it would not fret me ;  
25 I should still have a good dinner,  
Still decline to seal my wine up  
Lest perchance my slaves should drink it ;  
But you'll even find twins differing  
In this matter ; one his birthday  
30 Keeps by buying a drop of dressing  
For his salad and himself adds  
Pepper lest it should be wasted ;  
While the other, noble-hearted  
Youth, devours a splendid fortune ;  
35 I'd live handsomely, but would not  
Give my freedmen turbots, nor be  
Known as finest judge of thrushes ;

- Why should you not spend your income ?  
Only harrow and a new crop  
40 Shows its blade ; " But, sir, remember  
" Duty has its claims ; a friend has  
" Just been shipwrecked on the Bruttian  
" Coast ; he's lying at this moment  
" On the beach amid the wreckage ;"  
45 Well, then sell a piece of land and  
Help him ere he takes to begging  
With a picture of the shipwreck ;  
" But my heir will stint the funeral  
" Supper when I die, resenting  
50 " This curtailment of my property ;  
" He will let the undertaker  
" Put adulterated spices  
" In my urn ; and he'll remind me  
" That the loss upon his shoulders,

- 55 "Not on mine, 's to fall ; it's just as  
"Bestius says, 'the Greek Philosophy  
"Has corrupted us ; the rustic  
"Now wants sauces to his porridge ' ;"  
When you're dead what does it matter ?
- 60 With *my* heir, whoe'er he may be,  
I've a word to say, My good sir,  
What ! not heard the news ? the Germans  
Have been crushed in a great battle ;  
All the altars are being brushed up,
- 65 And the Empress is contracting  
For a large supply of trophies,  
Chariots and royal mantles,  
Coarse rough tunics for the captives,  
And a lot of Rhenish giants
- 70 To commemorate the Emperor's  
Victory ; I mean to give an  
Hundred pairs of gladiators ;  
And distribute oil and victuals  
To the rabble ; what ! not like it ?
- 75 Tell me plainly your objections ;  
"What do I care to inherit  
"An estate thus boned and beggared ?"  
As you please, had I no single  
Relative left, well, to the road side
- 80 At Bovillæ I betake me,  
Where I find an heir directly,  
Manius ; "what ! a base-born beggar ?"  
If you ask me whom I come from  
Going back four generations
- 85 I might tell you ; go back further,  
And you'll find me base-born so that

Manius may be my uncle ;

You may be in front, but why ask  
For the torch ere I'm exhausted ?

90 I'm your Mercury rather (as he's  
Represented in the picture) ;  
I've not all I had ; but can't you  
Rest content with the remainder ?  
Will you ask me what I've done with

95 Tadius' legacy, and parental  
Advice offer, 'save your capital,  
'Live upon the interest only' ?  
Dare to ask me what I've left you,  
And I'll order extra dainties

100 And grudge no expense ; to think that  
I'm to eat hogs cheek and nettles  
On my birth-day feast, that you may  
Live upon the best goose-liver !  
I'm to starve, that you may fatten

105 Like a bloated wine-shop keeper !

Well, let gain be the sole object  
Of your life ; let no one be a  
Better judge of Cappadocian  
Slaves ; go, trade in every corner

110 Of the earth ; " Alas ! I've done it,  
" And am rich ; pray, tell me how long  
" I'm to go on growing richer ? "  
Here you have at last, Chrysippus,  
Of your heap the would-be finisher.

---

## MARTIAL.

---

### 1.42.

- Friend Cæcilius, you think you're  
Passing witty ; you're mistaken ;  
You're a home-bred vulgar fellow ;  
Like the tramp across the Tiber  
5 Who takes in exchange for matches  
Bits of broken glass ; or like the  
Seller of boiled peas in the theatre ;  
Like the showman with his tame snake ;  
Or the boys who hawk the salt-fish ;  
10 Or the man who carries round his  
Smoking tripe to all the wine shops ;  
Like the worst of local poets ;  
Impudent as pimp from Cadiz ;  
Rid yourself then of the opinion,  
15 (It's your own opinion only)  
That for merry jests you must have  
Beaten Gabba and Caballus,  
Had you been alive in their day ;  
Everyone cannot be witty ;  
20 There's a very wide distinction  
Twixt a horse and a mère jackass.

## 1.77.

- Oft I think of you, my Flaccus,  
Glory of your own Patavium ;  
My advice is, give up verses ;  
What's a patron ? you want money ;  
5 Leave Apollo ; seek Minerva ;  
She's the advocate's true friend ; she  
Gets him money ; 'tis she only  
That with cash the Gods obliges ;  
What's the use of Bacchus' ivy ?  
10 Is not Pallas' tree, the olive,  
Weighed down with its load of berries ?  
What has Helicon to offer ?  
Nothing but the stupid "bravo" ;  
Give up Cirrha ; quit Permessus ;  
15 Get you to the Roman Forum ;  
There you'll hear the chink of money ;  
Round the chairs of us Professors  
Naught you hear but empty kisses.
- 

## 1.110.

- Issa is more full of mischief  
Than the sparrow of Catullus ;  
Issa's sweeter than a dove's kiss ;  
There's no girl so nice as Issa ;  
5 Rarer than the gems of India  
Is my Publius' pet lap-dog ;  
If she whines, you think she's speaking ;

- With the joys she sympathises  
And the sorrows of her master ;  
10 Oft she sleeps upon his shoulder,  
But her breathing ne'er disturbs him ;  
In whatever straits she may be,  
Never has she once on coverlet  
Misbehaved herself, but always  
15 With her paw just taps her master,  
And to be let out beseeches ;  
She's a miracle of good manners ;  
She's a stranger yet to Venus ;  
Ne'er a gentleman's been found yet  
20 Worthy such a gentle lady ;  
Lest she'd die and be no more seen  
Painted Publius her portrait,  
Which is better than the original ;  
You can't tell one from the other ;  
25 And put Issa next her picture,  
Both are real or both are painted.
- 

## 1.118.

- Often as we meet, Lupercus,  
This is always your first question ;  
" Will you let me send a slave up  
" For a copy of your Epigrams ;  
5 " And I make a faithful promise  
" To return it when I've read them ; "  
But I pray you, friend Lupercus,  
Do not give the boy the trouble ;

- It's a long way to the " Pear-tree,"  
10 And my lodging's up three pairs of  
Stairs, and they are pretty stiff ones ;  
What you want you'll get much nearer  
Home, for I suppose you sometimes  
Take a stroll in th' Argiletum ;  
15 Opposite the Forum of Cæsar  
There's a shop with both its door posts  
Written all over with a list of  
All the poets ; there you'll find me ;  
And you need not bother Atrectus,  
20 (That's the name of the shop-keeper)  
If not quite the first, the second  
Pigeon-hole is sure to hold me,  
Smooth with pumice stone, and neatly  
Got up in a purple cover ;  
25 It is yours for four and sixpence ;  
" Four and sixpence ! he's not worth it ; "  
Right you are again, Luperus.
- 

## 2.29.

- Rufus, look at yonder fellow  
Sitting in the stalls ; from here I  
See the gems flash on his fingers ;  
How his mantle took the purple  
5 Dye, and how snow-white his toga !  
How his hair reeks of Marcellus'  
Unguenta, and his arms how hairless !  
For his red boot with the crescent

- Every day he has new laces ;  
10 And his face is starred with patches ;  
Do you ask what mean these latter ?  
Take them off and you'll be answered.
- 

## 2.43.

- Candidus, you're always saying,  
" What is mine, my friends, is yours too ;"  
Choicest fleece from the Galæsus  
Or from Parma makes your toga ;  
5 Mine looks just as if it had been  
Torn to pieces in the arena  
By the bulls ; a decent dummy  
Would not condescend to wear it ;  
Yours is dyed the finest purple ;  
10 Mine's dull red, not worth three farthings ;  
Ivory legs support your tables ;  
Mine is made of common beech wood  
With a tile to keep it steady ;  
You've a gilt dish for your mullet ;  
15 I've a red crab on a red plate ;  
Peers of Ganymede attend you ;  
If I want aught, I've to take it ;  
Candidus, I know you've riches,  
Yet your oldest friend don't share 'em ;  
20 What then, means this, " Mine is yours too " ?
-



## 2.86.

Classicus, I quite admit you  
Cannot read my verses backwards,  
Sotades is not my model ;  
I don't follow the Greek fashion  
5 And repeat words like an echo ;  
I can't boast a brilliant Atys  
Set to wanton Galliambics ;  
Yet I'm not such a bad poet ;  
Why against his will bid Ladas  
10 Try the slippery petaurum ;  
Labour spent on utter nonsense,  
Worse than foolish, is disgraceful ;  
Let society cheer Palæmon ;  
I would rather choose my readers.

---

## 3.7.

Good-bye to the dozen coppers  
Dole of the poor foot-sore client  
Shared with the perspiring bathman ;  
How now, O ye niggard patrons,  
5 That the coppers are abolished ?  
You are in a sad dilemma ;  
You can hardly now escape the  
Payment of a fixed allowance.

---

## 3.12.

Yes, you gave us famous unguents  
Yesternight, but why remove the  
Dishes ere we could get at them ?  
Mighty droll to make us smell sweet,  
5 But to leave us empty stomachs !  
Whoso eats not though anointed  
Is but as a corpse, Fabullus.

---

## 3.44.

Would you like to know why no one  
Cares to meet you ? Why around you  
Is a waste, friend Ligurinus ?  
Well; you are too much a poet ;  
5 Tigress with her cubs abstracted,  
Deadly serpent in the desert,  
Scorpions are less ferocious ;  
Who can bear such fearful torment ?  
Whether I'm standing or am seated  
10 You are sure to be reciting ;  
In the baths you're close beside me ;  
If I try to swim you cramp me ;  
Going to dinner you detain me ;  
When I've got there, you expel me ;  
15 If I take a nap, you wake me ;  
What wrong have you done ? oh ! no, you're  
A most innocent upright — nuisance.

---

## 3.46.

- You complain I don't attend you  
As I ought, but send my freedman ;  
You declare it's not the same thing ;  
I will prove you get the best of it ;  
5 With your litter I could hardly  
Keep pace, but my freedman bears it ;  
In a crowd he'll push his way through ;  
I can't endure such rough handling ;  
In a law-suit I'm dumb-founded ;  
10 He'll cry everlasting 'bravos' ;  
In a row he'll make his voice heard ;  
I can't indulge in strong language ;  
Do you, Candidus, then ask me  
In what I'm to show my friendship ?  
15 Anything my freedman can't do.
- 

## 3.58.

- My Faustinus' place at Baiæ  
Is not primly planted, Bassus,  
With alternate rows of myrtles,  
Sterile planes and dapper box trees,  
5 Does not keep unprofitably  
Broad fields out of cultivation,  
But is genuine wild country ;  
Every corner has its corn-stack,  
Here lie casks of well-known vintage,  
10 In November 'gainst the winter

- His late grapes the pruner garners ;  
Fierce bulls bellow in the valley,  
But the young steers have no horns yet  
And can only look ferocious ;
- 15 In the farm yard what a medley !  
Cackling goose and spangled peacock,  
Red flamingo, speckled partridge,  
Dappled guinea-fowl, and pheasant  
From the impious land of Colchis,
- 20 Rhodian cocks their hens a-treading,  
And there's cooing in the dove-cotes,  
Here the turtle dove wax-feathered,  
There the wood-pigeon laments him ;  
Yonder see the greedy porkers
- 25 Following the house-wife's apron,  
And the bleating lamb awaiting  
It's dam coming from the pasture ;  
Round the hearth are boy-slaves seated,  
And the household gods look joyous
- 30 In the blazing of the fagots ;  
Not a sluggard is the vintner,  
And the wrestling-master's busy  
Setting traps for greedy thrushes,  
With his line he catches grayling,
- 35 Or brings home the netted roe-deer ;  
And the grounds give great enjoyment  
To the town's folk ; and, school over,  
Shaggy urchins love competing  
To do odd jobs for the bailiff ;
- 40 E'en the eunuch takes a pleasure  
In his work ; not empty-handed  
Do the rustics pay their visits,

- In the comb one brings his honey,  
Or from Sassina milk cheeses,  
45 Sleepy dormice brings another,  
Or the kid of hairy she-goat  
Or a love-defrauded capon ;  
And the daughters of the tenants,  
Big-boned girls of honest parents,  
50 Bring the presents of their mothers  
In their little wicker baskets ;  
Work being over, come the neighbours  
In to supper where the victuals  
Are not stinted for the morrow ;  
55 All have plenty, no excesses,  
Riotous slaves, or tipsy masters ;  
Bassus, your estate consists of  
Tidy laurels, empty stomachs ;  
In your turret 'mid your frescoes  
60 Sleep you sound, for devil a thief will  
Vex the soul of your Priapus ;  
Whence the corn that feeds your bailiff ?  
Whence your salad, eggs, and pullets ?  
Whence your butter, wine, and apples ?  
65 Why, from Rome ! d'ye call this country ?  
Its a town house in the suburbs.
- 

## 3.65.

Cruel boy, your fragrant kisses,  
Unto what can they be likened ?  
To the scent of apple bitten

- By a pretty girl ; to breezes  
5 Blown across a field of saffron ;  
To the scent of vines in flower,  
Or of grass by sheep fresh nibbled ;  
To the odour of the myrtle  
Or Arabian spice grower ;  
10 To the perfume of burnt incense  
Or a handled ball of amber ;  
To the aroma of new-ploughed earth  
Lightly touched by summer shower ;  
To the scent of garland that's been  
15 Worn on fresh anointed ringlets ;  
They are like all this already ;  
What if you vouchsafed them freely ?
- 

## 4.46.

- What a glorious Saturnalia  
Has Sabellus had ! no wonder  
He's elated and declares no  
Lawyer's been so well rewarded ;  
5 Listen to his list of presents ;  
Corn and beans, a good half-bushel ;  
Three half pounds of spice and pepper ;  
Sausages, a prime sow's udder,  
Bottle of the best grape extract,  
10 And a pot of crystallised figs ;  
And a cheese, fat snails, and mushrooms ;  
From a client in Picenum  
Came a tiny jar of olives,

- And a set of seven Saguntine  
15 Cups, the work of some poor potter,  
And a napkin with a purple  
Border on it ; why, Sabellus,  
You've not had for these ten winters  
Such a splendid Saturnalia !
- 

## 4.64.

- Far more charming than the gardens  
Of th' Hesperides, upon the  
Mount Janiculum reclines the  
Tiny park of Martialis ;  
5 Undulating grounds o'er-look the  
Opposite hills and in the hollows  
Reigneth a serener climate ;  
When the clouds hang in the valley,  
Yet this spot enjoys the sunshine ;  
10 Fairy-like the villa rises  
In the unbecclouded moonlight ;  
Yonder you can trace the Seven Hills,  
Mighty Rome lies spread before you,  
Tusculum and the Alban mountains,  
15 And cool Tibur in the distance ;  
Rubra next and old Fidenæ,  
And the orchard of Perenna,  
That of old loved human victims ;  
Yonder watch on the Flaminian  
20 And Salarian roads the traveller ;  
But you need not fear the rolling

- Of his carriage will disturb you ;  
Here too you can sleep on soundly  
Careless of the noisy boatswain  
25 And the shoutings of the tow path,  
Though the Mulvian bridge is close by,  
And the ships are quickly dropping  
Down the Tiber underneath you ;  
Freely at your service Martial  
30 Puts this place, this home, say rather,  
For you'd think yourself the master,  
Such refined, such open-handed  
Generous hospitality's offered ;  
In the palace of Antinous  
35 Or the poor hut of Molorchus  
(Now by Hercules rewarded)  
You'd not find yourself more welcome ;  
Ye who really value only  
For their size your country places,  
40 Go employ your hundred delvers  
At cool Tibur or Præneste ;  
Lease th' entire slopes of Setia  
To a single tenant farmer ;  
Only let me keep my opinion,  
45 That by far more charming is the  
Tiny park of Martialis.
- 

## 5.37.

Prettier than whitest swan's-down,  
Dearer than Tarentine ewe-lamb,



- Daintier than the mother-of-pearl in  
Lucrine oyster was Erotion ;
- 5 Diamonds grew pale beside her,  
Polished ivory, new-blown lily,  
Snow just fallen, were not whiter ;  
And the bright gold of her ringlets  
Beat the flaxen Rhenish top-knots,
- 10 And the sheen of Spanish fleeces,  
And the gloss upon the dormouse ;  
And her breath 'twas as delicious  
As the scent of Pæstum rose-buds,  
Or the finest Attic honey,
- 15 Or a handled ball of amber ;  
Ugly seemed the peacock, and the  
Squirrel lost his charm, beside her,  
And her rarity the Phœnix ;  
Scarcely cold is my Erotion
- 20 Of whom cruel Fortune robbed me  
And her sixth year not completed ;  
Oh ! my darling pet and playmate !  
Pætus tells me not to fret so,  
(And he too appears in mourning)
- 25 " All this fuss about a slave-girl ?  
" I have lost my wife and bear it ;  
" And she was a general favourite ;  
" Had such manners, such a ~~A~~ fortune ;"  
Noble courage ! Pætus gets two
- 30 Hundred thousand pounds, and bears it !
-

## 5.78.

- If you're weary, my Toranius,  
Of your lonely bachelor dinners,  
Join me at my frugal table ;  
If you're used to whet your appetite,  
5 There'll be Cappadocian lettuce,  
Tunny-fish with egg chopped over it,  
And sliced leeks to serve your purpose ;  
You'll be offered first a cabbage  
Fresh from out my frosty garden,  
10 Served upon a coarse black platter  
But as hot as fire can make it,  
So mind not to burn your fingers ;  
Then we'll have blood puddings resting  
On a bed of snow white batter,  
15 And white beans with streaky bacon ;  
If you like dessert, I'll give you  
Syrian pears and wrinkled raisins,  
And a dish of slowly-roasted  
Chestnuts brought from learned Naples ;  
20 And my wine, if you'll but drink it,  
Won't want further commendation ;  
After all this glorious feasting,  
Should God Bacchus, as his wont is,  
Make you feel a trifle hungry,  
25 Choicest olives from Picenum  
Shall be brought you, and a smoking  
Hot dish of chick peas and lupins ;  
But a frugal meal I offer you,  
Who could well deny it ? but then,  
30 You shall tell no lies and hear none

To disturb your calm composure ;  
None of your stupid recitations,  
But we'll have what's very pleasant,  
Some light music from a reed-pipe ;  
35 Such my fare ; but Claudia's coming ;  
This for you is quite sufficient.

---

## 7.20.

What a miser, what a glutton  
Santra is ! at last invited  
To a formal dinner party,  
For which days and nights he'd angled,  
5 Of the boar he takes seven pieces,  
Both legs, both wings of the leveret ;  
Then he takes his oath no field-fare  
(Lying thief) was set before him ;  
Oyster beards he whips off and wraps  
10 Odds and ends up in his napkin ;  
Therein is a foul collection,  
Potted grapes, seeds of pomegranates,  
Empty shell of sow's-womb pudding,  
Over-ripe fig, squashy mushroom ;  
15 When with thousand thefts it's bursting,  
In his breast he stows picked back-bones,  
And the carcass of a ring-dove,  
Having eaten first the head off ;  
Undeterred by shame, he picks up  
20 Broken bits by dogs abandoned ;  
But he don't purloin food only ;

- In a flagon at his feet he  
 Pours the dregs of others' glasses ;  
 Then he takes home all his treasures,  
 25 Climbing up his narrow staircase  
 Quickly shuts the door behind him,  
 And upon the morrow——*sells* them !
- 

## 7.72.

- May you spend a merry December,  
 Paullus, may your friends and clients  
 Send you not cheap three-leaved tablets,  
 Short half-pounds of spice, and napkins,  
 5 But nice bits of family plate, or  
 What you would most like for presents ;  
 May you beat your friends at chess, and  
 Checkmate their glass knights and castles ;  
 May th' anointed crowd of bathers  
 10 Hail you, rather than left-handed  
 Polybus, as the best ball player,  
 On condition that whenever  
 Some ill-natured fellow tells you  
 That my verse is full of venom,  
 15 You'll stand up for me, and answer,  
 " No, you're quite mistaken ; Martial  
 " Did not write the lines you speak of."
- 

## 8.6.

What a nuisance is old Euctus  
 With his fine old plate ! I'd rather

- Eat off plain Saguntine platters ;  
Oh ! how very flat the wine gets  
5 While he's praising the decanter ;  
This was great Laomedon's goblet,  
And for it Apollo built the  
Walls of Troy ; for this old punch-bowl  
Rhœcus battled with the Lapithæ ;  
10 How it's suffered in th' encounter !  
This cup's said to have been Nestor's,  
How his thumb has rubbed the dove on't !  
There's the bowl in which Achilles  
Had his grog mixed strong ; and here's the  
15 Loving cup in which sweet Dido,  
At the banquet given to Æneas,  
Drank to Bitias ; when you've done your  
Best to admire this old silver,  
You'll have wine quite out of keeping,  
20 Mere Astyanax out of Priam.
- 

## 8.33.

- So a cup you've sent me, Paullus,  
Leaf dropped off the Prætor's chaplet  
I should call it ; 'twas the tinsel  
Surely of the stage-trap near you,  
5 Washed off in the flood of saffron ;  
Better still, you told your slave to  
Scratch some gold-leaf off your sofa ;  
Flies a gnat far off, it feels it ;  
Wing of tiniest moth can shake it ;

- 
- 10 Flame of smallest lamp supports it ;  
Drop of wine decanted breaks it ;  
What's it like ? it's like the gold dust  
On the dates, which, with a small coin,  
On the first of January
- 15 Dirty clients bring their patrons ;  
Than the stringy bean more pliant,  
Less substantial than the lily,  
Finer than the flimsiest cobweb,  
Frail as gossamer of silk-worm ;
- 20 Thicker paint wears old Fabulla,  
Chafing waves make thicker bubbles,  
Thicker is the cap of bladder  
Worn to keep hair in curl, or the  
Lather of Batavian hair-dye ;
- 25 Such the tissue wrapping Leda's  
Unhatched pullets, such the patches  
On the senatorial forehead ;  
Why a cup ? you might have sent me  
Or a tea-spoon or a ladle,
- 30 Better still, a snail-shell, or you  
Might have sent me *nothing*, Paullus.
- 

## 8.31.

- Whose the handiwork ? which master  
Graved this goblet ? was it Myron,  
Mentor, Mys, or Polycleetus ?  
Its bright metal need not fear the
- 5 Fierce ordeal of the assayer ;

- Real electrum, snowy ivory  
Cannot beat its frosted surface  
In its glorious brilliancy ;  
Worthy of the metal is the
- 10 Work all round it, like the full moon  
With her light the world enfolding ;  
How yon ram stands out ! how life-like !  
Not on finer fleece sat Phrixus,  
Helle would have liked to mount him,
- 15 Shears would never have come nigh him,  
With impunity, O Bacchus,  
Might he batten on your vine-shoots ;  
On his back with wings all golden  
Love sits playing on a reed-pipe,
- 20 So Arion on his dolphin  
With a tune beguiled his journey ;  
Of the cup then let the wine be  
And the hand that fills it, worthy ;  
Shall an ordinary slave do't ?  
Cestus, prince of all cup-bearers,
- 25 You must mix the first libation,  
Ram and boy alike seem thirsty ;  
Let me see, Instantius Rufus,  
In your name are fifteen letters ;
- 30 We should drink so many glasses ;  
If Telesina's in good humour  
When she comes, I'll be contented  
With the four cups of your short name ;  
If there's doubt about her coming,
- 35 I must have the seven of Instans ;  
If she don't come, all the fifteen,  
Drowning sorrow in your whole name.

## 8.56.

- “ We’ve improved on our forefathers ;  
“ Rome, like Cæsar, has grown mightier ;  
“ Yet there is a dearth of Virgils ;  
“ None can blow so great a trumpet ; ”
- 5 But, my Flaccus, pray remember  
That a Virgil needs Mæcenas ;  
If you will but play Mæcenas,  
Your own farm will yield a Virgil ;  
When poor Tityrus was weeping
- 10 O’er his lost farm at Cremona,  
’Twas the Tuscan Knight who cheered him,  
“ Here is wealth,” he cried, “ and henceforth  
“ You shall be the prince of poets ;  
“ You may love, too, my Alexis ”
- 15 (This Alexis was the finest  
Boy that ever sipped Falernian  
Ere his master drank ; his rosy  
Lips would Jove himself have tempted) ;  
Galatea was forgotten,
- 20 And the sun-burnt cheeks of Thestylis ;  
Virgil forthwith wrote th’ ‘ Æneid ’ ;  
Hitherto the ‘ Gnat ’ engrossed him ;  
Why recount the names of other  
Poets, Varius and Marsus ?
- 25 Be Mæcenas, I’ll be Marsus ;  
There can’t be a second Virgil.
-



## 9.60.

- In the Septa where Rome all her  
Rarest goods for sale exposes,  
Up and down patrols Mamurra ;  
First he overhauls the slave-shop,  
5 Not the outer sheds but inside  
Where the choicer slaves are posted  
For the richer class of buyers ;  
Next he's after dining tables,  
"Take the cloth off ; reach me down that  
10 " Ivory leg that hangs up yonder ; "  
Couch for six in tortoise-shell he  
Measures four times, but rejects it  
As not big enough for his table ;  
On he goes and sniffs at bronzes,  
15 " Is this genuine from Corinth ? "  
" I'm quite sure this statuette's not  
" From the hand of Polycleus ;  
" There are slight flaws in this crystal ;  
" Let me see some cups in agate ; "  
25 He puts ten aside and seals them ;  
Rare old jugs he feels the weight of,  
And he cheapens one by Mentor ;  
Emeralds set in gold he handles  
And a precious pair of earrings ;  
25 Every jeweller's shop he ransacks ;  
" Is this genuine ? come, I'll make you a  
" Fair bid for that opal yonder ; "  
Five o'clock ; he wends home weary  
Carrying himself his treasures ;  
30 Two brown mugs at two a penny !

## 9.62.

- In the neighbourhood of Corduba  
On the green banks of the Bætis,  
Where the sheep seem clad in gold-leaf,  
For the sun gilds all their fleeces  
5 Brilliant as the native metal,  
Stands a very well known mansion ;  
In its central hall a plane-tree  
Round the household Gods its ample  
Branches twines ; this Cæsar planted  
10 When he stayed here on a visit ;  
Yes, 'twas Cæsar's hand, victorious  
And divine, that set it growing,  
And it seems to know this was so,  
For it's ever soaring upwards,  
15 Pushing Heavenward its branches ;  
Under it the festive Fauns have  
Often capered in the night time,  
And aroused the sleeping household  
With their revelry and music ;  
20 Under it has Dryad oft-times  
Shelter got when close pursued by  
Pan across the dreary moorland ;  
Often when the walls around were  
Redolent of wine and feasting  
25 Have its roots libations tasted ;  
On the stained grass lay the roses,  
And none knew again his garland ;  
Sacred tree of mighty Cæsar,  
Thou shalt ne'er be cut down, nor be

- 30 Impiously burnt for fire-wood ;  
Never shall thy leaves desert thee ;  
Caesar planted thee, not Pompey.
- 

## 10.4.

- You who read about Thyestes,  
Scylla, Œdipus, and Medea,  
Read so many fabulous stories ;  
What good does the rape of Hylas  
5 Or Endymion's slumber do you ?  
What's the good of Icarus and the  
Fate of poor Hermaphroditus ?  
They are fictions ; mere waste paper ;  
Here you'll recognise your own life ;  
10 In the place of Gorgons, Centaurs,  
You will find here men and women ;  
But the fact is, friend Mamurra,  
You don't like to see so close a  
Portrait of yourself ; go back then  
15 To the ' Causes ' of Callimachus.
- 

## 10.19

Go, Thalia, be the bearer  
Of my little book to Pliny ;  
It's not learned ; coarse it may be ;  
But he'll find some wit inside it ;

- 5 It's not far ; just mount the steep hill  
At the end of the Saburra ;  
From the top you'll see the Orpheus  
That surmounts the Colosseum,  
Slimy with the saffron water,  
10 With his birds and beasts about him,  
And amongst them Jupiter's eagle  
Who stole Ganymede ; and yonder  
Is the roof of Pedo's mansion  
With a smaller eagle on it ;  
15 Mind you're not to thump at Pliny's  
Front door, like a drunken woman,  
At a time when you're not wanted ;  
All day long he is devoted  
To Minerva, and composing  
20 Speeches for the hundred judges,  
Speeches that will rank hereafter  
With great Cicero's orations ;  
You had better go at lamplight ;  
Your best time is when the wine flows,  
25 When the brow is crowned with roses,  
When the hair is soaked in unguents ;  
Then stern Catos like to read me.
- 

## 10.30.

Mild and charming coast at Formiæ,  
Of all spots Apollinaris,  
When he quits the bustling City  
And can fling disturbing cares off,

- 5 Loves thee best ; not on the birth place  
Of his virtuous wife, sweet Tibur,  
Not on Tusculum, Algidus, Antium,  
Or Præneste dotes he so much ;  
Neither Circe, nor Caieta,
- 10 Neither Liris nor Marica,  
Nor the nymph who in the Lucrine  
Bathes her hair, so much attract him ;  
Here the ocean's always brilliant,  
Never sleeping ; yet your gay yacht
- 15 Dances in a breeze as gentle  
As that stirred by heated maiden  
With her fan of purple feathers ;  
Here you need no deep sea fishing,  
But, reclining on your sofa,
- 20 Hook the fish you see below you ;  
If it's rough, what cares your table ?  
Trusting to its own resources  
It can laugh at stormy weather ;  
Noble turbots, home-bred dory,
- 25 Both are fattened in your fishponds ;  
To their master swim the lampreys ;  
Mulletts answer to their keeper ;  
Aged carp steal out when bidden ;  
Of all this where's the enjoyment ?
- 30 How long has engrossing business  
At the year's end let you stay here ?  
Happy bailiff ! happy keepers !  
Master bought it ; ye enjoy it !
-

## 10.35.

- Every girl should read Sulpicia,  
If she wants to please one husband ;  
Every man should read Sulpicia,  
If with one wife he's contented ;  
5 She don't give you Colchian horrors  
Or the fell feast of Thyestes ;  
She to Scylla and to Byblis  
Gives no credit, but inculcates  
Pure and virtuous affection,  
10 And all kinds of wit and merriment ;  
Careful critic of her poems  
Would pronounce her most god-fearing,  
At the same time most lascivious ;  
When I read her I can picture  
15 Numa in the grotto playing  
With Egeria ; if you'd been her  
Pupil, Sappho, or her school-mate,  
You'd have been more wise, more modest ;  
And your heartless Phaon, had he  
20 Seen Sulpicia, must have loved her,  
But in vain ; for not as Jove's wife,  
Bacchus', or Apollo's, could she  
Live without her own Calenus.
- 

## 10.37.

Dear Maternus, prince of lawyers,  
Glory of the Roman Forum,

- If you would send any message  
To the coast of Spain prepare to  
5 Give it to your fellow-townsmen ;  
Wont you join me ? would you rather  
Hear the frogs and catch the small fry  
On the sea shore at Laurentum,  
Than with me be catching mullets,  
10 Back them to their rocks returning  
If they're not at least three-pounders ?  
Would you really rather dine off  
Tasteless muscles, thin-shelled limpets,  
Than on oysters quite as fine as  
15 Those of Baiæ, so abundant  
That slaves are allowed to eat them ?  
Here you'll net but stinking foxes,  
And have all your best hounds bitten  
By these worthless brutes ; while yonder  
20 We would take the net we'd fished with  
In the morn and go hare hunting ;  
While I speak, with empty basket  
See ! the fisherman returning ;  
And you hunter proudly prancing ;  
25 What's he brought home ? why, a badger !  
And to think Rome's your fish-market !  
Spain for me ; pray, what's your message ?
- 

## 10.47.

Let me tell you the conditions  
Of a happy life, dear Martial ;

- Your means, left you, not acquired ;  
 A farm that rewards your labour ;  
 5 Lots of fuel ; no litigation ;  
 No need to put on your toga ;  
 Peace of mind ; a healthy body ;  
 Vigour unimpaired ; congenial  
 Friends ; and simple but good manners ;  
 10 Dinners plain ; the guests agreeable ;  
 Joyous nights, but no excesses ;  
 A wife chaste but yet not prudish ;  
 Sleep unbroken up to day-break ;  
 With your lot to be contented,  
 15 And to wish for nothing better ;  
 Not as a relief to hail death,  
 Yet without fear to regard it.
- 

## 10.48.

- Two o'clock, cry priests of Isis,  
 And the troops their guard are changing ;  
 Two's the best hour for a hot bath ;  
 One's too soon ; at noon the heat is  
 5 Fearful in the baths of Nero ;  
 Stella, Nepos, Canus, Flaccus,  
 Cerealis, are you coming ?  
 This makes six ; my couch holds seven ;  
 Lupus shall the other guest be ;  
 10 Listen to the list of dainties  
 Which my bailiff's wife has sent me  
 To propitiate your stomachs ;



- Mallows, lettuce, leeks in slices,  
Mint and appetizing rockets,  
15 Hard boiled eggs round spiced anchovies,  
And hot tripe in tunny-pickle ;  
Thus begin we ; after follows  
In one course our little supper ;  
Kid from cruel wolf's jaw rescued ;  
20 Cutlets that require no carver,  
Common beans and early cabbage,  
Add to these a fatted capon,  
And the remnants of a cold ham ;  
For dessert I'll give you apples ;  
25 And the wine ? grown at Nomentum  
And the best that in Frontinus'  
Second consulship was vintaged ;  
In our jokes there'll be no venom,  
Nothing that you'll be ashamed of  
30 Or will haunt you on the morrow ;  
Of the riders in the Circus  
Speak you freely ; Martial's wine cups  
Ne'er will lead you into mischief.
- 

## 11.1.

- Book of mine, pray, whither go you  
All so smart with your best clothes on ?  
Is't a visit to Parthenius ?  
" Yes," then you'll return unopened ;  
5 Books he reads not, but petitions ;  
If he'd time for reading verses,

- He would read his own, you stupid ;  
Tell me, won't you be contented  
With a less distinguished reader ?
- 10 Seek the Portico of Quirinus,  
Neither Pompey's, nor Europa's,  
Nor the Portico of Jason  
Boasts of such a pack of idlers ;  
One or two of these may shake the
- 15 Worms out of my silly volume,  
When they're tired of backing Scorpus,  
Or discussing Incitatus.
- 

## 11.18.

- Outside Rome a little homestead  
Lately, Lupus, you did give me ;  
But in Rome here in my window  
I have got a larger garden ;
- 5 Call this pasture ! call this country !  
Sprig of rue makes grove of Dian ;  
Noisy grasshoppers' wing hides it ;  
In one day an ant could eat it ;  
I can get me for a chaplet
- 10 But one leaf of tiny rosebud ;  
There's about as much grass on it  
As you'd find in Cosmus' roseleaves  
Dried for scent, or in green pepper ;  
Cucumber can't lie at full length ;
- 15 Snake must leave his tail outside it ;  
It scarce feeds one caterpillar,

- And the gnat dies of starvation  
Having eaten up the willow ;  
Moles do all my ploughing for me ;  
20 Figs and mushrooms can't unfold them,  
Nor the violet open in it ;  
Mouse-invasions fears my bailiff  
More than Calydonian wild-boar ;  
All my crops the rapid swallow  
25 For to build her nest makes off with ;  
There's not room for a half Priapus ;  
All my corn scarce fills a snail's shell,  
And we have to store our new-wine  
In a carefully pitched nut's shell ;  
30 When you gave me this, friend Lupus,  
You were wrong by a few letters ;  
I'd have found a good *repast* more  
Welcome than this bit of *pasture*.
- 

## 11.50.

- Of my love you take advantage,  
Phyllis, all day long to rob me ;  
You've no end of tricks ; your maid cries ;  
It's because you've lost your mirror ;  
5 Now a ring you've lost or ear-ring ;  
Now you make the theft of a silk gown  
An excuse to get a new one ;  
You produce your onyx unguent-  
Box, because you know it's empty ;  
10 Now you want a jar of old wine

For the witch who makes your dreams out ;  
"Chloe's asked herself to dinner ;"  
So you want a two pound mullet ;  
You should do as you'd be done by ;  
15 Often you have your way, Phyllis ;  
I must have my way too sometimes.

---

## 11.52.

I will give you a good dinner ;  
Therefore come, my Cerealis,  
If you've got no better engagement ;  
Two o'clock will suit you, won't it ?  
5 Then we'll take our bath together  
Close by in the baths of Stephanus ;  
Lettuce and green tops of onions  
First shall organise your stomach ;  
Then a dish of tunny, rather  
10 Old and bigger than anchovies,  
But you'll find them nicely garnished  
With some sprigs of rue and egg sauce ;  
Then some more eggs gently roasted,  
And some cheese made in Velabrum  
15 Well smoked in the chimney ; and some  
Winter-mellowed Picene olives ;  
Thus begin we ; what's to follow ?  
I must tempt if I would get you,  
Hot sow's-udder, periwinkles,  
20 Fish, fowls fattened in the farm yard,  
And a duck from off the horsepond ;

Better fare not Stella gives you  
Except on some great occasion ;  
More I'll promise ; I'll not read to you ;  
25 But will listen to your " Giants "  
And your " Georgics," second only  
To those of immortal Virgil.

---

## 11.84.

If you'd live a little longer  
Shun Antiochus the barber ;  
When the mad priests of Cybele  
Gash themselves with knives, when Alcon  
5 Has to chop a broken leg off,  
Or to operate inside you,  
It's a much more gentle process ;  
Such a barber should attend to  
Needy Cynics, bearded Stoics,  
10 Or the dusty manes of horses ;  
Should Prometheus feel his razor,  
He'd say " Give me back the vulture " ;  
Should they only hear him coming,  
Pentheus would go back to his mother,  
15 Orpheus to the raving Mænads ;  
All these cuts upon my chin, which  
Make me look like some old boxer,  
Weren't inflicted by my wife's nail,  
But by this accursed barber ;  
20 Of all animals the goat shows  
Most sense, for he wears his beard long.

- 15 In the Celtiberian language ;  
Here I am enjoying truly  
Extraordinary night's rest,  
Often not till nine awaking,  
For I'm making up for thirty
- 20 Weary years of unclosed eyelids ;  
Here we're strangers to the toga ;  
When I say I'll dress, I get the  
Nearest tunic that lies on some  
Broken chair beside me ; when dressed
- 25 There's a bright fire to receive me  
Furnished by the oak-grove close by,  
And the bailiff's wife is minding  
Many a saucepan for my breakfast,  
And my close-cropped bailiff's weighing
- 30 Rations for the little boy-slaves,  
And a holiday suggesting,  
That they all may have their hair cut ;  
So may life be passed, so ended.
- 

## 12.26.

- After as a Senator paying  
Sixty visits in the morning,  
But a lazy Knight you think me  
For not having after day-break
- 5 Scoured the City and returned home  
Weary with a thousand kisses ;  
But remember you do all this  
To be made a brand-new Consul

- Or the Præfect of a Province ;
- 10 Why should I betimes uprouse me  
And wade through the dirty puddles ?  
Why indeed ? I've ta'en my shoes off  
Which will hardly hold together,  
And a thundershower's falling,
- 15 And my cloak is not forthcoming  
Though I've called for't, and am perished,  
When I hear, " Good sir, Lætorius  
" Asks your company at dinner,"  
Dinner for two for three-and-sixpence !
- 20 No, I thank you ; I'd starve rather  
Than consent to such injustice ;  
The work share we, yet I get a  
Shabby dinner, you a Province !
- 

## 12.29.

- What a thief Hermogenes is,  
Ponticus, of dinner-napkins !  
Bad as Massa was with money ;  
Watch his right and hold his left hand,
- 5 Yet he'll get your dinner-napkin ;  
Thus we hear that stags suck snakes up,  
Thus the rainbow sucks up moisture ;  
When poor Myrinus was wounded  
In the Circus, and the people
- 10 Waved their kerchiefs for to spare him,  
Friend Hermogenes purloined four ;  
When the Prætor for the starting

- Of the horses waved his white flag,  
Friend Hermogenes waylaid it ;  
15 So guests left at home their napkins,  
But the table cloth was missing ;  
Failing this, the leg of a table  
Or the trimmings of the couches ;  
When he comes into th' arena  
20 They refuse to draw the awning,  
Though the heat's past all endurance ;  
And the sailors, if they sight him,  
Pipe all hands to furl the main sail ;  
When the bald and rattle-bearing  
25 Priests of Isis see him coming,  
Off they go with all their linen ;  
Ne'er to dinner brought he napkin,  
But he never left without one.
- 

## 12.57.

- Ask you, Sparsus, why I often  
Seek the fire-side of my dirty  
Little farm-house at Nomentum ?  
Well, the truth is you can neither  
5 Think or sleep within the City  
If you're poor ; your life's a burden ;  
In the morning the school-ushers,  
In the evening the corn-grinders,  
And the hammers of the braziers  
10 All the day long ; here on one side  
Sits the coiner, on his dirty



- Block mechanically thumping,  
Making money fit for Nero ;  
On the other side the beater  
15 Of the golden Spanish nugget  
Is a-hammering on his worn stone  
With his mallet bright with gold dust ;  
Then the mad crew of Bellona,  
And the whining ship-wrecked sailor  
20 With his right arm in a bandage,  
And the Jew from early childhood  
Taught to beg alms, and the blear-eyed  
Wretch who sells you sulphur matches  
Are an infinite annoyance ;  
25 All the obstacles to sleeping  
He can tell you, and he only  
Who can count the brass pots tinkled  
When the moon is of a segment  
Cabalistically cheated ;  
30 All these things you know not, Sparsus,  
And how should you ? softly seated  
On the throne of old Petilius,  
From your terrace you can look down  
On our hills and have th' enjoyment  
35 Of both town life and the country ;  
Why, your vinedresser's a Roman,  
And your wine equals Falernian ;  
You've a drive within your park-wall  
And your quiet and your slumbers  
40 Are unbroken ; e'en the daylight,  
To get in, must ask permission ;  
As for me my ears are ringing

---

With the laughter of folk passing ;  
Rome in short is at my pillow ;  
45 When I leave it worn and weary,  
What I go for is —— a night's rest.

## CATULLUS.

## 3.

Queens of Beauty, saucy Cupids,  
Handsome folk all the world over,  
Come and join me in my sorrow ;  
My own darling's lost her sparrow ;  
5 He was her pet, her own darling ;  
Better than her eyes she loved him,  
Him so sweet, than honey sweeter ;  
Better far he knew his mistress  
Than his mistress knew her mother ;  
10 From her bosom far ne'er strayed he,  
Hopping this side, hopping that side  
He did pipe for her ear only ;  
Now he's gone that dreadful gloomy  
Journey whence there's no returning ;  
15 Cursed be ye, Shades of Orcus,  
All that's sweet goes down your gullet ;  
Now my sparrow ye've devoured ;  
Oh ! how cruel, oh ! my sparrow,  
Talk of tears ! her very eyes out,  
20 Cries my love who so adored thee.

## 4.

- Of all craft that ever floated,  
Friends, my little yacht down yonder  
Says she was the fastest mover,  
Whether oar-winged, whether sailing,  
5 Quickly every vessel passing ;  
This she says the Adriatic  
And the Cyclades acknowledge ;  
Famous Rhodes, the black Propontis,  
And the Euxine can't deny it ;  
10 Once a tree above the Euxine,  
Yacht that was to be, she flourished ;  
On Cyturus' ridge the breezes  
Whistled oft among her tresses ;  
O Amastris ! O Cyturus !  
15 Clad with box, ye knew this secret,  
So she says, and still ye know it,  
Far back as she can remember  
Stood she rooted on your hill-top,  
Dipped her oars first in your waters,  
20 Then through many a stormy channel  
Bore her master, now to portside,  
Now to starboard deftly tacking,  
Now before the wind careering ;  
Never was a prayer once offered  
25 To the Gods who guard the coast-line,  
Till at last she reached this clear lake ;  
But, alas ! these doings have been ;  
Now in landlocked peace she ages ;  
Her last years to thee devoted  
30 Castor and to thy twin-brother.

## 5.

- Let us live and love, my Lesbia ;  
All the gossip of old people,  
All the frowns of ugly fogies  
Let us rate at half-a-farthing ;  
5 Sunrise ever follows sunset ;  
But when once our brief lamp quenched is,  
All is night ; we sleep for ever ;  
Therefore kiss me in this fashion,  
First a thousand, then a million,  
10 Second thousand, second million,  
Then third thousand, and third million ;  
Kiss me till we've got to billions ;  
Then we'll jumble all together,  
Lest some evil-minded person  
15 Should be jealous, when he finds out  
What's the total of our kissing.
- 

## 6.

- Flavius, had your girl been pretty,  
You would not have held your tongue so ;  
You'd have told your friend Catullus ;  
But the fact is, she is ugly,  
5 And you are ashamed to own it ;  
Why pretend you pass forlorn nights  
On your lonely pallet yonder ?  
I can see remains of garlands,  
I detect the smell of unguents,

- 10 More than one head's been reclining  
On your pillow ; stuff and nonsense !  
Why, your very looks, my good sir,  
Plainly tell what you've been up to ;  
Is she plain or is she pretty ?  
15 Tell me only this ; and in my  
Song you both shall live for ever.
- 

## 8.

- Play the fool no more, Catullus ;  
What is gone is gone for certain ;  
Once upon a time the sun shone  
Brightly on you, when your sweetheart,  
5 (And no girl was ever loved so)  
Led you just where e'er she listed ;  
Everything went then so merry ;  
Whate'er pleased you, pleased her also ;  
Then indeed the sun shone brightly ;  
10 Now she's altered, but succumb not ;  
If she from you flies, why let her ;  
Don't dejected be, but harden  
Well your heart ; say, " good-bye, darling,  
" Now Catullus' heart is hardened,  
15 " No more will he come to see you,  
" No more to his house he'll ask you ;  
" All your invitations over,  
" Heartless woman, you'll repent it ;  
" Poor thing ! what a life awaits you !  
20 " Who will ever now approach you ?

- "Who'll admire you now? whom henceforth  
"Will you love or be beloved by?  
"Whom will you kiss now or be kissed by?  
"Whose lips will you bite in future?  
25 "For Catullus' heart is hardened."
- 

## 10.

- Varus one day from the Forum  
Took me home to see his mistress,  
Judging by one hasty visit  
Fair and witty I should call her;  
5 When we got there talked we over  
Many things and of Bithynia;  
"Pray," says she, "how does that Province?  
"Did you feather well your nest there?"  
I replied the truth, that neither  
10 Officers nor men had any  
Chance of filling empty pockets;  
Such a scoundrel was our Prætor,  
Not a pin did he care for us;  
"Anyhow you bought sedan men,"  
15 Says she, "for they're grown out yonder?"  
"Well," said I (to make my fair friend  
Deem me not so very unfortunate),  
"Matters did not go so badly,  
"Bad as times were, that I could not  
20 "Treat myself to eight tall porters;"  
All the while I really had not  
One such slave to put his shoulder

- To the pole of my old litter ;  
"Then," said she, "my dear Catullus"  
25 (Like the saucy thing she was) "pray,  
"Let me have the loan of these men  
"For a while ; I would be carried  
"To the Temple of Serapis ;"  
"Then," said I, "I beg your pardon,  
30 "When I told you that I had them,  
"I was out of count ; my comrade  
"Caius Cinna, 'twas he bought them ;  
"Whether his or mine, I care not,  
"For I use, as if I'd bought them ;"  
35 What a plague to have to be so  
Mighty careful in one's statements !
- 

## 13.

- Heaven help you, my Fabullus,  
You shall dine well with me shortly ;  
All you've got to bring's some salt, some  
Wine, a girl, and a good dinner ;  
5 I repeat, let these come with you  
And you will not fare so badly ;  
Yes, the purse of your Catullus  
Is at present full of cobwebs ;  
But I can assure your welcome  
10 In the most approved good fashion ;  
Nay, I'll give you certain unguents  
Which my sweetheart got from Cupid ;  
Put your nose to them, Fabullus,  
And you'll pray to be nose only.



## 17.

- O Colonia ! who would rather  
On a strong bridge cut your capers,  
And hast more than a suspicion  
That such gambols on the old bridge,  
5 With its renovated props, would  
End in serious disaster ;  
May you have your wish, a new bridge  
Which the priests of Mars can dance on,  
If you'll only gratify me  
10 In a little joke I've thought of ;  
There's a certain fellow-townsmen  
Whom I want to throw in head first  
From your bridge, just where the mud is  
Thickest and the stink most filthy ;  
15 He's a thorough fool, no wiser  
Than a father-dandled infant ;  
Some few years ago he married  
A most lovely girl, more delicate  
Than the sweetest little lambkin,  
20 More worth tending than the best grapes ;  
What's he do ? he lets her wanton  
As she likes, nor cares one button,  
Nor protests, but, like an alder  
Smitten by the axe, lies prostrate ;  
25 He'd be just as well without her ;  
Stupid ass, he sees, hears nothing ;  
Knows not if he lives or lives not ;  
Oh ! I long to pitch him over ;  
This night rouse him from his torpor ;  
30 In the mud he might pr'aps leave it,  
As a mule casts a shoe sometimes.

## 22.

- Witty, polished, and good looking,  
Varus, is our friend Suffenus ;  
As manufacturer of verses  
I should say he had no equal ;  
5 Many hundred thousand has he  
Written, not upon palimpsest,  
But the very best of paper ;  
Brand-new are his umbilici,  
And his fastenings of red ribbon,  
10 And the case fits to a nicety,  
Smooth with pumice-stone the whole is ;  
Dip within, this charming fellow  
Reappears as complete yokel ;  
Quite unlike what he was just now ;  
15 What's the reason such a dandy,  
Such a smart accomplished creature,  
Should, the moment he writes poetry,  
Be more dull than dullest rustic ?  
Yet he never is so happy  
20 As when he's these verses scribbling ;  
This is what he is most proud of ;  
And the fact is, there's not one of us  
But in something's like Suffenus ;  
Each has his peculiar failing  
25 In his wallet ; he don't see it,  
For it's on his back behind him.
-

## 31.

- Of peninsula's the fairest,  
Gem of all the myriad islands,  
Nothing in the Eastern Ocean,  
Or the Western, nothing inland  
5 Can compare to thee, my Sirmio ;  
Oh ! what joy again to see thee ;  
I can scarce believe I've left that  
Dreary camping-ground Bithynia,  
And am safe back in thy keeping ;  
10 Life has not a happier moment,  
Than when every care unloading,  
Sick of toil and foreign travel,  
One again beholds his home, and  
Rests upon his long-sought pillow ;  
15 This alone makes up for all his  
Labour ; therefore, hail, my Sirmio,  
Pretty spot, thy master welcome ;  
Welcome him, ye Lydian waters,  
O my dear home, smile thy brightest.
- 

## 35.

- Haste away, thou bit of paper,  
Bid Cæcilius, the poet  
And my dear friend, to Verona ;  
Bid him leave the lake of Como,  
5 For I have some news to tell him

- Of a friend we have in common ;  
Bid him make all haste to join me,  
• Though the pretty girl, who loves him  
(So they tell me) to distraction,  
10 Throws her arms about his neck, and  
Bids, implores him not to leave her ;  
Poor girl, ever since she heard him  
Read his poem on 'Cybele,'  
(Though he'd only just begun it)  
15 She has been consumed with passion ;  
I forgive thee, girl, for yielding  
To the influence of Sappho ;  
Sweet indeed is the beginning  
Of Cæcilius' 'Cybele.'
- 

## 44.

- O my farm ! whate'er your name is,  
Whether Sabine or Tiburtine ;  
Those who would not shock Catullus  
Say you are Tiburtine ; others,  
5 Merely out of spite, would bet me  
Anything that you are Sabine ;  
Well, whatever your right name be,  
Very gladly I betook me  
To my pretty country villa ;  
10 It was there that I got rid of  
That bad cough of mine which richly  
I deserved for being a glutton,  
And insisting upon dining

- With my friend, the advocate Sestius ;  
15 Then his speech for the defendant  
Against Antius he recited,  
Full of poisonous invective ;  
Such a cold and cough it gave me  
That I was obliged to fly, and  
20 In the shelter of your bosom  
Cure myself with rest and nettles ;  
Now I cordially thank you,  
That my folly was not fatal ;  
And I pray that if I ever  
25 Quite shake off those dreadful periods,  
And again should Sestius beg me  
Hear him read some dull oration,  
As a cold is sure to follow,  
Sestius, not I, may catch it.
- 

## 45.

- " Acme, darling," quoth Septimius,  
As he held her in his bosom,  
" Darling Acme, if I do not  
" Dote on, love you to distraction,  
5 " May I die death everlasting ;  
" May I in the Indian jungles  
" Or in Libya come across the  
" Cat-eyed lion single handed ;"  
As upon his left at one time  
10 Now Love sneezed upon his right hand ;  
Then sweet Acme bent her head, and

- On th' intoxicated eyelids  
Of her lover sweetest kisses  
With her rosy lips imprinting,  
15 Thus addressed him : " O, my sweetheart,  
" O, my own dear Septimillus,  
" We do both obey one master,  
" But believe me, I do love you  
" Deeper and more passionately  
20 " Than you possibly can love me ; "  
As upon her left at one time,  
Now Love sneezed upon her right hand ;  
Starting with this happy omen,  
These two love each other dearly ;  
25 Much to Syria or Britain  
Septimius prefers his Acme ;  
Septimius alone is favoured  
With her passionate embraces ;  
Whoe'er saw two happier creatures,  
30 Or such unalloyed affection ?
- 

## 55.

- I would not, Camerius, vex you,  
But in Heaven's name where are you ?  
I have searched the Campus for you,  
All the Librairies, the Circus,  
5 Jupiter's Temple on the Capitol,  
And the Portico of Pompey ;  
I've stopped every single female  
That appeared a likely person,

- And accosted her in this way,  
10 "Where's Camerius, you bad girl;"  
One of them bared her breast and answered  
"Look! he's hiding in my bosom;"  
Only Hercules could find you,  
Such is how your proud seclusion;  
15 Not if I were terrible Talos,  
Not if I'd the wings of Pegasus,  
Were I Ladas, were I Perseus,  
n/ Had I Rhesus' ~~show~~-white horses,  
Add to these all the wing-footed  
20 Flying creatures that you know of,  
Had I also the assistance  
Of the winds all blowing together,  
I am certain I should perish  
Ere, Camerius, I found you;  
25 'Tell us where you'll be in future;  
Why should it be kept so secret?  
Does some rosy girl detain you?  
By maintaining this close silence,  
You'll lose all the fruits of Venus;  
30 For it's gossip she's so fond of;  
Only share with me your secret,  
And you may be dumb for ever.
- 

## 63.

O'er the sea sailed Atys, and he  
Reached the Phrygian grove he longed for;  
In the dusk woods of the Goddess

- Stood he and the fatal frenzy  
5 Seized him, and, distracted, with a  
Flint he cut away his manhood ;  
What he'd done, his agonies and the  
Blood-bedabbled grass assured him ;  
But the madness was upon him,  
10 Held he not the tambourine, the  
Sure sign that he now belonged to  
Queen Cybele ? yes, 'twas certain,  
And his fingers struck the parchment ;  
And thus spake he to his comrades ;  
15 " O my Gallæ ! O my roving  
" Votaries of Dindymene !  
" Who have braved the salt sea with me,  
" Who with me have chosen exile,  
" And have borne emasculation  
20 " Rather than submit any longer  
" To be men and slaves of Venus,  
" Come, my Gallæ, come and join me  
" At the altar of Cybele,  
" And congratulate your leader  
25 " On deliverance from error ;  
" Yes, my friends, let's all together  
" To the dwelling of Cybele,  
" To salute our Phrygian Goddess,  
" Where the cymbals and the reed-pipes  
30 " And the drums make endless music ;  
" Where the Mænads crowned with ivy  
" Utter wild ejaculations,  
" And the rioting is contagious,  
" Fast and furious the dancing ;  
35 " Hence away and let us join them."



- Atys' words his friends applauded  
With a Bacchanalian uproar,  
And drums beating, cymbals clashing,  
Sped they off to verdant Ida ;
- 40 Like a wild unbroken heifer,  
Through the dusky thickets Atys,  
Out of breath, his drum beside him  
Beating, led the way ; the Gallæ  
Swept in headlong haste behind him ;
- 45 So they reached Cybele's dwelling,  
But their strength was sheer exhausted ;  
Sleep o'ercame their drooping eyelids,  
And their frenzy was succeeded  
By a deep unbroken silence ;
- 50 When at length his horses Phœbus  
Had aroused, and golden sunshine  
Driving off the shades of darkness  
Had the universe illumined,  
At the same time sleep deserted
- 55 Atys' fevered brain, and hied him  
Back to Pasithe's caresses ;  
With the quiet of the daybreak  
Came to Atys calm reflexion ;  
What he'd done he now bethought him,
- 60 What he was and what he had been,  
And he bitterly repented ;  
Down he hurried to the sea shore,  
And he sobbed as he beheld the  
Mighty barrier of waters,
- 65 Which for evermore debarred him  
From returning to his country,  
And he cried in bitter anguish,

- “ O my dear, my own dear country !  
“ Oh ! why ever did I leave thee,  
70 “ As a slave deserts his master,  
“ To come hither ? to the deep snows,  
“ To the wild-beasts’ dens of Ida,  
“ Haunt of all that is ferocious ?  
“ O’er yon waters, Oh ! were art thou ?  
75 “ How mine eyes do strain to see thee  
“ Now I’ve come to my right senses ;  
“ Am I exiled here for ever ?  
“ Shall I never more behold my  
“ Dear old home, my friends and parents,  
80 “ Or do business in the Forum ?  
“ Shall I never more engage in  
“ Races, wrestling, and athletics !  
“ What a sad and grievous pity !  
“ Had I not the fairest figure ?  
85 “ What a fine boy ! what a handsome  
“ Youth was I ! now half a woman !  
“ I, the best among the wrestlers ;  
“ I, the pride of all the athletes ;  
“ I, whose house was ever crowded,  
90 “ Aye, and as a morning greeting  
“ They would hang my door with garlands ;  
“ Now what am I ? sterile mænad,  
“ Priest and slave of Queen Cybele,  
“ Part of what I was ; a eunuch ;  
95 “ Doomed to dwell in snow-clad Ida ;  
“ Doomed to climb the Phrygian mountains,  
“ Stags and boars for my companions ;  
“ Oh ! how bitter my repentance ! ”

From his rosy lips these words flew

- 100 To the ears of Queen Cybele ;  
Straight she loosed one of her lions,  
And thus gave him her instructions :  
" Lash your tail about your quarters,  
" Shake your mane and whet your fury ;  
105 " Let him rue it who thus lightly  
" Dares to sever his allegiance ;  
" Go and scare him from his senses ;  
" Drive him back more mad than ever ;  
" Terrify him till the mountains  
110 " Echo back his frantic howlings ;"  
Thus she spake and slipped the lion ;  
And the wild beast understanding  
Well his mistress' orders, rushed off  
Roaring, plunging through the thicket ;  
115 At a distance on the glistening  
Strand he saw his victim standing,  
And he sprang ; poor Atys staid not,  
But in abject terror hied him  
Back to Ida, where he dwells now  
120 And will dwell, a slave, for ever.

O Cybele ! awful Goddess !  
Terrible Queen Dindymene ;  
Choose thy frantic Mænads elsewhere,  
So may I escape thy madness.

---

66.

I'm the lock of Berenice ;  
Conon, the astronomer, saw me

- Shining brilliantly in Heaven;  
Well he knows the constellations,  
5 How they wax and wane at certain  
Seasons ; how the sun eclipsed is ;  
How the moon to Latmos sometimes  
Pays a surreptitious visit ;  
Now I'll tell you how I came there ;  
10 You must know that Berenice  
Married Ptolemy her brother ;  
Scarcely was the wedding over,  
Scarcely was it consummated,  
Ere the royal bridegroom had to  
15 Leave his bed to fight th' Assyrians ;  
Is it true that young brides care not  
For the joys of Venus ? that they  
Really suffer when they shed tears  
In the presence of their parents,  
20 Having reached the bridal chamber ?  
No, I'm sure they really like it,  
So much Berenice told me,  
When her husband had departed ;  
You, my lady, suffered doubly,  
25 'Twas your brother too that left you ;  
How you grieved, well I remember,  
How you nearly died, in spite of  
Being from a girl courageous ;  
Surely you have not forgot that  
30 Deed heroic, which resulted  
In your being royally mated ;  
Well, I never saw you weep so  
As that day your dear lord left you,  
Red your eyes, your cheeks how altered ;

- 35 Oh ! how sad are lovers' partings ;  
Then 'twas that you made your promise  
To present me to the Gods, if  
Only he might come back safely,  
And he came back having added  
40 Asia to the bounds of Egypt ;  
'Twas this vow of yours, my mistress,  
That has led to my promotion ;  
But I left your head in sadness,  
That I call yourself to witness ;  
45 It is true, so help me Heaven ;  
How could I resist the scissors ?  
It was steel that reft mount Athos  
When the Persians cut a channel,  
And their fleet came sailing through it ;  
50 After this, pray, what could I do ?  
May the Chalybes be damnèd,  
And he too who first invented  
Iron steel and cruel scissors ;  
All forlorn your other ringlets  
55 Missed me much, when Memnon's brother  
Dropped to earth upon his winged horse,  
Found me in Arsinoë's Temple,  
And then soaring back to Heaven  
Set me in chaste Venus' bosom ;  
60 'Twas the Goddess of Zephyrium  
Sent him down on purpose, for she  
Wished that I, who graced her Temple,  
I, as well as Ariadne's  
Golden crown, should shine in Heaven ;  
65 And your tears had scarce dried on me  
Ere I joined the starry conclave ;

- Near Callisto, to the Virgin  
And the Lion I am neighbour ;  
Towards the west where slow Bootes  
70 Scarcely ever sinks in Ocean ;  
Sometimes other stars obscure me,  
Yet I reappear at day-break ;  
Nemesis, I crave your pardon,  
Though my fellow-stars resent it,  
75 Yet I must my heart unburden,  
I can never help regretting  
That I've left my lovely mistress,  
On whose head, ere she was married,  
I enjoyed so many unguents ;  
80 Listen, O ye brides, remember,  
Now that all your prayers are answered,  
Not to give way to your husbands  
Till to me your onyx casket  
Has devoted precious ointments ;  
85 But I only now appeal to  
Such as reverence pure wedlock ;  
All adulteresses' offerings  
Let the dust drink up, for I'll not ;  
Keep my rules, and you'll discover  
90 That your love will ever prosper ;  
And, my Queen, don't you forget me,  
When you hold your amorous revels ;  
Make me liberal gifts of unguents ;  
Then be all the stars confounded,  
95 Let Orion cross Aquarius ;  
I'm the lock of Berenice.
-

## 75.

No girl living can produce a  
Lover so to her devoted  
As I've been to you, my Lesbia ;  
No vows ever interchanged can  
5 Compare to the love I bore you ;  
But at last your wilful conduct  
Has my heart quite alienated ;  
But I'm utterly bewildered ;  
Do your best, I feel resentment ;  
10 Do your worst, I must still love you.

---

## 76.

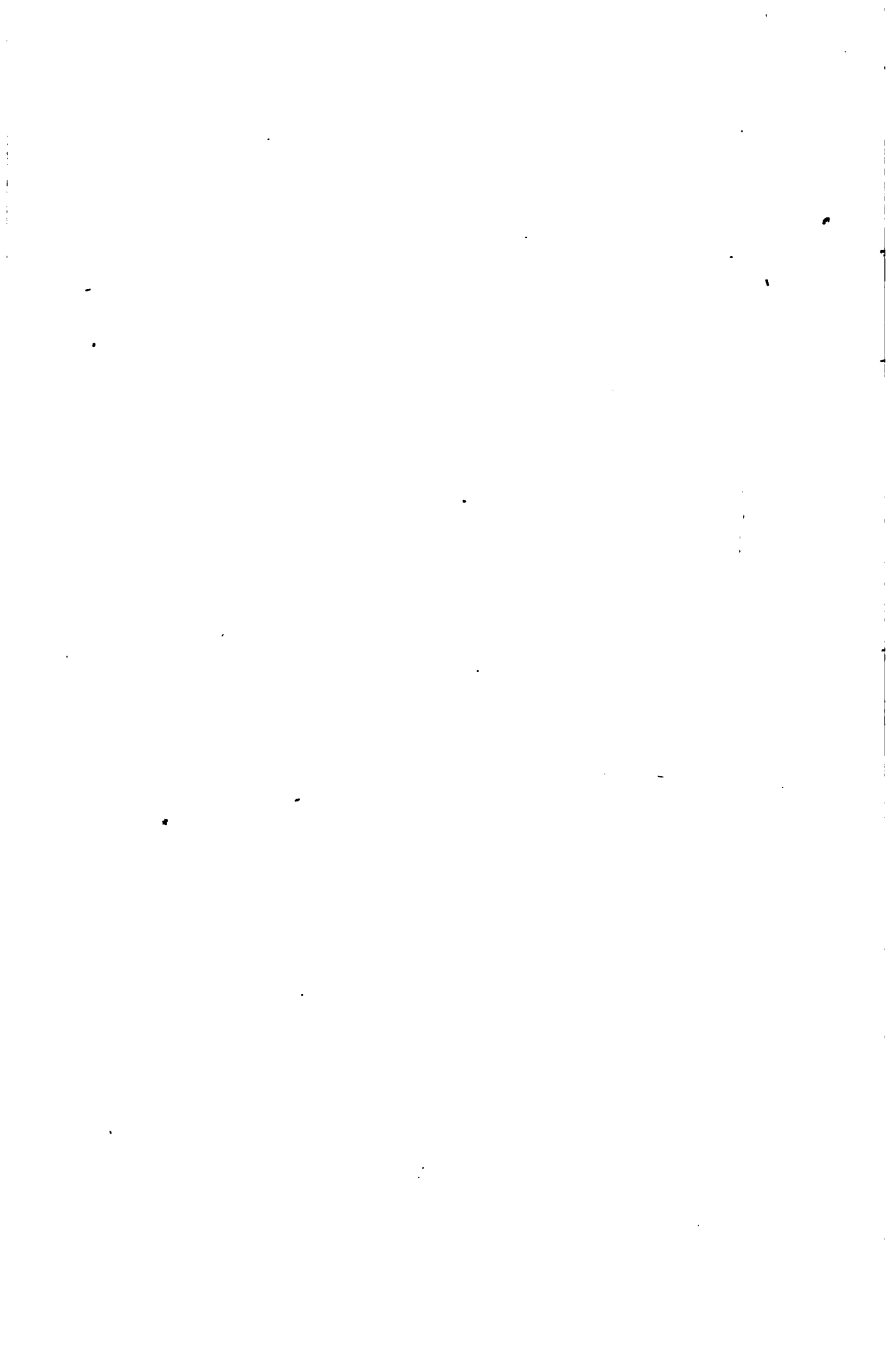
If a man feels happier for his  
Former acts of generosity,  
And for having done his duty,  
And for knowing he has never  
5 Invoked Heaven as a means to  
Lead a woman into mischief,  
Then look forward, my Catullus,  
To long years of satisfaction ;  
Now your cruel trial's over ;  
10 You have said and done whatever  
Could by man be done or spoken ;  
All was thrown away upon her ;  
Therefore be so sad no longer ;  
Be yourself, no longer brooding  
15 O'er the troubles you've encountered ;

- Hard I know 'tis in a moment  
To erase love of long standing ;  
You can do it if determined ;  
'Tis your only chance to do so ;  
20 Possible or not, just try it ;  
O ye Gods, if e'er ye pitied  
Mortal man in mortal danger,  
If ye ever deal in pity,  
If my life has been unsullied,  
25 Rid, oh ! rid me of this canker,  
Stealing like paralysis o'er me ;  
It has banished all my merriment ;  
I don't ask you that she love me ;  
'Tis impossible she chaste be ;  
30 But I ask you for my health back,  
After all I did to please her.
- 

## 100.

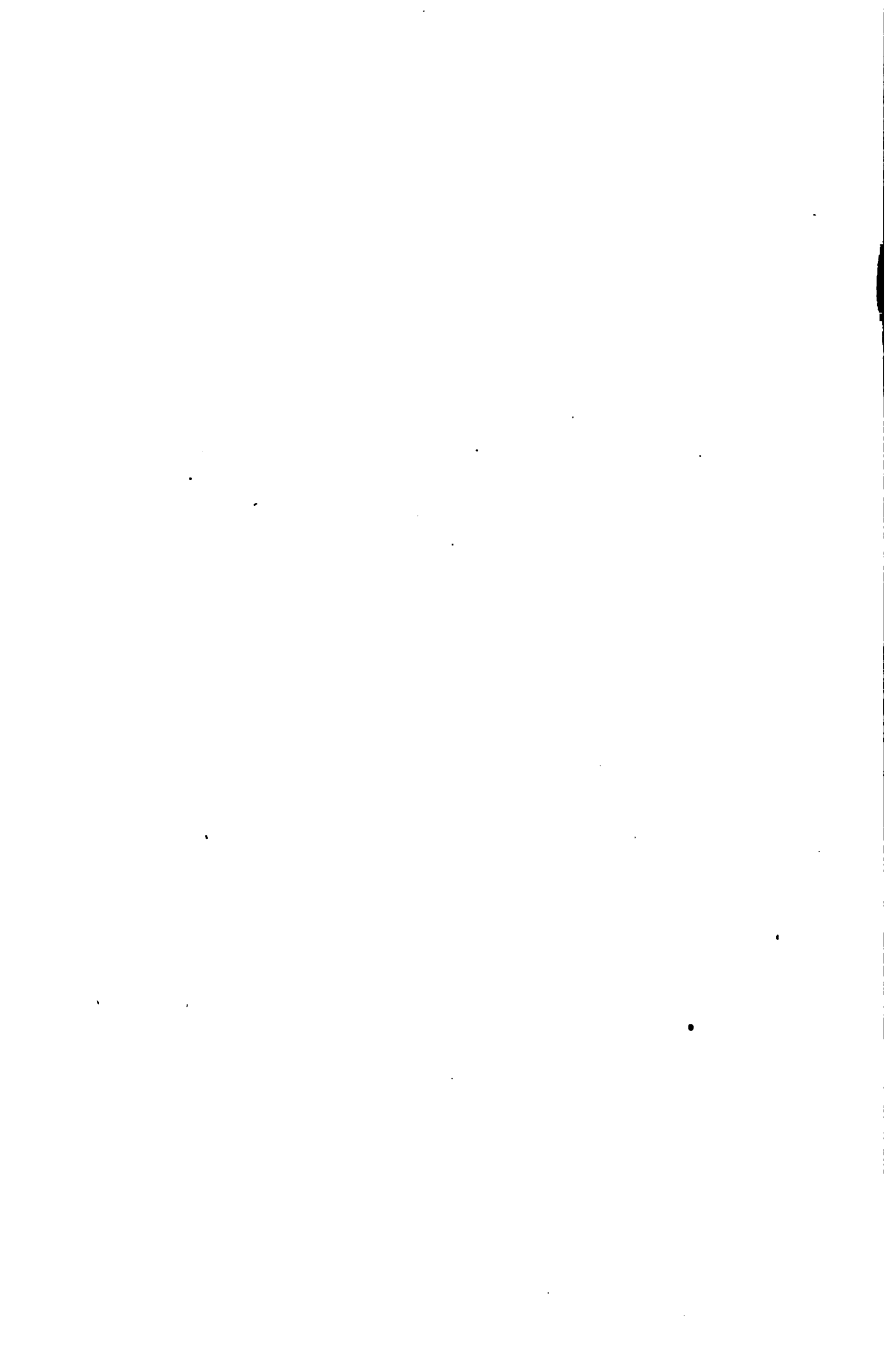
- I have sailed o'er many waters  
And crossed many lands, dear brother,  
To bring this my last sad tribute  
To thy tomb, and vainly make this  
5 Last address to thy dumb ashes ;  
Oh ! to think that cruel fortune  
Should have cut our lives asunder !  
Custom bids me bring this offering,  
But the bitter tears shed o'er it  
10 Better prove how much I loved thee ;  
Once more, Oh ! farewell, my brother !





## NOTES.

Figures, placed *by themselves* in brackets, refer to the Latin text.



## NOTES TO JUVENAL.

---

### SATIRE 1.

5. *Comedies*; togatas (3); the toga being the national dress of the Romans, plays (*fabulæ*) in which the characters were Roman were called togatæ, as opposed to those in which the characters were Greek, and which were called palliatæ; the Romans are repeatedly called gens togata; the toga had to be worn on all public occasions, as at the games and in the Forum, Suet. Aug. 40 ad. fin.; see M. 10.47 and note J. 11.237; clients had to wear it when in attendance on their patrons, J. 7.190, where they are called togati; the toga was usually of white wool, and was originally worn by both sexes, but afterwards the stola came into fashion for women; the toga prætexta was derived from the Etruscans, and had a broad purple border; it was worn together with the bulla (J. 5.211 note) by children under age of both sexes as well as by magistrates on certain occasions; in J. 1 (78) the young rake is prætextatus adulter; so in J. 10 (308) Sporus is prætextatus; see note J. 10.45.

13. *Eternal recitations*; for the custom of reciting see J. 7.48—64 and P. 1.

16. *Good advice*; cf J. 7.217.

24. *Lucilius*; the satirist.

33. *Summer ring*;

Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum

Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ (28-9)

the jus annuli, or right to wear a ring of gold in lieu of iron

was long an exclusive privilege of certain classes, but it was gradually extended ; those who lost their property in respect of which they enjoyed the *jus annuli*, or were found guilty of a criminal offence, lost the right as Macer did, see note J. 11.52. ; the Roman fops wore different rings in summer and winter ; see notes J. 7.116 and 14.383.

38. *Life in our City* ; *iniquæ urbis* (30) ; the epithet alludes to the gross inequalities of fortune observable in Rome as in all great cities ; of *iniqua mensa*, note J. 5.7.

43. *Patron* ; in the early days of the Republic patron and patrician were convertible terms, and plebeian and client had at least this in common that they were poorer than the former, but in Juvenal's time the relation between patrician and plebeian as well as that between patron and client (*clientela*) had undergone a complete change, and he describes nouveaux riches on the one hand of the lowest extraction assuming the airs of patrons, and on the other hand the greatest officers of state demeaning themselves to the position of clients, J. 1.142 ; there are, however, three points in common between the old state of things and the new, which are repeatedly illustrated in the text ; 1. the *matutina salutatio*, or morning call which the client paid and the patron received in his atrium ; 2. the *anteambulatio*, or attendance upon the patron when he went out in public ; and 3. the *sportula* or dole, which the client had a right to expect from his patron ; for the *salutatio* and *anteambulatio* see J. 3.138 ; 7.190 ; 10.60. M. 12.18 and 12.26 ; and for the *sportula*, see note below to line 134 ; 3.300, and M. 3.7.

60. *One about to speak* ; Caligula instituted at Lyons games wherein orators were to contend for a prize ; those who failed to give satisfaction had the choice of either licking the written speech off their tablets or of being beaten and thrown into the river, Suet. Calig. 20.

65. *Marius* ; Marius Priscus, the corrupt governor of the province of Africa, was brought to trial in the reign of Trajan, Pliny and Tacitus conducting the prosecution.

Plin. Epist. 2.11 contains an account of the trial ; Marius is again mentioned J. 8.145.

69. *From two he drinks* ; the usual dinner hour of the Romans was three in summer and four in winter, dinner being preceded by the bath ; the drinking here alluded to was probably at the bath, J. 6.437 and P. 3.133.

82. *To take directly* ; Domitian made a law whereby adulterous wives were incapacitated from taking inheritances ; Suet. Domit. 8.

83-90. *Him who lately, &c* ;

Cum fas esse putet curam sperare cohortis  
Qui bona donavit præsepibus et caret omni  
Majorum censu, dum pervolat æxe citato,  
Flaminiam puer ? Automedon nam lora tenebat  
Ipse lacernatæ cum se jactaret amicæ (58-62)

The precise meaning here is very obscure, the last line probably refers to Nero and Sporus, J. 10.385 ; with regard to the meaning given in the text to the words præsepibus and æxe citato, viz., that the individual in question was 'on the turf' as we should say, cf the description of Lateranus, J. 8.175, et seq.

98. *Wetted seal* ; this rascal had some simple means of tampering with the sealed tablets on which the wills were written.

129. *Eight hundred sterling* ; for convenience I have throughout taken the value of the sesterce at 2d., and that of the sestertium (1000 sesterces) at £8.

134. *A dole basket* ; in republican times clients, after the salutatio and anteambulatio above referred to, were invited to a regular meal (cena recta) ; later on, in lieu of this, food was distributed in baskets, whence the name sportula ; afterwards again a sum of money, usually centum quadrantes (see below) was given in lieu of food ; Domitian restored the cena recta for a time (see M. 3.7), but afterwards the money dole again came into fashion, J. 10.62.

142. *Noble clients* ; see note to line 43.

145. *A freedman*; *libertinus* (102); Roman citizens were either *ingenui* or *libertini*, those who were free born or those who had been released from servitude; a manumitted slave was *libertus* (i.e. *liberatus*) as regards his master; as regards his social status after manumission he was *libertinus*; the earliest mode of manumission, with which alone we are concerned here, was by the *vindicta*. The master brought his slave before the magistrate and stated the grounds of his intended act; the lictor of the magistrate then laid a rod (*festuca*) on the head of the slave and declared him a free man *ex jure Quiritium*. The master, in the mean time, held the slave, and after pronouncing the words 'I wish this man to be free,' turned him round, whence the general name of the act (*manumissio*), see P. 5.107 et seq.

150. '*I've an income from my business*';

sed *quinque tabernæ*

*Quadringenta parant* (105)

Lewis supposes the words, *quinque tabernæ*, to refer, not to five private shops, but to five well-known banking houses in the Forum mentioned by Livy, 26.27, 'My business on the exchange brings me in an annual sum (equal to a Knight's fortune) of £3200, see note J. 14.383. Even thus he could hardly be a richer man than Pallas or the Licini. May not the meaning be, 'five of my shops bring me in £3200 a-year, to say nothing of my other property'?

152. *Stripe of purple*; i.e. the *latus clavus* on the toga, which was a badge of senatorial rank, cf J. 7.255.

157. *Is held sacred*; in the early days of the Republic the plebs succeeded in appointing officers (*tribuni plebis*) to protect their own order against encroachments on the part of the patricians, and in order to secure the authority of these tribunes their persons were declared inviolable.

159. *With his feet chalked*; newly-imported slaves were thus marked.

163. *The stork finds refuge*;

*Quæque salutato crepitat Concordia nido* (116) the exact meaning of this line is very obscure.

171. *Dozen coppers*; centum quadrantes (120); see note to line 129; lit.  $100 \times \frac{1}{4}$  of an as ( $\frac{1}{2}$ d.), i.e. roughly speaking, one shilling of our money.

194. *Tables round him*; the wealthy Romans were very particular about their dining tables, and had many of them; for the circular tops (orbes) the wood of the citrus tree was most prized, J. 11.156; the legs were generally bought separately, M. 9.60.

203. *To the bath*; the bath was a great institution among the Romans. The magnificence of their bathing establishments is obvious to all who have seen the ruins of the baths of Caracalla at Rome. The bath was taken after exercise in the form of games of ball, or athletics, and before dinner; the most frequented hours were from noon to two, J. 11.239 and M. 10.48. At the bath itself a common course was this, 1. to pass successively through the warm and hot air chambers (tepidarium and caldarium) for the purpose of sweating; 2. to take the hot water bath (solium or balneum); 3. to plunge into the cold water bath (piscina), see note M. 3.44 and 11.98; and 4. to be scraped with the strigil, see note J. 3.322, and anointed; the glutton in this passage is represented as taking a bath after dinner in order to acquire a new appetite for fresh delicacies, see J. 6.437.

217. *If you show up Tigellinus*;

Pone Tigellinum tædâ lucebis in illâ

Quâ stantes ardent qui fixo gutture fumant

Et latum mediâ sulcum deducis arenâ (155-7).

The reference is to the well-known execution of Christians under Nero on the charge of having set fire to Rome; the last line is probably corrupt, the transition from the future (lucebis) to the present tense (deducis) is very violent. Tigellinus was one of Nero's odious ministers.

the  
invite  
this, for  
sportula;  
quadrante  
restore  
the n  
1



## SATIRE 3.

2. *Cumæ*; Cumæ and Baiæ were favourite watering places close to modern Naples; Prochyta, a small island off Cape Misenum; the Saburra (line 5) was the name of certain densely populated streets in Rome, at the foot of the Esquiline towards the Forum, J. 10.224 and note P. 5.48.

9. *August recitations*; see J. 7.48 et seq. and P. 1.

16. *Wisp of hay and basket*; the Jew beggars, who were not allowed to enter Rome, appear to have occupied these arches and the neighbouring grove on payment of a small rent; the basket was probably to contain their provisions, and the wisp of hay to serve as a pillow. They were well known by these articles; accordingly in J. 6.565 the fortune-teller leaves them behind her on entering the city for fear of being recognised and punished. The Camænæ here mentioned are not the Muses, but four Roman Divinities of whom Egeria was one.

20. *Egeria's grotto*; within the last few years the exact site of this grotto has been ascertained, see Hare's *Walks in Rome*, Vol. I.

36. *Slave auctions*; Dominâ sub hastâ (33); a spear was put up at auctions; a symbol derived from the practice of selling booty taken in war. 'Subastare' is still the Italian verb 'to sell by auction.'

43. *Hold the thumb up*; if the spectators wished, on the other hand, to spare the fallen gladiator's life, they held the thumb down, as in Gerome's well-known picture; see M. 12.29.

58. *The Prætor's staff*; nulli comes exeo (47); cf C. 10.

64. *Verres*; the cruel and corrupt governor of Sicily impeached by Cicero.

89. *Augur*; originally the Augurs were priests who investigated and declared the will of the Gods as revealed by divers signs, such as the flights of birds, thunder and lightning, &c. Even in the time of Cicero this science had

greatly fallen into abeyance ; here the word is synonymous with impostor, see J. 6. 605.

124. *The aged Stoic* ; P. Egnatius Celer, who caused the death of Soranus Barea by information in the reign of Nero, Tac. Hist. 4.10.

139. *Run off* ; referring to the anteambulatio, see note J. 1.43 and M. 12.26.

162. *The Gods have overlooked him* ; *dis ignoscentibus ipsis* (146) ; excusing him on account of his poverty and as being beneath their notice, cf J. 5.404 and 13.120.

172. *The Knights' seats* ; in B.C. 63 Roscius Otho carried a law assigning fourteen rows of seats in the theatre next behind the orchestra where Senators sat to the Knights, see note J. 14.383.

174. *Gladiators* ; *pinnirapi* (158) ; gladiators were divided into a great number of classes, according to their arms and modes of fighting. The gladiator known as a Samnite wore a peak or feather (*pinna*) on his helmet which his adversary (hence called *pinnirapus*) tried to pluck away. In the same way the *Mirmillo* who fought with the *Retiarius*, had a fish upon his helmet which the latter tried to strike off. The *Mirmillo* was also called *Secutor*, because if the *Retiarius* (attacking with the usual words, *piscem peto*, *non te peto*), made a bad throw with his net, the *Mirmillo* chased him round the arena in the hope of killing him before he could make another throw, cf the amusing scene, J. 8. 248.64. The *Lanista* was the trainer of the gladiators, see J. 11.12.

179. *Ædile* ; the *Ædileship* had been once an office of great dignity and importance, but the powers of the *Ædiles* were transferred by Augustus to a *Præfectus urbi* ; after this they exercised no higher functions than those of police, see J. 4.101, and 10.143 and P. 1.202.

189. *It's right among the Sabines* ;

*Fictilibus cenare pudet, quod turpe negavit*

*Translatus subito ad Marsos mensamque Sabellam*

*Contentusque illic Veneto duroque cucullo* (168-70).

Some understand in these lines a reference to Curius Dentatus, who conquered the Sabines and Samnites B.C. 290, and lived on his small Sabine farm in the utmost simplicity; the past tense *negavit*, if that be the correct reading, favours this view, see J. 11.98.

192. *Only dead men*; a dead man was wrapped in his toga; the meaning is, 'In Rome one is continually obliged to put on a toga (see note J. 1.5. and M. 10.47); in the country one is spared that nuisance; you can there wear the tunic always till you die, when you will be wrapped in your toga.'

212 *Slave's head is shaved*; when a young Roman came of age he shaved for the first time and cut his hair short, J. 8.203. The day was observed as a festival; the hair cut off was offered either to the Lares (see note J. 13.256) or the Genius (see note J. 4.85), and the clients presented cakes; here this ceremony is observed in honour of some favourite boy-slave, cf. M. 12.18, and with regard to the cakes being sold again, see J. 5.127.

239. *Barbarous mice*; *Opici mures* (207); cf. J. 6 (451) *Opicæ amicæ*, the friend with a provincial accent; *Opici* (Oscans), a people of great antiquity in central Italy.

271. *Pythagoreans*; Pythagoras was supposed to be a vegetarian like Epicurus, see J. 13.143 and 14.378.

273. *Single lizard*; lizards were and are so common in Italy that the words here represent the smallest possible piece of ground, Lewis. cf. J. 14.168.

283. *Drusus*; some notoriously deaf or drowsy individual.

285. *Liburnian porters*; Illyrians (modern Croatians) in great request as sedan-men from their size and strength, see J. 4.97 and C. 10.

300. *Dole*; see notes to J. 1.43 and 134.

322. *Strigils*; *sonat unctis strigilibus* (262); curved instruments used for scraping off the sweat while bathing,

see note J. 1.203; one edge was sharp, and therefore had to be tempered with oil (*unctis*).

329. *No fare*; *trientem* (267); it was a Greek custom to put a coin into the mouth of a dead person, which was supposed to be given to Charon for ferrying the body across the Styx; the violent death of this man had apparently prevented this being done.

350. *Long train*; see note J. 1.43.

367. *Synagogue*; *Proseuchâ* (296); Lewis translates the word thus for convenience, it implying any Jewish place of worship.

391. *Single prison*; the Mamertine prison, still visible at the top of the Forum, see Hare's Walks in Rome, Vol. I.

404. *Hobnails*; *caligatus* (322); i.e. my rustic appearance.

#### SATIRE 4.

The commencement of this Satire 1—45 (1—36) is condemned as spurious by Ribbeck; it certainly has nothing whatever to do with the subject; cf commencement of Sat 11 and note.

29. *Flag leaves*; Crispinus had been an Egyptian slave, see J. 1.31.

38. *Knight of the first water*; *princeps equitum* (32); ironical; there was no such official as 'chief of the Knights,' Lewis.

49. *Bald Domitian*; *calvo Neroni* (38); Domitian who was bald is called Nero as being equally blood-thirsty.

63. *Fishponds*; see M. 10.30.

65. *Armillatus*; a lawyer.

71. *Quartan*; an ague recurring every fourth day; this was a good sign; it was considered much more dangerous if it recurred at shorter intervals, Lewis.

85. *Making merry* ; *genialis agatur iste dies* (66) ; the Genius among the Romans corresponded to the Greek *δαίμων*, and represented a man's spiritual identity ; it was a spirit supposed to be attendant on his birth (*γένεσις*), and the inseparable companion of his life ; on his birthday it was worshipped with libations of wine, &c. ; the bridal bed, too, was called *genialis* on account of its connection with procreation. see J. 10.416 ; on other merry occasions, too, sacrifices were offered to the Genius, see P. 2.4. ; hence the phrases *indulgere genio*, P. 5.214 ; *genium curare*, &c., &c., cf *Lares*, note J. 13.256.

86. *Clear your stomach* ; i.e. by emetics.

100. *Bailiff* ; see note J. 3.179.

120. *Better fate* ; the son was put to death by Domitian after having been compelled to fight in the arena, see note J. 8.247 and 11.9.

123. *Like the giants* ; who were supposed to be sons of earth ; obscure men who had no ancestry were called 'sons of earth,' *terræ filii*, see P. 6.82.

129. *Bearded monarch* ; Brutus saved his life by feigning madness at the Court of Tarquin ; for 'bearded' cf J. 5.43, note.

133. *E'en Nero* ; *satiram scribente cinædo* (106) ; Nero, besides writing the 'Troica' (J. 8.273), also wrote a Satire on Clodius Pollio, Suet. Domit. 1.

142. *Thought out* ; *marmoreâ meditatus prælia villâ* (112) ; probably ironical, but the meaning is doubtful, cf J. 7.170 note.

156. *The stage-trap* ; *pegma* (122) ; a machine made of wood, and consisting of two or more stages which were raised and lowered at pleasure by weights ; gladiators fought upon them ; they were supported on wheels so as to be drawn into the Circus, and they were decorated with silver or gold leaf, see M. 33. The rest of the line refers to the *petaurum*, an instrument also used in the Circus, and supposed to have been a sort of see-saw on a large scale, see J. 14.303 and

M. 2.86, where it appears to have been a sort of revolving wheel (per graciles vias petauri) up which the acrobat walked.

159. *By the gad-fly*; of Bellona, see note J. 6.533.

179. *After heavy drinking*; aliamque famem, cum pulmo Falerno arderet (138); see M. 5.78, where drinking is described as causing a feeling of emptiness; here the allusion is probably to taking an emetic, cf J. 6.436.

194. *Cobblers*; see P. 4.67.

---

### SATIRE 5.

7. *According to their station*; iniquas mensas (3); *i.e.* where the giver of the feast and the inferior guests had different food and wine, see note J. 1.38.

23. *Empty cushion*;

Tertia ne vacuo cessaret culcitra lecto (17);

The Romans *reclined* at dinner on couches, the level of which was above that of the tables (orbes) on which the dinner was served. Each couch had room for three persons. A favourite number at dinner was nine in which case there would be three couches surrounding the orbes on three sides; see Dict. Antiq. sub tit. Triclinium.

29. *Stars are twinkling*;

tempore quo se

Frigida circumagunt pigri sarraca Bootæ (23);

Bootes (oxherd) was a constellation close to the greater and lesser Bears, which are in the form of wains (sarraca); he appears to be driving the former, hence the name. The epithet frigida denotes the proximity of these stars to the North Pole; the epithet pigri either relates to the slowness of Bootes' motion round the Pole, his circuit being very small, or to the slowness with which oxen in a wain move; see C. 66.70.

33. *A wool-scourer*; suida lana (24); wool shorn in

the hot weather (*cum sudare inceperint oves*) was called *sucida*, and was much used in medical applications. This wine was so bad that it was not fit to scour the grease out of such wool, Madan.

42. *Social wars*; B.C. 90-88, so that this wine was upwards of 180 years old; cf Horace, *Od.* 3.14.18.

43. *Wore the hair long*; i.e. in the days of the old Republic, cf J. 4.129.

44. *Were you dying*; cf P. 3.123.

46. *Smoke*; in order to give the wine an artificial mellowness it was exposed to the hot air of the bath furnaces, Lewis; cf M. 11.52.

50. *Brutus' birthday*; Thræsea Pætus and Priscus Helvidius were two patriots who avowed their hostility to Nero by giving feasts on the birthdays of the republican heroes Brutus and Cassius.

64. *With four snouts*; these cups were called Vatinian after Vatinus, a drunken cobbler of Beneventum, who had an enormous nose.

65. *Sulphur matches*; cf M. 1.42 and 12.57.

67. *Cooled with snow*; see note M. 7.20, and Suet. Nero 48.

79. *So precious*; cf J. 11.193.

83. *Gætulian*; see note J. 10.216.

84. *Hot or cold water*; see note M. 7.20.

112. *Placed on grave stones*; *feralis cena* (85); see note M. 3.12.; the *silicernium* here alluded to must not to be confounded with the funeral supper mentioned P. 6.49.

118. *Bocchar*; a King of Numidia, put here, like Micipsæ just above, for any African who uses his native oil.

127. *Sells again*; cf J. 3.212.

135. *Native Sewers*; *et ipse Vernula riparum* (105); there is some difficulty in these words, see Lewis. The *Cloaca* here mentioned is still one of the wonders of Rome.

154. *The carver*; cf J. 11.179.

169. *Knight's fortune*; see note J. 14.383.

178. *Still with but the means*; sed tua nunc Migale (141); I have followed Maclean in this passage, who considers there is a reference back to the Knight's fortune, which Trebius is supposed to have got. Lewis considers the expression, 'parasitus infans,' fatal to this view on the ground that a wealthy man's child would not be called a parasite, but the epithet is only a joking allusion to the habits of most children at table, viz., of taking all they can get.

189. *Claudius ate*; cf J. 6.645.

125. *Showman's monkey*; qui tegitur parmâ (154); Others suppose these words refer to a recruit who is learning his drill from a sergeant, called capellâ contemptuously, cf P. 3.105. I have followed Lewis.

211. *The gold bulla*; The bulla, to which such frequent allusion is made in J. and P., was a circular plate or boss of metal, so called from its resemblance to a water-bubble. It was worn by children as an ornament round the neck. This passage proves that it was, like the toga prætexta (note J. 1.5), derived from the Etruscans. The bulla, worn by children of free birth, was made of thin plates of gold, while the children of freedmen were only permitted to wear leather ones. It was laid aside when the toga virilis was assumed, and presented as an offering to the Lares, see P. 5.45 and note J. 13.256.

---

## SATIRE 6.

6. *Lesbias*; extinctus passer (8); there is a direct allusion in this passage to C. 3.

10. *Made of mud*; cf the extraordinary account of the origin of mankind in Lucretius 5.805 et seq., how infants issued from 'wombs attached to the earth by roots,' and found milk laid on, as it were, for them in the veins of the earth.

27. *The Julian Law*; for the encouragement of



marriage, it conferred certain privileges on those husbands who had children, and fined those who had not.

37. *Priestesses of Ceres* ; i.e. virgins.

67. *Megalesian* ; see J. 11.225.

69. *His drawers* ; subligar (70) ; a garment worn round the loins by actors, gladiators, &c. Martial ridicules Philænis as playing at ball with men's drawers on. 'Harpasto quoque subligata ludit', 7.67 ; see below note to line 293.

73. *Fibula* ; the object of the fibula (brooch) was to prevent singers spoiling their voices by excessive indulgence in sexual intercourse, see below, line 388

77. *Quintilian* ; the Rhetorician, see J. 7.247.

80. *Platform* ; to enable friends to witness the nuptial procession.

85. *Mirmillo* ; see note J. 3.174.

98. *The voyage* ; mutandum toties mare (94) ; this alludes to the different names of the sea between Rome and Egypt ; Tyrrhenum mare, Carpathium mare, &c.

117. *The foil accepted* ; gladiators when entitled to their discharge, from old age or otherwise, were presented with a wooden sword (rudis)—see J. 7.228.

163. *Dress and wine* ; ovem Canusinam ulmosque Falernas (150) ; the sheep of Canusia had the finest wool. Falernian, Setinian, and Cæcuban were the finest wines ; they were grown in Campania, and were supported by elms (ulmos), see J. 8.88.

164. *Prisons full of slaves* ; ergastula (151) ; these were private prisons attached to Roman farms, where slaves had to work in chains, cf J. 14 (24), where carcer rusticus is the same thing ; cf also J. 11.100.

167. *Sigillaria* ; a kind of fancy fair held after the Saturnalia in December ; so called from the little figures (sigilla) then sold ; the white booths were erected amongst other places against the Portico of Agrippa, which was ornamented with a fresco representing Jason and the Argonauts, see Lewis' note, M. 11.1 and P. 3.71.

171. *Agate*; see note M. 9.60.

178. *Bernice*; see C. 66.

177. *Sabbaths*; see note J. 14.102.

182. *Stopped the fighting*; alluding to the story told in Livy 1.18.

189. *Carthage*; i.e. if she were always talking about the achievements of her father Scipio Africanus.

198. *The white sow*; which was found by Æneas, and had a litter of thirty pigs, Virg. Æn. 8.48.

225. *Compulsory attendance*;

mustacea perdas

Labente officio, crudis donanda (203);

It was so much reckoned a matter of duty to attend the marriage feast of friends that the guests were said *ad officium venire*; the feast is nearly over, the duty discharged, and cakes are being handed to the guests, who have already eaten too much (*crudis*).

226. *Gold coins*; presented by the bridegroom to the bride; they are called *Dacicus* and *Germanicus* as commemorating victories of Domitian over those nations.

255. *Eight husbands*; the Roman law allowed eight divorces, beyond that was adultery.

273. *The points*; cf J. 7.208.

280. *Feast of Flora*; in the spring; great excesses were indulged in on the occasion, actresses sometimes appearing naked in public, cf P. 5.255.

286. *Mighty pleasant*;

vel si diversa movebit

*Prælia*, tu felix, ocreas vendente puellâ (258);

the words '*diversa prælia*,' probably refer to the different forms of gladiatorial combat which these women imitated, see note J. 3.174.

293. *Round their loins*;

quanta

*Poplitibus sedeat, quam denso fascia libro* (263);

The exact meaning here is very uncertain; does *quanta* refer to the lady herself or to *fascia*? see Lewis' note.

312. *Satisfactory answer*; *colorem* (280); see note J. 7.208.

337. *Perfume jar*; costly essential oils were mixed with the wines, and the vessels that had held them were sometimes used as drinking cups, see Becker's *Gallus*, p. 493.

356. *Clodius*; who committed the act of sacrilege here alluded to for the purpose of corrupting the wife of Julius Cæsar:

360. *Numa's ladle*; i.e. the simplicity of the ancient worship, cf J. 11.154 and P. 2.82.

376. *Give her orders*, cf J. 7.188-91.

388. *Infibulation*; see note above, line 73.

391. *Plectrum*; with which the strings of the lyre were struck.

395. *Pollio*; see note J. 7.233.

406. *Poor soothsayer*; who had always to be present on these foolish occasions, cf P. 2.40.

411. *Bosom unsheathed*; *strictis mamillis* (401).

413. *Expedition*; see Dict. Antiq. sub tit *Paludamentum*.

420. *Niphates*; here and elsewhere erroneously represented as a river, it being really a mountain range in Armenia.

434. *Two bumpers*; *sextarius alter* (427); the *sextarius* was about half-a-pint, see note M. 8.51.

449. *Moon in labour*; see note M. 12.57.

451. *Curt enthymemes*; syllogisms with one premiss suppressed; a complete syllogism is stated P. 5.125-7; the same thought in the form of an enthymeme would be 'I can live as I please, therefore I am free;' the premiss suppressed being 'whoever lives as he pleases is free.'

456. *Her friend's speech*; see note J. 3.239.

461. *For a farthing*; i.e. like a man at the public baths.

493. *Straight between us*; *jam cognitione peractâ* (485) lit: the trial being now over.

524. *But remember*; *cedo, si breve parvi* (504); the meaning here is very doubtful. I have followed Maclean,

viz. ; 'a tiny woman like this has no alternative but to try to increase her stature thus ;' according to Lewis the meaning is, 'an ordinary-sized woman adding to her height in this way is ridiculous enough ; what would be the effect if she were a Pigmy ?'

544. *White Io* ; i.e. Isis, the wife of Osiris ; her worship, like that of Osiris Bellona and Cybele, was conducted in a very wild and frantic manner, of C. 63. There was a temple of Isis in the Campus Martius close to the enclosures called the sheep-fold (ovile) where the voting used to take place at elections, see Dict. Antiq. sub tit. Comitia, and see note M. 10.48.

565. *Hay and basket* ; see note J. 3.16.

566. *Sacred tree* ; supposed by some to refer to the Cross of our Saviour, see Lewis' note and note J. 14.102.

585. *With his tablets* ; containing pretended communications from the stars, see Suet. Otho, 4.

593. *Amber* ; see note M. 8.51.

604. *Happens to be rich* ; see a very good note of Lewis on the confusion which exists in this passage (582-591).

606. *Cleanses public buildings* ; the spot where a person had been struck by lightning was sacred ; if he had been killed he was buried there, and a priest sacrificed a two-year old sheep (bidens) ; hence the place was called bidental, and no one was allowed to profane it, see P. 2.39 and note P. 4.62.

612. *Near the goals* ; the goals were three pillars at each end of the spina (a low wall running down the centre of the Circus) round which the chariots had to turn, see P. 3.92 ; the towers (phalæ) are supposed to have been wooden erections on which fights took place, cf pegma, note J. 4.156 ; the dolphin-bearing columns were pillars placed on the top of the spina, a pair at each end, on which eggs and dolphins were placed according to the number of rounds that had taken place, see Dict. Antiq. sub tit. Circus.

639. *Nero's uncle* ; Caligula.

647. *Led to bloodshed* ; by making the Emperor mad.

669. *Procne* ; see note P. 5.12.

683. *Danaus' daughters* ; 50 ladies who, all except one, slew their husbands, 50 sons of Ægyptus, on the wedding night.

689. *Antidote* ; Mithridates, King of Pontus, invented an antidote against poison of such efficacy that when, driven to desperation, he really tried to kill himself by poison he was unable to do so, and had to call in a soldier to despatch him by the sword.

---

## SATIRE 7.

8. *Criers* ; præcones (6) ; these had a variety of duties ; in sales by auction they advertised the time, place, and conditions of sale ; they seem also to have conducted the biddings, the property being knocked down by the magister auctionis. I have therefore represented Machæra as a 'dealer' rather than an 'auctioneer' as we understand the terms.

9. *Aganippe* ; see note P. introd.

14. *Good bargains* ; commissa quod auctio vendit (10) ; i.e. at a sale of confiscated goods, commissa i.e. fisco adjudicata, "forfeited to the Crown" as we should say ; Lewis.

43. *Admire peacocks* ; you will derive as much real good from your Patron as a peacock derives from the admiration of a pack of boys.

60. *The cheering* ; cf the whole of P. 1.

70. *Common level* ; nec qui communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ (55) ; the metaphor is from coining ; see note M. 12.57.

112. *Paris* ; an actor and favourite of Domitian.

116. *The gold ring* ;

Semestri vatum digitos circumligat auro (89) ;

originally no one, as a rule, could be a military tribune who had not served some years in the army ; Augustus, however, introduced the practice of giving 'commissions' to his friends, and in order that a greater number might be obliged the post was frequently conferred for six months only, Lewis. The Tribune's rank entitled him to the gold ring, and his pay was considerable, see J. 3.146; according to the Delphin note, auro refers to the ring of knighthood, and semestri to the custom of wearing different rings in summer and winter on the strength of the passage J. 1.33, where see note. I much prefer the former explanation.

119. *Pelopea*; this and 'Philomela' were parts played by Paris.

126. *Merry month, December*; in which the Saturnalia was held, see M. 4.46.

148. *Of the red troop*; the drivers in the Circus were divided into four parties or troops, russata (red), veneta (blue), prasina (green), and alba. Domitian added two mere, purpurea and aurata, see J. 11.231 and M. 10.48.

150. *What is yonder judge*; in Roman civil procedure the matter was before the Prætor (in jure) until issue was joined; after that it was before a judex (in judicio); the Prætor regulated the pleadings and decided all the points of law connected with the case, and then issued his formula or legal statement of the matter to the judex whose duty it then was to decide on the facts so presented. There were a great number of these judices, and by the word bubuleus (neatherd) Juvenal no doubt implied that persons were often appointed judices who were utterly unfit to discharge such functions; cf J. 13.4.

162. *The juniors*; ex fœdere pragmaticorum (123); these were a lower class of practitioners who assisted bad advocates in the composition of their speeches; Andrews' Lat. Dict.

170. *To take aim*; statuâ meditatur prœlia luscâ (128); if this is the idea intended to be conveyed by luscâ it

adds immensely to the ridicule; there is a remarkable illustration of this passage in M. 9.69, where the manufacture of a lawyer's equestrian statue is alluded to:

Tam grave percussis incudibus æra resultant,  
Causidicum medio cum faber aptat equo.

cf also J. 4.142, and note.

179. *Fine clothes*; *stlatria purpura* (134); the meaning of this word is very doubtful; according to Andrews' Lat. Dict., 'brought by ship,' 'imported,' 'costly.'

189. *Friends to applaud*; cf J. 6.376, M. 3.46, and J. 13.34.

190. *Lot of clients*; *togati* (142); see note J. 1.43.

208. *The colour*; a legal term used in pleading; until recently it was employed in English pleading. The same word occurs J. 6 (280), where it means an answer, excuse.

216. *Advice*; cf J. 1.16.

228. *Discharge*; see note J. 6.117.

230. *The ticket*; *vilis tessera* (174); towards the close of the Republic the great party leaders purchased the support of the populace by gratuitous distribution of corn, to the great detriment of the revenue; the abuse was diminished by Julius Cæsar, who required a small sum to be paid for the corn allowance by all persons entitled to it, except those who were quite indigent; these latter received it on presentation of a ticket, see P. 5.110 and Suet. J. Cæsar 41.

233. Pollio; here as elsewhere, J. 6.395, music is spoken of in contempt. The riches acquired by Chrysogonus and Pollio, as mere music teachers, is here contrasted with the small fees earned by such a celebrated rhetorician as Quintilian.

*The crescent*; i.e. are Senators, see notes M. 2.29 and J. 1.152.

283. *Comes down*; rather than not sell at all.

307. *Award the winner*; at the conclusion of the race the winner descended from his chariot, mounted the spina

(see note J. 6.612), and received the *bravium*; the amount of this probably varied; according to the Scholiast it was 5 aurei or about £4.

---

### SATIRE 8.

11. *Hero of Numantia*; Scipio Africanus.
15. *Fabius*; i.e. a member of the illustrious Fabian family.
19. *Rubs his legs*; see note M. 2.29.
22. *Be broken*; like that of Sejanus, J. 10.85.
31. *Like Osiris' priests*; the Egyptians worshipped this God in the form of a bull. When one bull died the Priests went in search of another with similar marks; when they found him they recognised Osiris again, and shouted *εὐρήκαμεν*, see note M. 10.48.
44. *A Princess*; this Rubellius Plautus was the son of Julia, and great grandson of Tiberius.
46. *Windy rampart*; part of the mound of Servius Tullius is meant, see plan of ancient Rome, cf J. 5.196 and 6.609.
58. *Bust of Hermes*; Busts of Hermes (Mercury) surmounting a pedestal were placed at street corners in Athens; it was the mutilation of these Hermæ in B.C. 415, that led to the downfall of Alcibiades.
88. *Without its elm*; see note J. 6.163.
93. *Brazen bull*; of Phalaris, tyrant of Sicily, who tortured his subjects by making the bull red hot and confining them in it, see P. 3.52.
111. *Princes among pirates*; pirates Cilicium (94); the Cilicians were notorious pirates.
114. *Chærippus*; he addresses under this name any provincial.
116. *Crier*; see note J. 7.8.



145. *Marius*; see J. 1.65.

176. *His family's ashes*; i.e. along the great roads, on either side of which were the Columbaria in which were placed the urns holding the ashes of the dead, see Hare's *Walks in Rome*; in Juvenal's time it was thought derogatory for a noble to drive horses, at any rate Juvenal himself thought so, see note J. 1.83 and note J. 11.226.

192. *Night house*; instaurare popinas (158); see note P. 6.105. These popinæ were often little more than brothels.

203. *With the beard*; see note J. 3.212.

207. *Pictures*; inscripta lintea (168).

217. *Phrygian priests*; see C. 63.

239. *Rather suffer death*; this is a most confused and unsatisfactory passage. The difficulty is that in one part it is implied that acting is *more* disgraceful than the arena, while in another the contrary opinion is distinctly stated. I have therefore taken the liberty to transpose the lines; translating *Quanti sua funera vendant—ludis*, after *Nobilis*, and at the same time taking *gladios* to mean 'death by the sword' and not 'fighting in the arena.' The passage is as follows:

Quanti sua funera vendant

Quid refert? vendunt nullo cogente Nerone,

Nec dubitant celsi Prætoris vendere ludia.

Finge tamen gladios inde atque hinc pulpita pone,

Quid satius? mortem sic quisquam exhorruit ut sit

Zelotypus Thymeles, stupidi collega Corinthi?

Res haud mira tamen citharædo Principe mimus

Nobilis. hæc ultra quid erit nisi ludus? (192-199)

240. *Thymele's jealous husband*; Thymele was probably the name of an actress who frequently played with the favourite actor Latinus, Lewis, see J. 1.48, where it would seem they were actually man and wife.

247. *Uncompelled*; these nobles were not made to fight by order of the Emperor, as was the case with young Acilius Glabrio, see note J. 4.120, cf also J. 11.9.

250. *Mirmillo*; see note J. 3.174.

252. *Scorns and hates*; the scorn was assumed; the hatred was real, because if he had fought as a Mirmillo he would have had a vizor to his helmet which would have interfered with his recognition by the mob.

262. *Secutor*; see note J. 3.174.

265. *Seneca*; according to Tacitus, An. 15.65, some of those who joined in Piso's conspiracy against Nero, A.D. 65, had the ultimate aim in view of raising Seneca to the throne.

267. *Many apes*; referring to the custom of sewing up parricides in a sack, together with a dog, cock, viper, and ape, and then throwing them into the sea, see J. 13.176.

273. *Troica*; see note J. 4.133.

274. *Vindex*; Vindex, Verginius and Galba, are all three mentioned as having been instrumental in Nero's downfall.

277. On a foreign stage; in Greece; Suet. Nero. 21-24.

283. *Colossus*; a colossal statue of himself erected at the entrance of his Golden Palace, see Hare's Walks in Rome.

286. *Pitch-coat*; cf J. 1.220.

287. *New man*; Cicero. novus homo was the term applied to one who, first of his family, held Curule office. Catiline called Cicero 'the provincial knight' as Rufus called him 'the Allobrogian,' see J. 7.276.

294. *Another*; Caius Marius.

302. *Colleague*; Lutatius Catulus.

313. *A slave*; Vindicius, who discovered the plot at a dinner party, Lewis. Brutus put his two sons to death for this attempt to restore the Tarquins.

318. 'How far we go back,' see P. 6.85.

---

## SATIRE 10.

29. *Be the largest in the Forum*; the rich deposited their strong-boxes either with bankers who carried on business in the Forum or else in Temples, see J. 14.298.

35. *Two philosophers*; Democritus and Heracleitus.

45. *Purple robes, &c.*; for the toga prætexta (35), see note J. 1.5. Scarlet mantles (trabeæ); the trabea was a toga having, in lieu of the *latus clavus*, a horizontal stripe. This also had been a royal robe. It was worn by Consuls on state occasions, also by the Equites, of which order it was the badge, see P. 3.36. I have translated it 'scarlet mantle' in both places to distinguish it from the ordinary toga. Judgment seats (tribunal); this was the seat of the Prætor in the basilica or court of justice. Fasces; these were rods bound in the form of a bundle, and containing in the centre an axe with bare blade; they were carried by lictors before the superior magistrates at Rome, and were symbolical of their power. It is not easy to see what there was particularly ridiculous in these things *per se*.

56. *That he's mortal*; it was the duty of the slave to whisper now and then, 'Hominem memento te.'

59. *A long procession*; see note J. 1.43,

62. *His alms*; see note J. 1.43.

67. *Blockheads*; Democritus was a native of Abdera in Thrace.

74. *The Gods' knees dirty*; alluding to the custom of sealing up petitions with wax and then tying them on to the images of the Gods.

86. *Great Sejanus*; minister of Tiberius.

91. *Let's put*; the following is an imaginary conversation between two citizens, and gives a most graphic account of the fall of Sejanus.

101. *Capreæ*; see below line 135.

106. *The Etruscan Goddess*; Sejanus was a native of Volsinii in Etruria.

111. *Command no money*; Tiberius transferred the right of electing magistrates from the Comitia, where the candidates bribed freely, to the Senate, Tac. Ann. 1.15, cf P. 5.249.

114. *Bread*; this refers to the public largesses of bread, &c., cf P. 5.252 and 6.73.

120. *Some one*; i.e. the Emperor.

138. *City quarters*; castra domestica (95); the camp of the Prætorian guard, of Mart 10.48.

143. *Ragged Edile*; see note J. 3.179.

168. *Five days' vacation*; totis Quinquatribus (115); a festival of Minerva held on the 19th March, and lasting 5 days.

172. *Of one*; i.e. Cicero.

174. *The Rostra*; the stage in the Forum from which orators addressed the people; it was adorned with the beaks of captured ships; hence the name; Cicero's head and hand were affixed to it by Antony.

203. *Some of late years*; e.g. Caius Marius, Sulla, Pompey, Antony, &c.

209. *Stubborn roots*; cf P. 1.46.

213. *Mauritanian Ocean*; i.e. the Atlantic, because it washed the shores of Mauritania, the north-western province of Africa.

216. *Libya*; Libya, Ethiopia, and Gætulia generally stand for central Africa as opposed to Northern Africa, which is Mauritania or Numidia.

224. *Saburra*; see note J. 3.2.

236. *A little ring*; which contained poison.

247. *Through Athos*; cf C. 66. 47.

280. *Gold-embroidered mantles*; see P. 1.32.

319. *Upon his right hand*; the ancients counted on the left hand up to 100 years of age and then went on to the left.

322. *Burning*; on the fœreal pile.

365. *Spared the shame* ; because they died young ; they did not live to meet the fate of Pompey.

371. *Virginia* ; slain by her father to prevent her falling a victim to the lust of Appius Claudius. The story of Lucretia is well known.

385. *Noble youth* ; Sporus, see note J. 1.5.

392. *Trap that Mars* ; Mars was surprised in an amour with Venus by her husband Vulcan, and caught in a net.

416. *Marriage bed* ; *genialis lectus* (334) ; see note J. 4.85 ; see the account of this marriage in Tac. Ann. 11.27, et seq.

445. *Pigs' entrails* ; cf P. 2.66 and 102.

448. *Not the least of* ;

Qui spatium vitæ extremum inter munera ponat  
Naturæ.

I have taken *spatium vitæ extremum* as meaning 'death.' Lewis thinks the meaning is 'don't set any value on mere length of life,' but the words, *inter munera ponat*, plainly refer to something to be valued, not the reverse.

## SATIRE 11.

The commencement of this Satire, 1-69 (1-55), like that of Satire 4, has been condemned as spurious by Ribbeck. The preface here, however, is not so open to objection as that to Satire 4, which unquestionably has nothing to do with the subject. 'It may be the poet had both these passages ready written by him, and tacked them on', Lewis.

3. *Gluttons* ; Apicius, who is also mentioned J. 4.27.

5. *Every one in Rome* ; Rutilus was the subject of conversation at dinner parties (*convictus*), the baths (*thermæ*), the theatres, and places of public resort generally (*stationes*).

9. *Compel him* ; see note J. 8.247.

11. *Is reduced to* ; *fertur scripturus leges*, (9) ; a

singular construction with which Lewis compares J. 10 (332), where Silius is hurried to destruction (*rapitur extingendus*); the *regia verba* in the present passage are 'words of command' used in the drill.

27. *Earthen platter*; *gulosum fictile* (19); because he had pawned every thing of value.

38. *Know thyself*; *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*; this saying, attributed to various authors, was, with others, written up in golden letters in the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and was therefore regarded as inspired, Madan.

45. *The most sense*; because he did not compete at all.

52. *Ring of Knighthood*; see notes J. 1.33 and 7.116 An Epigram of M. (8.5) well illustrates this passage:

*Dum donas, Macer, annulos puellis;*

*Desisti, Macer, annulos habere,*

alluding to his ring of knighthood.

62. *Oysters*; reading *ostrea*, not *Ostia*, see M. 10.37.

65. *Up the hill*; the Esquiline, see M. 10.19.

67. *Miss the games*; cf J. 6.89.

98. *Curius*; see note J. 3.189.

104. *Cookshop*; *popinæ* (81); see note P. 6.105.

116. *The Censor's*; the duties of the Censors may be divided into three classes, all of which however were closely connected with one another. 1. The Census, or the registration of the citizens according to their property, including the revision of the lists of the Senators and the Knights, see J. 14.383-6. 2. Public morals. And 3, Finance administration. The revision of the list of Knights (*recognitio Equitum*) must not be confounded with the Review of the Knights before the Censors (*transvectio Equitum*) referred to P. 3.36. This latter was a solemn procession of the Knights once a year in honour of Castor and Pollux, and in memory of the battle of Lake Regillus.

124. *Head of a jack-ass*; Madan says this was a Tuscan superstition; that the ass's head operated as a charm, and was accordingly often set up in the fields to protect the

crops, just as Priapus was employed to protect gardens, see M. 3.58 ad fin.

138. *The twin boys* ; Romulus and Remus.

145. *We should envy* ;

Omnia tunc quibus invidias si lividulus sis (110) ; if you were a trifle envious, which is not likely, considering the luxurious way in which you now live—ironical.

150. *That voice at midnight* ; alluding to the story in Livy, 5.32, how M. Cædicius, B.C. 390, was bidden by a supernatural voice to apprise the magistrates that the Gauls were coming.

154. *By gold leaf unprofaned* ; see J. 13.172, and P. 2.75.

157. *Dining-tables* ; see note J. 1.194.

176. *Draughtsmen* ; see note M. 7.72.

179. *Professional carver* ; cf J. 5.154.

193. *Phrygian boy-slaves* ; see J. 5.79.

195. *Hair cut* ; see J. 3.213 and M. 12.18.

210. *Spits out* ; pytismate lubricat orbem (175) ; i.e. in the act of tasting different sorts ; the orbis here refers to the small oval bits of marble of which the floor was composed in mosaic, Lewis.

220. *Your wife's behaviour* ; this passage in the original is a very extraordinary one from the particulars it enters into (186-189).

225. *Feast of Cybele* ; i.e. the Megalesia, see J. 6.67.

226. *The Prætor seated* ; præda caballorum Prætor sedet (195) ; Lewis translates this singular expression, præda caballorum, 'a prey to horse flesh,' because he had to spend so much money in providing horses. This is very far-fetched. I regard the expression as corrupt, and have omitted it.

227. *His napkin* ; see M. 12.29.

231. *Green-jacket* ; see note J. 7.148.

235. *Lay their wagers* ; see M. 11.1.

227. *Escape the crowd* ; effugiatque togam (204) ; I

have taken the toga to mean the toga-clad crowd, see note J. 1.5; but it may mean 'we'll avoid the bother of putting on our togas, which we should have to do if we attended the games,' see M. 10.47.

239. *Not noon yet*; see note J. 1.203 and M. 10.48.

240. *Five days running*; during which the games lasted.

---

### SATIRE 13.

4. *Tamper with the voting*; see note J. 7.150.

33. *Hungry clients*; vocalis sportula (83); see note J. 1.43 and of J. 7.189.

37. *Your bulla*; see note J. 5.211.

67. *Acorns*; see J. 6.8 and 14.204.

110. *Ladas*; see M. 2.86 and C. 55.

120. *Overlook*; cf J. 3.162.

139. *Vagellius*; probably some successful rascal who had got his statue erected, like the one mentioned J. 1.185, or like the lawyer, J. 7.168.

143. *Herb-loving*; see J. 14.378.

158. *Though made with deliberation*;

Si decies lectis diversâ parte tabellis,

Vana supervacui dicunt chirographa ligni,

Arguit ipsorum quos littera gemmaque princeps

Sardonychum oculis quæ custoditur eburnis (136-139).

Whatever may be the precise meaning of lectis diversâ parte, the general meaning appears to be that given in the text.

177. *In a sack*; see note J. 8.267.

180. *Præfect*; præfectus urbi; see note J. 3.179.

187. *Horn-shaped curls*; cf M. 5.37.

208. *False accuser*; Melitus, who was cast into prison with Socrates. In remorse he asked Socrates to give him some of the hemlock, but the latter refused, see J. 7.265.



221. *Spartan*; Glaucus; the story is narrated by Herod, 6.86.

256. *Household Gods*; Laribus (233); the Romans designated the souls of the dead by the general name of Manes, which received divine honours. Closely connected with this worship was that of the Lares, of which there were two kinds, Lares domestici and Lares publici; the former were the Manes of each *particular house*, and presided over its *hearth* and *private* welfare; the founder of each family was the Lar familiaris and its inseparable deity. The latter were the spirits of good men worshipped *publicly*, and had a temple to themselves as the protecting spirits of the city; others called Lares compitales presided over different quarters of the city, and had small shrines erected in their honour at the street crossings (compita); these latter too had their counterpart in the country, Lares rurales; see the description of the Compitalia; P. 6.36-44. The Manes were more closely connected with the *place of burial*, and had a distinct festival in their honour called Parentalia; the worship of the domestic Lares constituted what are called *sacra privata*; the images of these Lares usually represented the figure in the cinctus Gabinus, see note P. 5.45, and occupied a special room in each house called Lararium; at meal times some portion was placed before the images on small plates (patellæ), and on joyful family occasions they were adorned with wreaths, and the Lararia were thrown open, see P. 3.31; cf the Genius, note J. 4.85.

269. *Thus far will I sin*; see J. 14.268.

---

#### SATIRE 14.

5. *The bulla*; see note J. 5.211.

20. *Branded*; see note M. 2.29.

40. *The Titan*; Prometheus, who made men of clay,

and put life into them by fire stolen from heaven, see J. 4.172.

66. *Wants bleeding*; *ventosa cucurbita quærat* (58); the epithet *ventosa*, is curious, seeing that the action of the cupping glass (*cucurbita*) is produced by exhausting the air.

96. *Dwarfing*; Centronius built villas at the places mentioned, which made the huge temples near them look small; just as Posides, the rich freedman of Claudius, eclipsed even the Capitol of Rome by the splendour of his baths.

102. *The Sabbath*; it is not at all improbable that the Christians are referred to here; being at this period an obscure body, they are often confounded with the Jews, and supposed only to differ from them in some peculiarities of their worship, which Roman historians and magistrates did not trouble themselves to distinguish; ex. gr. Suet. (Claudius 25) says, *Judæos, impulsore Chresto assidue tumultuantes, Româ expulit*, see note J. 6.566 and cf. P. 5.256-64.

104. *Clouds and planets*; Juvenal, while ridiculing the worship of images and the national gods, had no notion of any invisible God behind the clouds, and concluded that these Christians or Jews worshipped the latter.

168. *Patch of ground*; i.e. if you're rich, the bad opinion of your neighbours don't matter. It is better than being poor and having their good opinion.

204. *Acorns*; cf. J. 13.67.

218. *For the vine-rod*; *vitem posce libello* (193); i.e. a Centurion's commission; the vine-rod being the emblem of his rank just as in modern times the baton is the emblem of a Marshal; in the same way the 'eagle' in line 224, represents the command of a legion.

231. *Across the Tiber*; because of its offensive nature.

236. *Noble words*; ironical, of course.

238. *Ere they walk*;

*Hoc monstrant vetulæ pueris repentibus assæ* (208);

assæ, dry-nurses. Another reading is pueris poscentibus assem, for which cf J. 5.185.

289. *Antidote*; see note J. 6.689.

298. *As a banker*; see note J. 10.29. It appears that the temple of Mars had been broken into and robbed.

303. *The petaurum*; see note J. 4.156.

321. *Straits of Calpe*; the straits of Gibraltar.

339. *Wholesale*; frumenti piperisve coemptor (293).

354. *Picture*; cf P. 1.145, 6.47 and M. 12 57.

358. *Licinus*; see J. 1.155.

359. *Amber goblets*; see note M. 8.51.

371. *Worth the trouble*; cf J. 10.240-4.

378. *Epicurus' garden*; see J. 13.143.

383. *A Knight's fortune*; the Equites were originally a military body; they received horses from the state, and were men of approved family and character, see note J. 11.116; later on they became a civil body known as the Equestrian order; in the time of Augustus the amount of property (census) which inter alia constituted a Knight's qualification was 400 sestestia (400 x 8) or £3,200; cf J. 1.151 and 5.169; they had distinct seats in the theatre assigned to them by the law of Otho, see note J. 3.172; they also had the privilege of wearing the gold ring, see notes J. 1.33 and 11.52; under the Empire property became the sole qualification of a Knight, and the gold ring came at length to be worn by all free citizens; the census or qualification of a Senator was three times that of a Knight, Suet. Aug. 41.

391. *The Empress*; Messalina; see J. 6.119-38 and Tac. Ann. 11.37; Narcissus was a rich freedman of Claudius.

## NOTES TO PERSIUS.

---

### INTRODUCTION.

Though the Satires of Persius were highly regarded by his contemporaries, no one reading them now-a-days can help being struck by the harshness and exaggeration of his language. Alluding to the beautiful address to Cornutus in Sat. 5, Conington (Prefatory Lecture ad. fin.) well says, 'Here at any rate he (Persius) is as simple and unaffected as an admirer of Horace or Virgil could desire. The contrast is instructive and may perhaps suggest a more favourable view of those peculiarities of expression which are generally condemned. *The style which his taste leads him to drop when he is not writing satire, is the style which his taste leads him to assume for satiric purposes.* He feels that a clean, straightforward every-day manner of speech would not suit a subject over which the Gods themselves might hesitate whether to laugh or to weep. He has to write the tragi-comedy of his day, and he writes it in a dialect where grandiose epic diction and philosophical terminology are strangely blended with the talk of the forum, the gymnasia, and the barber's shop.'

1. *Pegasus' fountain*; i.e. the spring Hippocrène, mentioned below.

2. *Two-forked Parnassus*; alluding to the two highest points in the mountain range of Parnassus immediately above Delphi. They were sacred to Apollo and Bacchus.

5. *Helicon and Pirene*; Helicon was a mountain in Bæotia, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, from which the

springs of the latter, Aganippe (J. 7.9) and Hippocrene issued; Pirene was a spring near Corinth, also sacred to the Muses, see M. 1.77, where Cirrha and Permessus correspond to the Parnassus and Helicon of this passage.

7. *Parasitic ivy*; *hederæ sequaces*.

8. *A poor outsider*; *semipaganus*.

---

### SATIRE 1.

The chief difficulty of this Satire is caused by the variety of speakers; it opens in the form of a dialogue with a friend, but at verse 40, *tun' vetule* (22), Persius apparently turns in indignation upon some poet of the day with whom the dialogue is continued; it is plain that the person addressed *tun' vetule* cannot be the same as the friend at the beginning, both from the different manner in which they are addressed and because of verse 74, *quisquis es* (44); he must have known who his friend was, whereas the opponent is clearly an imaginary person, and the outburst against him is due to the indignation into which Persius had worked himself in describing a popular recitation. In the text, therefore, M stands for Monitor the friend, and Op. for the imaginary opponent.

7. *Dull Labeo's Iliad*; Labeo, who is mentioned again below, was one of the popular poets of the day whom Persius is ridiculing.

15. *Who does not*; *quis non*—? (8); the stolidity of Rome is treated as a secret like the ass's ears of Midas, and kept to the end of the Satire (see below) when it breaks out; Conington. There is of course a reference to the danger which attended plain speaking in those days

17. *Pr'aps I may now*; *i.e.* there is so much hypocrisy now-a-days, so much vice lurking under austere exteriors, so

much folly assuming the garb of wisdom that there can surely be no harm in my writing Satire, cf J. 1.36.

40. *Old rascal*; tun' vetule (22); see note above.

46. *The fig-tree*; see J. 10.209.

54. *Hundred curly-pates*; see J. 10.239.

55. *Oh! I see it all*; ecce (30); here he abruptly introduces another scene

59. *Hyacinth coloured*; there is considerable doubt as to the exact colour of the hyacinthus, see Smith's Lat. Dict.

80. '*Bravo's*'; see M. 3.46.

83. *Drunk with hellebore*; this was often taken to quicken the imagination; here Iabeo is ridiculed as having stupified himself by taking too much.

86. *Citron couches*; i.e. couches of the rich, see note J. 1.194.

87. *Hot sow's udder*; sumen (53); one of the most favourite dishes among the Romans, see M. 11.52. and J. 11.103. How can you expect the truth from a needy critic to whom you have shown a kindness, and who will never dream of offending you?

97. *Finger pointed*; this and the following lines refer to well known modes of showing contempt, see note P. 2.47.

105. *Oh! yes, immensely*; this is the answer of the supposed needy critic.

112. *Wretched dabblers*; ecce modo heroas (69); here Persius leaves his opponent and addresses himself again to Monitor.

117. *Bonfires*; cf the account of the Compitalia, P. 4.36 et seq. and see note M. 2.43.

124. *Obsolete and antiquated*; venosus and verrucosa (76); Conington renders this passage 'I know a man who hangs over that shrivelled volume of the old Bacchanal Attius nay, I know more than one who can't tear themselves away from Pacuvius and his Antiope, the lady with the warts, whose,' &c.; both epithets are personal, and the meaning cannot be got at closer.

127. *On affliction propped*; this of course is a ridiculous line out of the play.

143. *Ship-wrecked sailor*; see J. 14,354 and M. 12.57.

150-54; see note above, line 127.

155. *Mighty Virgil*; arma virum! (96); i.e. enough to rouse Virgil from his grave.

158-161. More rubbish from poetry of the day.

171. *Snarl about you*; canina littera (109); the letter R, because the vibration of the tongue pronouncing it resembles the snarling of a dog.

175. *Snakes I've painted*; Persius puts this and the preceding line into the mouth of some poet who objects to criticism. In Italy at the present day it is the custom to paint a cross on the walls of Churches for a similar purpose, the result often being that the individuals instead of going elsewhere simply turn round with their faces to the wall!

179. *Mutius*; see J. 1.216.

184. *In a ditch*; alluding to the story of Midas' barber, who, when he saw the ass's ears which Apollo had placed on his master's head, not daring to laugh out-right, dug a hole in the ground and whispered therein his delight at the joke.

187. *Are universal*; quis non habet (121); the fact that the public in general has ass's ears is the secret with which Persius has been labouring ever since verse 8; Conington. The utter want of taste exhibited by his countrymen in the matter of poetry is the burden of the whole Satire, see note to line 15.

196. *What merit*; aliquid decoctius (125); something above the ordinary level, cf J. 7.70.

202. *As a magistrate*; see note to J. 3.179.

209. *Callirhoe*; some wretched poem of the Phyllis and Hypsipyle stamp, see line 63, and to be recited like them after dinner; Conington. Or may it not be some wretched play announced for performance in the play bill?

## SATIRE 2.

3. *White stone*; the ancients recorded their lucky and unlucky days in the course of the year by white and black pebbles, see P. 5.154.

4. *To your genius*; see note to J. 4.85.

16. *Hercules*; as the God of hidden treasure.

20. *Be a kindness*; the hypocrisy of this is very amusing.

26. *Night-mare-cleansing Tiber*; cf J. 6.546.

39. *By Ergenna*; Ergenna being the sooth-sayer or officer who cleansed public buildings, see note J. 6.606.

47. *On her middle finger*; infami digito (33); because used as the finger of scorn, cf P. 1.97.

57. *Jupiter decline to hear her*; cf J. 6.402.

76. *Has been taken*; auro ovato (55); lit. gold carried in the victorious general's triumph, cf J. 10.191.

79. *Brazen brethren*; the statues of the fifty sons of Ægyptus which stood in the Temple of Apollo on the Palatine, see note J. 6.683.

82. *Quite out of fashion*; see J. 11.154.

95. *Dolls of school-girls*; girls about to be married consecrated dolls to Venus just as youths when coming of age dedicated their bulla to the Lares, see P. 5.45.

97. *Blar-eyed son*; the hit is at Messalla the father, a man of infamous character and a glutton, from whom his son inherited weak eyes.

102. *Little meal*; for sacrificing.

## SATIRE 3.

2. *Says one Student to another*; unus ait comitum (7); this Satire opens with a short dialogue between two young noblemen who ought to be reading, but are actually in bed, and with whom Persius proceeds to remonstrate.



31. *Your Lares*; see note J. 13.256.

36. *Clad in scarlet*; alluding to the Transvectio Equitum on the Ides of July when the knights wore the trabea, see note J. 10.45 and J. 11.116.

52. *Bull of Phalaris*; see J. 8. 94.

66. *Gain by sizes*; quid dexter senio ferret (48); the tali or dice of the ancients had only four flat surfaces; on the other two sides they were rounded so that they could not rest upon either of them; 1 and 6 were marked on two opposite sides and 3 and 4 on the other; the best throw (Venus) was when all four dice presented different numbers; the worst (Canis) when all four presented the ace; the game was sometimes played so that the winning or losing depended not on the Venus or Canis, but on the number of pips (μονάδες); this appears to be the game alluded to here.

68. *Narrow-necked jar*; another game which requires no explanation, of the Greek game κότταβος Dict. Antiq.

71. *At the Porch*; the ποικίλη στοά, where Zeno and his followers used to resort, was adorned with paintings, by Polignotus, one of which represented the battle of Marathon: of course the trowsered Medes would be part of the Persian army on that occasion.

73. *Pulse-fed*; alluding to the strict discipline of the establishment: the argument is, 'I admit my school-days were unprofitable enough; I could not stand my old tutor; but you have had a very different education; you have studied Philosophy at Athens.

75. *Forked Pythagorean letter*; the letter Y in which the stem represented the innocence of youth and the diverging branches the paths of virtue and vice, one of which would have to be chosen.

81. *Crows pursuing*; i.e. indulging in a wild goose chase.

91. *Position at starting*; ordo quis datus (67); metaphor from chariot-racing.

92. *Best be rounded*; metæ qua mollis flexus et unde (68); see note J. 6.612.

99. *Well stocked larder*; an ironical allusion to the presents made to lawyers at the Saturnalia, M. 4.46 and 7.72.

105. *Goat of a Centurion*; the mention of the lawyer above appears to draw Persius' attention off his main subject, and leads him to raise a laugh against the soldiers, a class with whom he had very little in common.

117. *Well, a man*; he winds up with a story in order to show that a man who rejects and ridicules the principles of philosophy, which are to heal the disorders of the mind, acts as foolishly as a man who, with a fatal distemper in his body, rejects and ridicules the reasonable advice of his doctor, and, by rejecting it, dies; Madan.

123. *For a draught*; i.e. he borrows a small quantity of very choice wine (cf J. 5.42 et. seq) such as he would not have in his own cellar, and thinking it may do him good, without consulting his doctor, drinks it while at the bath, see note J. 1.69.

133. *Apoplexy*; I have omitted the rather disgusting details of this passage.

134. *Perspiration*; calidum triental (100); he was drinking hot wine for that purpose, see note M. 8.51.

136. *Feet foremost*; ready to be carried out in that position according to the ordinary custom.

138. *Yesterday's Quirites*; see P. 5.113 and note J. 1.145.

139. *New caps*; see note P. 5.124.

140. *All very well*; here the Centurion or some imaginary person interrupts; this is thoroughly in Persius' manner.

146. *Injury to your palate*; i.e. could you eat the food of the common people without ulcerating your mouth? no, you are the slave of gluttony.

---

## SATIRE 4.

With regard to this Satire, Conington (Prefatory Lecture) says, 'the fourth satire' does undoubtedly touch on statesmanship, but the tone throughout is that of a student who, in his eagerness to imitate Plato, has apparently forgotten that he is himself living *not under a popular, but under an imperial Government*, and the moral intended to be conveyed is simply that the adviser of the public ought to possess some better qualification than those which were found in Alcibiades, a topic about as appropriate to the actual state of Rome as the school-boy's exhortation to Sulla to lay down his power; thus his language, when he does speak (on politics), enables us to interpret his silence (on that subject generally) as the silence not of acquiescence or even of timidity, though such times as his might well justify caution, but rather of unworldly innocence satisfied with its own aspirations after moral perfection, and dreaming of Athenian licence under the very shade of despotism.' Elsewhere the learned Professor states that Persius' Alcibiades is not Nero, as Casaubon maintains, but one of the young nobility, such as those dealt with in Satire 3, only placed in circumstances which belong not to Rome but to Athens. There is a great deal to be said in favour of the view that Nero is glanced at, if not directly attacked, but the better opinion appears to be against it, see note below.

15. *Law from equity;*

rectum decernis ubi inter

Curva subit, vel cum fallit pede regula varo (11).

16. *Criminal cases;*

Et potis es nigrum vito præfigere theta (13);

θ standing for θάνατος or condemnation to death, a mark apparently introduced from Greece in place of the C

(condemno) used by the judges in Cicero's time, Conington.

17. *No, you'd best*; after the above lines, full of Socratean irony, Persius unmasks his battery.

24. *Yonder hag*; Baucis, any old woman out of the streets.

28. *Is your match*; 'she, like you, would probably regard being idle and living well as *summa bona*;' but the full meaning of the passage is obscure.

31. *Faults in others*; see C. 22.

36-44. A description of the Compitalia, a festival generally held in January in honour of the Lares compitales, or Gods of the cross-roads, see note J. 13.256 and cf P. 1.116.

55. *Wounded in the groin*; the metaphor is from gladiators, 'you can no more hide the effects of your vices than a gladiator can hide the effects of a mortal wound.'

62. *Usurious bargains*;

*Si puteal multâ cautus vibice flagellas* (49).

This is a most difficult passage; lit. 'if taking care of your own interests you flog the Puteal with many a stripe.' Puteal is literally a railing round a well; hence it came to mean a sacred spot which had a railing round it; one of the latter was in the forum, Puteal Libonis, and was a well-known resort of money-lenders, &c. Assuming Casaubon to be right and Nero to be glanced at, the line will then refer to the Emperor's habit of going out at night in disguise, and assaulting people in the streets, Suet. Nero 26, *cautus* in that case meaning 'taking good care of your own skin.'

66. *They don't know you*; but they will certainly find you out, therefore drop your hypocrisy, *respue quod non es* (51); see J. 4.194.

---

## SATIRE 5.

This satire opens in the form of a dialogue between Persius and his former tutor Cornutus.

12. *Procne*; out of jealousy she killed her son Itys, and

served him up to his father Tereus ; Atreus, for the same cause, treated his brother Thyestes to a similar dish ; Glycon is most amusingly represented as playing 'Tereus' and 'Thyestes' and having to go through these ghastly meals.

29. *You are right* ; the following address is very beautiful, see introductory note to P. 1.

43. *Outgrown the purple* ; i.e. exchanged the toga prætexta for the toga virilis, see note J. 1.5 ; as to suspending the bulla, see note J. 5.211.

47. *My toga* ; candidus umbo (33) ; the part put for the whole, the umbo being the name given to certain folds the toga made when on the body ; for the mysteries of the balteus and sinus and other points connected with the wearing of the toga, see Becker's Gallus. The household Gods, line 45, are called Laribus succinctis, because their images represented them as wearing the toga in the fashion known as the 'cinctus Gabinus,' and which left the right arm bare, see note J. 13 256.

49. *Casting looks* ; many gay women lived in the Saburra.

51. *Its cross-ways* ; see note P. 3.75.

75. *Mankind* ; the address to Cornutus over, Persius proceeds, after a few words on the folly of procrastination, 95-106, to the main subject of the Satire, moral freedom, 107 (73).

109. *Emancipated* ; see note J. 1.145.

111. *Mouldy corn* ; see note J. 7.230.

117. *Like a top* ; see note J. 1.145.

124. *Cap-freedom* ; slaves went bare headed and wore the hair long, but when they were manumitted they had the head shaved and wore a felt cap (pileum) which was therefore the emblem of liberty, cf P. 3.139.

125. *Is not he free* ; here a slave, who has been set free, is introduced, and proceeds to argue the question with Persius.

129. *Fallacies* ; see note J. 6.451.

133. *His wand* ; see note J. 1.145.

157. *Almsgiving*;

Jam nunc astringas jam nunc granaria laxes? (110), metaphor from the public distribution of corn in Rome, see note J. 7.230.

169. *But you move it wrong*; according to the Stoics there was a right and a wrong way of holding out a finger, and a fool could not hold it out right. Conington compares, 'There is reason in roasting eggs.'

173. *Bathyllus*; see J. 6.55.

179. *Here, boy*; these are the words of an imaginary master addressing his slave.

186. *Day has dawned*; the argument is continued with the freedman.

199. *Salt-box*; i.e. if you are going to indulge in a conscience, you will never get on; lingere salem, to lick salt, to starve, cf J. 14 214-37.

210. *Ill-pitched wine-jar*; wine jars were covered with pitch to preserve the wine; if this was ill-done, the wine got flat and probably tasted of the pitch as well.

212. *Sweat eleven*;

ut nummi quos hic quincunce modesto

Nutrieras pergant avidos sudare deunces (149-50).

Quincunx =  $\frac{5}{12}$ , deunx =  $\frac{11}{12}$  of an as; these were the rates per month for the loan of 100 ases; hence the former ( $\frac{12 \times 5}{12}$ ) is 5 per cent, and the latter 11 per cent. per annum.

214. *Taste for pleasure*; genio (151); see note J. 4.85.

228. *Davus*; Persius here proceeds to show that love, like avarice and self-indulgence, is one of those chains which enslave the mind. The scene is taken from the 'Eunuch' of Menander, from which Plautus borrowed his play of that name.

247. *Rod*; see note J. 1.145.

248. *Is the oily-tongued*; once more he illustrates his argument by showing that a man who, to all outward appearance, is not merely free, but a candidate for some

honourable office, may yet be the slave of the grossest superstition.

249. *With white chalk* ; *cretata ambitio* (177) ; the toga itself was usually of white wool, but at election times white chalk was rubbed on it, probably to attract attention. The candidate here addresses either a fellow candidate or an agent.

256. *But when Herod's* ; here follows a description of a Jewish festival on Herod's birthday.

265-272. *It may be* ; if he is not a bigoted Jew he will probably be a mere tool in the hands of the Priests of Isis or those of Cybele, see J. 6.532-63.

273. In conclusion Persius makes another thrust at the soldiers, representing them as quite incapable of understanding philosophy, see note P. 3.105.

## SATIRE 6.

7. *Young and old* ; *i.e.* your jokes appeal to old as well as young men, such is your taste and the purity of your style.

9. *Port of Luna* ; the modern Spezzia.

15. *Having slept off* ; *i.e.* he was not labouring under any delusion when he expressed this opinion—a poke at the Pythagorean doctrine of metempsychosis.

26. *Still decline* ; this seems to be the meaning of the line

*Et signum in vapidâ naso tetigisse lagenâ* (17) ; or rather it represents him as looking at the seal to see if it *had been touched*.

35. *I'd live handsomely* ; but not extravagantly, or like a glutton.

38. *Why should you* ; he addresses an imaginary individual in his usual way.

47. *Picture*; see J. 14.354 and M. 12.57.

49. *Funeral supper*; see note J. 5.112.

51. *Let the undertaker*; nescire paratus (36); i.e. he will wink at the dishonest act.

55. *Bestius says*; this is a very difficult passage; I have treated lines 48-58 (33-40) as the speech of the miser. It is not known who Bestius was, but he is mentioned in Horace 1. Ep. 15.37, as Corrector Bestius. The argument seems to be; 1. my heir will resent my helping my friend in the way you mention; 2. Bestius, too, will declare it is gross extravagance, all of a piece with the general extravagance of the day, for which Greek philosophy is responsible.

65. *The Empress*; Cæsonia, wife of Caligula, see J. 6.640.

69. *Rhenish giants*; ingentes Rhenos (47); Conington considers this to mean 'pictures of the Rhine,' to be carried in the procession.

76. *What do I care*; here again the meaning is very obscure. I have followed Jahn's reading:

'non adeo,' inquis,

'Exossatus ager juxta est'

a ruined estate is non adeo juxta, et, not so much to my liking, as you suppose; on the other hand, Conington puts a note of interrogation after inquis, makes adeo the verb, and treats exossatus as meaning 'cleared of stones' and therefore the reverse of starved; 'I don't accept your leavings' (non adeo) says the heir; 'very well,' says Persius, 'I've got a capital field close by, and I can soon find somebody who will be glad enough to have it.'

79. *To the road side*; where the beggars are to be found, cf J. 4.148 and 5.11.

85. *Go back further*; cf J. 8.318.

88. *You may be in front*; the metaphor is from the Greek torch-race; how this race was conducted is a matter of great difficulty, see Dict. Antiq. sub tit. Lampadephoria; the object was to be first in carrying a *lighted* torch to a goal, and the *competition* appears to have been between



several chains or bands of runners ; each chain having its own torch which was passed on from hand to hand among the members of that chain.

91. *In the picture ; i.e. with a bag of money in his hand, as the 'God of wind-falls,'* cf P. 2.17.

105. *Bloated wine-shop keeper ;* popa venter (74) ; popæ were the keepers of popinæ where wine and ready-cooked food was sold, as distinguished from caupones who kept the cauponæ or Inns along the great roads of Italy, Dict. Antiq. sub tit. Caupona ; from Suet. Calig. 32, it appears that Popæ was also the name of priests, who at public sacrifices led the victims to the altar and wore a distinct dress.

114. *The would-be finisher ;* Inventus, Chrysippe, tui finitor acervi (80) ; the miser is represented as anxious to know when to stop ; 'I have devoted my life to hoarding riches, but I own I am getting rather sick of it' ; 'here, says Persius, is the man who would like to do an impossibility.' Chrysippus invented a sort of syllogism which consisted of propositions without end, but led to no sound conclusion ; when he was asked for the conclusion he remained silent ; he would have liked to state a sound conclusion, but, his heap of propositions being worthless, he was of course unable to do so ; in the same way the miser would like to stop being covetous, but his wish is against the laws of nature and an impossibility.

---

## NOTES TO MARTIAL.

---

1.42. *Local poets*; quod non optimus urbicus poeta; a mere scribbler of local lampoons, cf C. 22.

*Gabba*; a favourite wit in the time of Augustus.

*A mere jackass*; non est Sextius ille, sed caballus; the pun is on the name Sextius Caballus, the latter being the word for a common pack horse.

1.77. *Cirrha*; the port of Delphi sacred to Apollo; Permessus was a river in Bæotia, having its source in Mount Helicon; see P. introd. and note.

*Empty kisses*; according to Paley, members of the audience delighted with the recitation kissed the MSS. of the poet by the way of compliment; but see M. 11.98.

1.110. *Sparrow of Catullus*; cf C. 3.

1.118. *The pear-tree*; some well-known place near the poet's residence.

*Sometimes*; hinting that Lupercus never bought a book if he could borrow it.

*Four-and-sixpence*; the price is purposely exaggerated, for elsewhere (13.3) Martial says one of his books of Epigrams could be had for 4d., and yet leave the bookseller a profit.

2.29. *How his mantle*; lacernæ were mantles worn over the toga, and were sometimes very expensive articles, as is here indicated, cf J. 1.32.

*Arms how hairless*; it was a custom among Roman fops to have the hairs on their persons removed either by tweezers (volsellæ) or the application of resin, cf J. 8.139.

*Red boot with the crescent* ; red boots surmounted with a crescent or C, denoted senatorial rank ; red boots and red hose continued throughout the middle ages as a badge of honour, and are often seen in stained glass, Paley ; cf J. 7.255.

*Starred with patches* ; used as beauty marks, underneath which would be found the three letters F U R or F U G (fugitivus), which indicated that the wearer had been a slave, and branded for theft or desertion, cf M. 8.33.

2.43. *A decent mummy* ; noluerit dici quam pila prima suam ; the pilæ were straw figures dressed like men which were thrown to the bulls in the amphitheatre ; his toga was not good enough for a 'first class' (prima) dummy ; Paley suggests that this, like the custom of jumping through the bonfires at the Palilia (see P. 1.117), was symbolical of the cruel punishments and human sacrifices of a remote barbarism, see M. 4.64, line 18.

2.86. *Repeat words* ; this refers particularly to verses where the end of one line rhymes and jingles with the beginning of the next ; but the poet is protesting generally against all kinds of ineptiæ, fanciful rubbish like lipograms anagrams, &c.

*Ladas* ; the famous runner, see J. 13.110.

*Petaurum* ; see note J. 4.156.

3.7. *Foot-sore* ; lassi anteambulouis, see note J. 1.43.

*Shared* ; i.e. attendance on the patron at the baths cost the client something, cf J. 3.216.

*Abolished* ; by Domitian who restored the cena recta, i.e. substituted a dole of food for a dole of money ; see note J. 1.134.

*Fixed allowance* ; i.e. since the money sportula is done away with, a fixed salary (salarium) must be supplied by the patron to enable his clients to live ; before this they had not wanted it, see note J. 1.134.

3.12. *Unguent*; used at the bath, which the Romans took immediately before dinner.

*As a corpse*; because the dead were not only anointed, but had a mock feast (*silicernium*) spread out before them, which was afterwards burnt on their tombs, Paley; see note J. 5.112.

3.44. *In the baths*; *piscinam peto, non licet natare*. The *piscina* was a circular basin with a walk round it furnished with seats; '*non licet*' because he follows one even in the water, Paley; see M. 11.98.

3.46. *Such rough handling*; *invalidum est nobis ingenuumque latus*; the latter epithet is very wittily added, as if in self-disparagement, whereas the company of a well-bred man was the very thing Candidus most wanted, Paley.

*Anything, my freedman*; *i.e.* I will give you what my libortality cannot, viz., immortality in verse, for which indeed Candidus had little cause to be grateful; see M. 2.43.

3.58. *The netted roe-deer*; cf M. 10.37.

*In your turret 'mid your frescoes*; as in modern Italian houses, a flat-topped tower of two or three stories was a feature of the Roman villa, Paley; '*'mid your frescoes*' refers to the words *pictam ad villam*.

*Priapus*; a statue of this God erected in gardens was supposed to be an insurance against thieves; no thief would come near Bassus' garden because there was nothing to steal.

3.65. *Handled ball of amber*; the Roman ladies carried balls of amber or crystal to cool the hands, and the former, when warmed, gave out a scent, see M. 5.37. This is surely a very exquisite little poem; for delicacy of fancy compare with it the following beautiful epitaph which I believe is or was in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark:—

Like to the damask rose you see,  
Or like the blossom on the tree,  
Or like the dainty flower of May,

Or like the morning of the day,  
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had,  
 Even so is Man ; whose thread is spun,  
 Drawn out and out, and so is done :  
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
 The flower fadeth, the morning hasteth,  
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
 The gourd consumes and the Man dies.

*Idem Latine Redditum.*

Qualem respicias rosam rubere,  
 Qualemve arbore pullulare gemmam,  
 Qualem ver tenerum explicare florem,  
 Qualem post tenebras diem reverti,  
 Qualis sol, nemorumve qualis umbra,  
 Vel quale appositum est olus Prophetæ,  
 Humanum est genus ; ecce ! fila Parcæ  
 Nent, ducunt digitis, secant, et actum est ;  
 Tabescit rosa, gemma fit caduca,  
 Flos languet, properat dies perire,  
 Tabi præda olus est, homo ipse vixit.

4.46. *Saturnalia* ; corresponding in a way to our Christmas cards, were the gifts called *xenia* or *apophoreta* which clients sent to their patrons on divers occasions (see J. 3.212) and people generally sent to their friends on the *Saturnalia* in December ; see M. 7.72 and of P. 3.99.

*Best grape-extract* ; et nigri Syra defruti lagona ; lit. a Syrian flagon of dark wine boiled down to half. This was largely used to flavour other weak wines, Paley.

*Purple border on it* ; as though Sabellus had been a senator, and entitled to the *latus clavus*.

4.64. No one who visits Rome should be unacquainted with this charming poem ; its topographical interest is very great.

*Poor hut of Molorchus* ; the shepherd who was enriched

by Hercules (the God of gain) for giving him entertainment when in quest of the Nemean lion.

*Single tenant farmer*; as if too small to be worth subdividing.

5.37. *Whitest swansdown*; the Romans admired 'candor' in a woman, i.e. the clear complexion as opposed to the brunette, hence all the figures to describe female beauty are borrowed from white objects, Paley.

*Flaxen Rhenish top-knots*; cf. J. 13.187.

*Ball of amber*; see note M. 3.65.

5.78. *You'll be offered first*; ponetur; the ancients began dinner with a gustus or promulsis, as the Russians of to-day take a dinette, after which came the regular courses (ferculæ); according to Paley, 'the tunny fish with egg chopped over it' formed part of the first course; I have followed Becker (Gallus), who makes it part of the gustus, since ponere is the technical word to indicate the commencement of the dinner proper; cf. M. 10.48 and 11.52.

*Burn your fingers*; reading ustis, not unctis.

*And my wine*; if the wine is not first-rate, you will at least make it seem so, by drinking it freely, Paley.

*A trifle hungry*; see note J. 4.179.

*This for you*;

Claudiam sequeris

Quam nobis cupis esse tu priorem.

The exact point in these words is obscure, inasmuch as it is not certain who Claudia was; the general sense is, 'The dinner is a poor one, but Claudia will be there,' Paley.

7.20. *Formal dinner party*; rectam ad cenam; see note J. 1.134.

*Dregs of others' glasses*; mixto lagonam replet ad pedes vino; so that it was only wine and water that he really got; the wealthy Romans usually filtered their wine before drinking it through a strainer (colum) to get rid of the lees; snow was also put into the colum for the double pur-

pose of cooling the wine and moderating its intoxicating power; honey was also mixed with wine and formed a favorite drink called mulsum; calda consisted of wine and warm water with the addition of spice, cf. J. 5.67.

7.72. *At chess;*

Mandris et vitreo latrone clusos.

The ludus latrunculorum was something midway between draughts and chess, though more resembling the latter, especially in the pieces being of two colours and in the men having different values. The point of the game was to enclose one or more of the adversary's pieces so that they could not move, whence the proverb, 'ad incitas redigere, to reduce to desperation; the mandræ were the squares marked on the board; thus the above line means, 'having their men enclosed in mandræ by your pieces,' which latter were generally made of coloured glass, Paley.

*Best ball player;* de trigone nudo; the game of trigon was played in the tunic, the toga being thrown off; considering the wonderful popularity of lawn-tennis at the present day, it would be very interesting if more were known of the many games of ball played by the ancients, but scarcely anything precise is known; they used several kinds of ball, follis, pila, paganica, harpastum, &c.; from its name the above game appears to have been played by persons standing in a triangle.

8.6. *Mere Astyanax* i.e. in cups as old as Priam you will have to drink wine as new as Astyanax his grandson, Paley.

8.33. This and the following epigram are perfect masterpieces of their kind.

*Prætor's chaplet;* a crown given as a prize by the presiding Prætor made of gold beaten thin into the form of bay or other leaves, Paley.

*The stage-trap.* see note J. 4.156.

*Flood of saffron.* With which, together with wine, it was customary to sprinkle the stage; see M. 10.19.

*Off your sofa;* de fulero quam reor esse tuo; i.e. so that it cost you nothing.

*Unhatched pullets;* Castor and Pollux were hatched from swan's eggs laid by Leda.

*Such the patches;* talia lunatâ splenia fronte sedent; lunatâ probably means senatorial; see notes M. 2.29.

8.51. *Real electrum;* electrum was a mixture of gold with one-fifth of silver, a metal of peculiar brightness, and much admired by the Romans, Paley; electrum, also, is the Latin for amber; see J. 14.359.

*Phrixus;* Phrixus and Helle, to escape the wrath of their step-mother Ino, rode off through the air upon the ram with the golden fleece; poor Helle fell off into the sea and gave her name to the Hellespont.

*The shears;* i.e. no goatherd would have thought of clipping or sacrificing to Bacchus such a fine animal.

*So many glasses;* the ancient amphora was divided into different smaller measures called congius and sextarius; the latter was again divided into twelve parts, having the same names as the parts of the 'as,' only that the single part instead of uncia was called cyathus; the triens ( $\frac{1}{3}$  or four cyathi) was the name of a regular drinking cup, P. 3 (100), as it was also the name of a coin, J. 3 (267). The cyathus was not a goblet, but a measure in the form of a ladle.

8.56. *Lost farm at Cremona;* this happened to Virgil (Tityrus) when land in that part of Italy was distributed among the veterans of Augustus.

*Galatea was forgotten;* i.e. Virgil gave up writing Eclogues and minor pieces like the 'Culex' or gnat.

9.60. *Cups;*

Et turbata brevi questus crystallina vitro  
Murrhina signavit seposuitque decem.

It is a vexed question what these murrhina were; whether



they were cups of porcelain or of some natural material, such as agate or Derbyshire spar ; I have followed the latter opinion ; see J. 6.171.

9.62. *Cæsar* ; i.e. Domitian.

*And none knew again* ; atque suas poterit dicere nemo rosas ; alluding to the custom of guests pelting each other with roses.

*Not Pompey* ; Pompey was crushed by Julius Cæsar ; the tree, if planted by him, might, like him, have come to grief.

10.4. *Portrait of yourself* ; see M. 9.60.

10.19. *From the top you'll see* ;

Illic Orphea protinus videbis

Udi vertice lubricum theatri

Mirantesque feras avemque regis

Raptam quæ Phryga pertulit Tonantis,

Illic parva tui domus Pedonis

Cælata est aquilæ minore pinnâ.

The rendering in the text of this difficult passage is that of Paley, who adds, 'how the Colosseum was finished above we do not know, but it would appear to have been surmounted with a sculptured group ; to refer illic to the roof of Pliny's house involves still greater difficulties, though the smaller eagle on Pedo's house might seem to be directly contrasted with it, and to be mentioned as a mark for distinguishing one house from the other.'

*At a time when* ; tempore non tuo.

*The hundred judges* ; i.e. the Court of Centumvirs.

10.35. *At the same time most lascivious* ; this is certainly, to our ears, a strange contrast with the preceding line, but it is quite consistent with what Martial (whether truly or not) says of himself (1.5.) Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba.

10.37. *Laurentum* ; the Laurentine district on the sea

coast between Ardea and Ostia was studded with the villas of the wealthy Romans.

*And to think Rome's*; in the same way the wealthy inhabitants of Brighton might, and probably do, get their fish from London.

10.47. Paley well describes this as an Epigram of the highest merit, both in the composition and the matter.

10.48. *Two o'clock cry Priests*; the Temple of Isis was being closed as usual after the performance of the ceremony of the search for the lost Osiris, Paley; see note J. 8.31.

*And the troops*; et pilata redit jamque subitque cohors; this is a very obscure line; Paley suggests this reading, et pilata redit jam subitque cohors; i.e. the crowd (issuing from the temple of Isis) has returned to the Campus Martius (see note J. 6.544) and entered their own houses. Pilata cohors, however, would seem to refer to troops rather than to private persons.

*Hot bath*; see note J. 1.203.

*This begin we*; see note M. 5.78.

*Grown at Nomentum*; where the poet had a farm; see M. 12.57.

*Of the riders in the Circus*; de prasino venetoque; as the Emperors took an active interest in the factions or colours of the riders, it was deemed imprudent generally to speak too freely on the subject, Paley; see J. 11.231, and note J. 7.148.

11.1. *Best clothes on*; Roman books were written on sheets of parchment joined together and then rolled on a staff, at each end of which and projecting were ornamental bosses called umbilici or cornua; the ends of the roll were carefully cut, polished with pumice-stone, and coloured black; the fastenings and title, written on a small strip of parchment which hung down, were usually red; see C. 22.

*Parthenius*; cubicularius or groom of the chambers to Domitian.

*Scorpus* ; Scorpus and Incitatus were two famous riders of the day.

- 11.18. *By a few letters* ; in the Latin by only one letter :  
Errasti, Lupe, literâ sed unâ,  
Nam quo tempore prædium dedisti  
Mallem tu mihi prandium dedisses.

11.52. *A dish of tunny* ; cordyla, the fry of the tunny, a sort of 'whitebait' apparently ; the poet apologises for their being rather stale and larger than they should be, but promises they shall be nicely served, Paley.

11.98. *Curule chair* ; this, like the toga prætexta, see note J. 1.5, was originally an emblem of kingly power, and imported from the Etruscans ; under the republic the right of sitting in this chair belonged to all the most important officers of state ; under the Empire it was used by the Emperors, their representatives in the provinces, and such foreign princes as they chose to honour with it.

*Cold bath* ; see notes M. 3.34 and J. 1.203.

*Closest friendship* ; for, if he is a true friend, he won't thus annoy you ; Martial satirically implies that these men kiss you not out of friendship, but mere flattery, Paley ; cf M. 12.26.

12.18. *Most uncouth names* ; the names Platea and Boterdus were crassiora or more difficult to pronounce in the native dialect, Paley.

*Hair cut* ; see note J. 3.212 and cf J. 11.195.

- 12.26. *A thousand kisses* ; see M. 11.98.

*Why, indeed* ; quid petitur ? what have I to aspire to as a Knight ? just this, that I might get an invitation to dine as a client with that stingy old Lætorius, Paley.

12.29. *Massa* ; probably some peculating Governor like Marius ; see note J. 1.65.

*Suck snakes up* ; this notion and that of the rainbow sucking up water were popularly believed.

*For to spare him* ; another signal to spare a gladiator was holding down the thumb ; see note J. 3.43.

*For starting* ; see J. 11.227.

*Draw the awning* ; an intentional exaggeration.

*Linen* ; i.e. linen garments ; see J. 6.554.

*Without one* ; it was the custom for the guests to bring their own napkins with them.

12.57. *Dirty* ; this was the epithet *Sparsus* had apparently applied to it.

*Sits the coiner* ;

Hinc otiosus sordidam quatit mensam

Neronianâ nummularius massâ.

Paley shows conclusively, I think, that a coiner, not a money-changer, is here meant ; how could the latter be said *quatere mensam* ?

*Mechanically* ; otiosus ; without paying attention.

*Fit for Nero* ; Nero insisted on his coins being of the finest gold and silver ; argentum pustulatum, aurum ad obrussam, Suet. Nero, 44.

*Golden Spanish nugget* ;

Illinc balucis malleator Hispanæ

Tritum nitenti fuste verberat saxum.

Paley says the process of beating out gold-leaf appears to be described, and cites Pliny to the effect that *balux* was a Spanish word for a small nugget of gold.

*Mad crew of Bellona* ; see J. 6.533 ; for the shipwrecked sailor see P. 1.145 and 6.47 ; for the jew-beggar see J. 3.19 and 6.564, and for the match-seller see M. 1.42.

*Moon is of a segment* ; cum secta Colcho luna vapulat rhombo ; i.e. eclipsed ; the superstitious, when they saw the moon eclipsed, considered that it had been bewitched, and rattled brass pots with a view to frighten away the evil spirits. The line is lit. 'when the eclipsed moon is suffering under the Colchian magic circle ;' see J. 6.449.

*Petilius* ; *Sparsus* had bought his house from *Petilius*, its former owner.

*Your vine dresser ; i.e.* you possess here in perfection all the good things of town and country alike.

*Must ask permission ; i.e.* cannot enter unless permitted to do so by drawing aside the curtain.

---

## NOTES TO CATULLUS.

---

3. This wonderful little poem, famous from the day it was written, and which will be famous for ever, is admittedly beyond the power of any translator.

*My own darling's* ; this was Lesbia who is the subject also of Odes 5.8.75 and 76 ; who she was is uncertain. There are grounds for supposing she was Clodia, sister of the infamous Clodius, the enemy of Cicero, mentioned J. 6.356.

4. This ode has been finely rendered by Mr. Jebb in "Translations," from whom I have borrowed line 28. In a note he says, 'Near his villa at Sirmio on Lake Benacus (Lago di Garda) Catullus is showing his yacht to some guests, the route was as follows : (1) the yacht launched at Amastri or Cytorus on the Euxine is sent round through the Bosphorus into the Propontis, and there takes Catullus on board ; (2) thence through the Hellespont down the coast of Asia Minor to Rhodes, and thence through the Cyclades to Corinth, where she is transported across the isthmus ; (3) thence along the Greek coast across the Adriatic to the Italian coast ; (4) Catullus having disembarked at Brindisi or at the mouth of the Po, the yacht is taken up the Po and Mincio to the Lago di Garda.

10. *Empty pockets* ; see Cat. 13.

*Prætor* ; Catullus was on the staff of Memmius in Bithynia.

*Pole of my old litter* ; *fractam qui veteris pedem grabati* ; was it a litter or his camp-bed ?

13. *Unguents* ; see note M. 3.12.

17. *Cut your capers*; the inhabitants of Colonia wanted apparently to hold some festivity on their bridge, but doubted its stability; it is uncertain what town is meant by Colonia.

12. *Umbilici*; see note M. 11.1

31. *Eastern ocean or the Western*; *uterque Neptunus*; 'both seas,' the *mare superum*, *i.e.* the Adriatic, and the *mare inferum*, *i.e.* the Mediterranean; so *Phœbus uterque* is used of the rising and setting sun.

*My Sirmio*; on the Lago di Garda; see note Ode 4.

*Lydian waters*; because the territory in the neighbourhood of the lake belonged to the Rhæti, who sprang from the Tuscans, who again sprang from the Lydians.

44. *Whate'er your name is*; it is not known why he was so anxious on this point.

55. *A likely person*;

*Femellas omnes, amice, prendi*

*Quas voltu vidi tamen sereno.*

*i.e.* if he met a girl with an unconcerned look, he suspected her at once—he is joking, of course.

*Talos*; a man of brass made by Vulcan to protect Crete; he walked round the island thrice a day, and when he met strangers he made himself red hot and embraced them; for Ladas, see J. 13.110. Perseus wore winged sandals when he went to kill Medusa; the horses of Rhesus were captured by Ulysses to ensure the fall of Troy.

63. What is said of Ode 3 is still more applicable to this wonderful poem, which Dryden himself pronounced inimitable; the rites of Cybele will be repeated before a translator reproduces the intense passion and impetuosity of the original; see M. 2.86, line 6.

66. Catullus in this Ode imitated Callimachus of Cyrene.

*To the horror of their parents ;*

Anne parentum

Frustrantur falsis gaudia lacrymulis,

Ubertim thalami quas intra limina fundunt ?

*Deed heroic ;* Berenice had rescued her father in battle.

*Reft mount Athos ;* see J. 10.247.

*Memnon's brother ;* Zephyrus.

*Goddess of Zephyrium ;* Venus is called both Arsinoë and Zephyritis, the former being a town and Zephyrium a promontory in Egypt, at both of which places she was worshipped ; 'multitudinous blunders in the MSS. combine with the mythological intricacies to make this whole passage one of the most obscure in the works of Catullus.' Kelly in Bohn's Translation.'

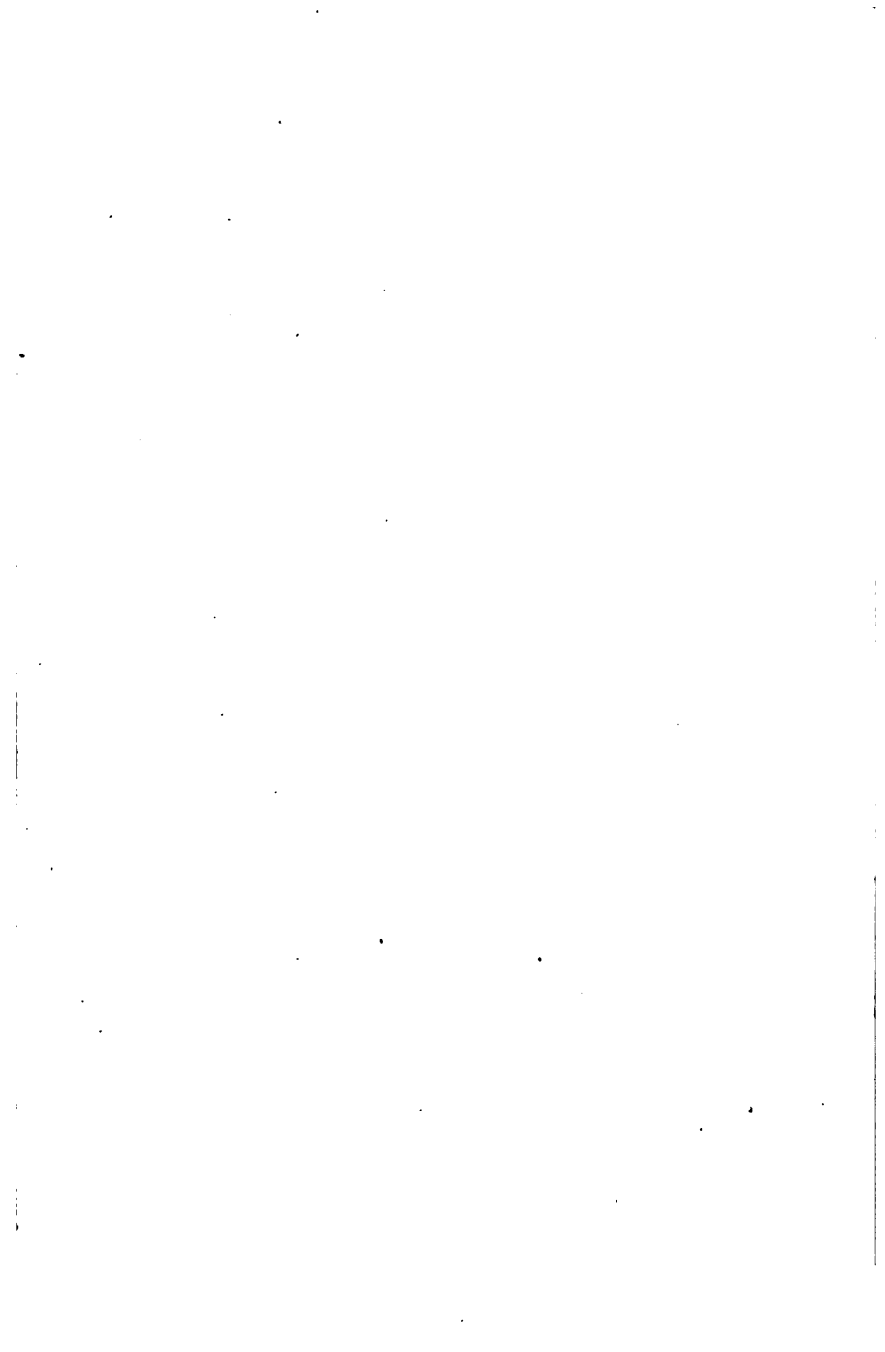
*Slow Bootes ;* see note J. 5.29.

76. *After all I did ;* pro pietate meâ ; pietas included a man's duty towards his relations and friends as well as his duty towards the Gods.

---



CHURCH  
P. 3. 12



18

18

18

18

